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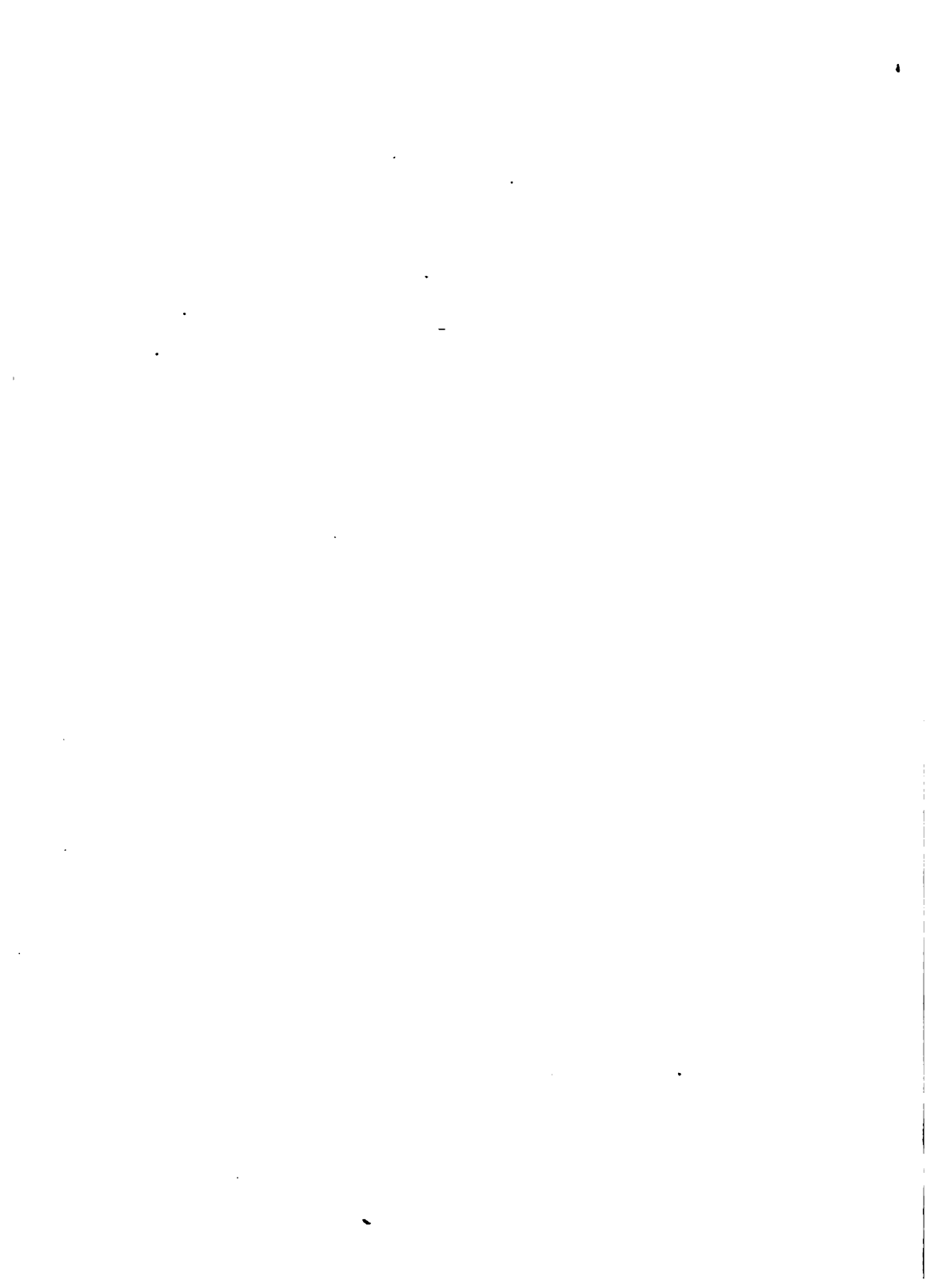
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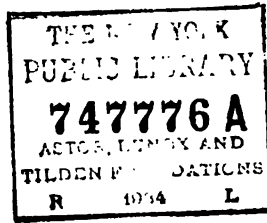
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*Oh, I ha' strayed thro' many a land
 And gazed on some scenes divine!
 There's naught so wonderful or so grand
 As yon wonderful North o' mine.*

*And steer me the ship to the North, I say,
 And show me the Northern shore,
 And let me hear a Northern bell
 Ring clear on its cliff once more.*

*And let me see the Northern falls,
 And hear the Northern streams,
 And sit where a forest fairy tells
 The weird old woodland dreams*

*To the wondering, waking babies of Spring
 By the side of a haunted burn,
 What time the linnet begins to sing,
 And the first green comes to the fern.*

*Steer me the ship, good pilot, steer
 Where the Northern sea-birds fly,
 Steer where the great grey shies stretch clear!
 For I am a Northman, I!*

IN YORKSHIRE.



CHAPTER I.

The Three Minster Towns.

I.—YORK.

THERE are few people who realise what York means to England. London is great, and Winchester is great, but York is at least as interesting as the widespread city on the Thames, and more so than the city which overlooks the Itchin. Of the hundred thousand Yorkshiremen who live in modern York; of the tens of thousands of Yorkshiremen who come into York on market days, fair days, and the like; of the vast number of strangers who pass through York, staying for an hour or two, a day or so, how many are there who ever reflect that they are treading the soil whereon was once set up the centre-point of the Roman Empire? How many men, standing on the city walls and looking across this most fascinating of English

cities, realise that within the compass of those walls more history has been made than in any other town in the three kingdoms—except London? There is only one phrase in which one may without extravagance sum up York and its charms—"This is another Rome!"

To stand upon the walls of York, whether in the early morning sunshine, or when the shadows are falling upon red roofs and grey gables, is to live through at any rate two thousand years. Here, according to legend, a grandson of David, King of Israel, founded a city somewhere about the time of the siege of Troy. It matters little if that be true or not true; certain it is that the history of York from the time of the coming of the Romans is full of veracious landmarks of history. Here the first Christian Emperor assumed the purple robe which denoted his state; here St. Paulinus laid the foundation of the little Christian church which was gradually transformed into the great Minster. Here William the Conqueror built that terrible Norman keep which frowned over all the land between Humber and Tees. Here Henry II. received the homage of William the Lion of Scotland. Here Edward III. married Philippa of Hainault. Here Edward IV. was crowned after the great fight at Hexham. Here fled the Royalist Army after the disastrous affair at Marston Moor. Here, in a small chamber in the Guildhall, Charles I. was sold to the Scots for two hundred thousand pounds. There is scarcely a yard of land in York that is not associated with some historic event. The ghosts of great men are in every street.

No man should foster a delusion that he can see and know York in a week, a month, even in a year. She is a mistress who has always some new beauty to reveal, some surprising favour to give. Men who have known and loved York for a lifetime go back to her with increased ardour and devotion at the twentieth, the fiftieth, the hundredth visit. There is always something to find in her which has not been found before—some quaint bit of architecture,

YORK



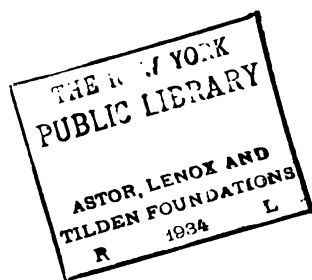
1.—THE MINSTER.

2.—ST. MARY'S ABBEY.

3.—RIVER OUSE.

4.—WALMGATE BAR.

5.—MICKLEGATE BAR.



some newly-discovered relic, some recently deciphered inscription. And if there is nothing else there is the atmosphere of York, which is as distinct as that of Rome, or Canterbury, or Rouen.

Once in York, one naturally turns first to the great Minster Church of St. Peter, whose three towers are seen for miles and miles over the level land which lies outside the city. In view of it one cares little to know that it is so many hundred feet in length or height or breadth—one is only concerned with it as a poem in stone. If one could but have seen it in the mediæval ages when its many altars blazed with gold and jewels, when its sacristy was rich in jewelled chalices and illuminated missals of fabulous value, when it was stored with relics of the saints, when everything was a marvel of colour and grandeur! But it has its grandeur to-day in the beauty of its architecture, the perfection of its lines, the chaste proportion of nave and transepts and choir. Like most of our great English cathedrals it has its special beauties—the tomb of Archbishop Walter de Gray in the south transept; the window known as the Five Sisters in the north transept; the wonderful Chapter House, most beautiful of all chapter houses in England; the great East window; the Saxon work in the crypt. But its chief beauty lies in its majesty: other cathedral churches in England may be more picturesque, or more interesting from historic association, but none fill the senses with such an impression of power and grandeur as does this of York.

There is a plenitude of great things to see in York. Within the grounds of the Yorkshire Philosophical Society one gets right back to the days when the Roman Empire was governed from the "other Rome" on the Ouse. Here is the Multangular Tower which formed the south-west angle of the Roman city; here, arranged in the Museum and the Hospitium, is a wonderful collection of Roman relics and antiquities. In these grounds, too, are the ruins

of St. Mary's Abbey, one of the most important monastic houses in Yorkshire (there were only two north of the Trent which sent a mitred Abbot to Parliament—this was one, and that of Selby was the other), and one of the most distinguished in respect of architectural beauty. Just behind it is a cluster of buildings, now used as a home for the blind, which in its day was one of the most important places in England, inasmuch as it housed the famous Council of the North. Here for some time dwelt the ill-fated Thomas Wentworth, Earl of Strafford; here in 1639 Charles I. was lodged; over the doorway to this day Strafford's coat-of-arms may be seen.

York, like Rome, possesses a goodly number of churches, and many of them are of peculiar interest to people who are interested in archæology and architecture. At the time of the Reformation there were over forty parish churches in the city; there are now about half that number, but most of them are very old and of great interest. St. Michael-le-Belfrey contains a very fine monument to Robert and Priscilla Squire; Holy Trinity is remarkable for its stained glass; where Christ Church now stands stood the first Christian church ever built in York. St. Margaret's, in Walmgate, is remarkable for its fine Norman doorway, wherein is figured the twelve signs of the Zodiac; in All Saints', North Street, is a famous window illustrating the events of the fifteen days immediately preceding the Last Judgment. In the lantern of All Saints', in the Pavement, they used in old days to hang a light whereby belated travellers journeying through the Forest of Galtres on the northward could find their way to the city. In nearly all the churches of York there is very fine stained glass, and in many of them there are objects of much interest.

Where the original British city was undoubtedly situate and where William the Conqueror afterwards built his great keep stands York Castle, a heterogeneous pile of buildings,



• York Minster

the most notable part of which is Clifford's Tower, built during the twelfth century. Round this venerable ruin a good many historic associations cling. It was the scene of the massacre of the Jews in 1190, and was defended by the Royalists under Francis Clifford, Earl of Cumberland, during the Civil War. Here George Fox, the Quaker, was imprisoned for some time; in the court close by Eugene Aram made his famous speech in his own defence when arraigned for the murder of Daniel Clarke; somewhere within the precincts Walter Calverly, the hero of *The Yorkshire Tragedy*, underwent the punishment of *peine forte et dure*. There is a collection of relics here which may interest folk who care to see such gruesome things as the fetters which confined Dick Turpin's legs, and the monster knife and fork which were used to quarter the rebels who were hanged here after the rising in 1745.

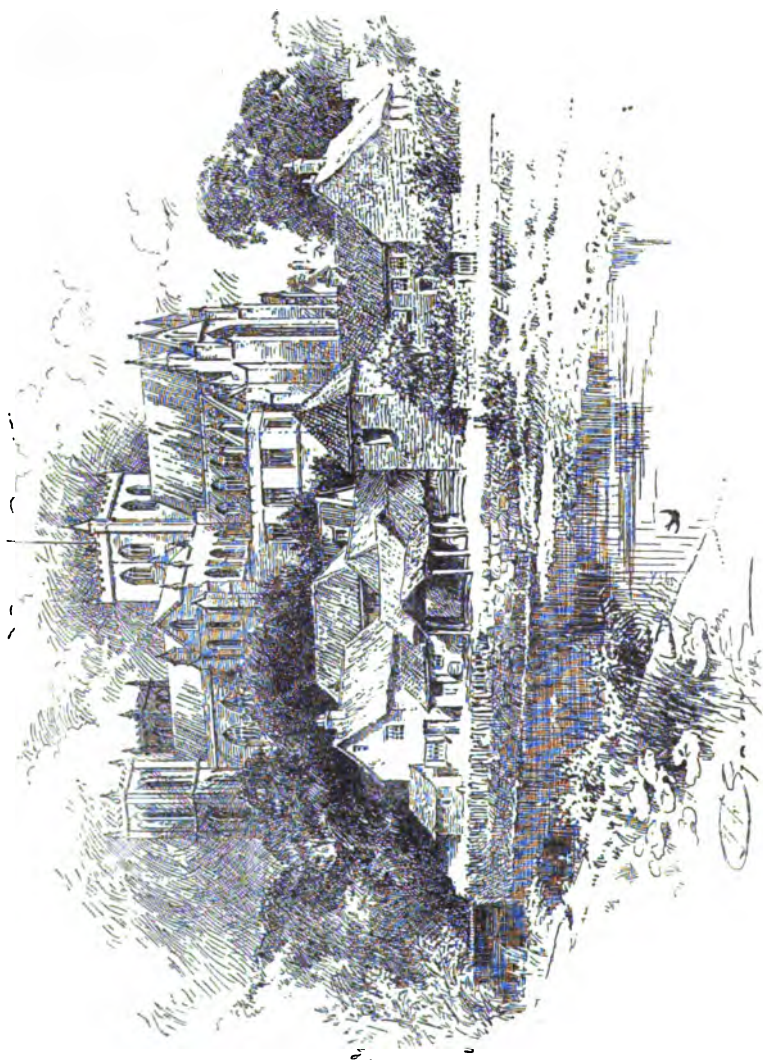
Travellers who love old houses and old things will find as much that savours of long-dead days in York as in Chester or Warwick. Round about the Shambles there are houses which seem impelled by a desire to fall upon each other from opposite sides of the way—from their topmost windows one can shake hands with a neighbour who lives across the street. A magnificent specimen of a fine old timbered house exists in St. William's College, at the east end of the Minster; it was originally the house of the chantry priests, and is now in process of restoration for a similar purpose. There is a fine open timber roof in St. Anthony's Hospital, and some noteworthy oak pillars in the Guildhall. But the evidences of antiquity in York are everywhere. Perhaps one gets the best idea of them, the fullest sense of the old city's great age, in wandering round the walls and in examining the Bars, or gates, whereon in the old days they used to set the heads of traitors, or of the vanquished, on pikes. Linger on the walls of York at night, when the sun has set and the grey mists begin to enwrap the surrounding land, it needs little imagination to

conjure up some image of the days when the gates were fast shut at sundown, and armed men kept watch in the now empty guard-rooms which overlooked the roads.

II.—RIPON.

Like York, Ripon is a city full of historical associations ; like York, again, most of those associations centre round the ancient Minster. Between York and Ripon there is a strong bond of affinity in the fact that Ripon owes everything to the Archbishops of York. The earlier Archbishops made Ripon their place of residence until Walter de Gray acquired land at Bishopthorpe and built a palace there, and they showered many favours on the picturesquely situated little town which overlooks the valley of the Ure. Between the seventh and the fourteenth centuries the great church which since 1836 has been the cathedral of the modern diocese of Ripon was built by the men who at the same time were building the greater church at York. Four of these men were pre-eminent in the work—St. Wilfrith in the seventh, Archbishop Thomas in the eleventh, Archbishop Roger in the twelfth, Archbishop Walter de Gray in the thirteenth centuries. It is said that St. Wilfrith, a prelate whose career was of infinite variety, was finally buried at Ripon, after many years of exile on the Continent, but there is no trace of his place of sepulture. He is still the patron saint of the city, and a feast in his honour is held on the Saturday after Lammas, when his effigy is carried round the principal streets in procession.

Like many another of the great churches of the North, Ripon Minster has known spoliation and devastation. According to the historian William of Malmesbury, town and Minster were so completely destroyed by the Danes in the ninth century that there was nothing but ashes and fragments to show where they stood. Leland says that when he visited Ripon in the sixteenth century it was a



Ripon Cathedral.

commonly received opinion that Odo, Archbishop of Canterbury, travelling into the North and passing through Ripon, was so filled with compassion at what he saw that he caused the church to be rebuilt. But the Minster as it now stands, and as it was completed soon after the beginning of the sixteenth century, is undoubtedly the fruit of the labours of Archbishop Roger and Archbishop de Gray. Archbishop Roger gave large sums out of his own purse towards its cost, and the great families of the neighbourhood, the Markenfields, Mallories, Nortons, Kitchenmans, Blackets, Aislabies and many others were very generous in their help. As it was originally finished, the three towers were topped by spires, or "pyramids," as Leland calls them, but the centre one was blown down by a great storm in 1660, and those at the west end were soon afterwards removed.

The architecture of Ripon Minster is, as Defoe rightly described it nearly two hundred years ago, "strong and plain." There is little ornamentation in the scheme of the exterior, and the west front is possibly the plainest piece of work of its sort in the country. But the situation and general effect of the church are magnificent—standing upon an eminence overlooking the Ure and its smaller tributary the Skell, it forms an impressive landmark which may be seen for miles. There is little of interest in the interior, which is singularly lacking in notable monuments. In the south aisle there is an altar-tomb whereon are depicted the figures of a man and a lion. This is said to be the grave of an Irish prince who died in Ripon on his way back from the Holy Land, and who was attended by a lion which followed him as faithfully as a dog. There is some ancient stained glass here and there, and some of the old woodwork still remains in the choir. The monuments of the Markenfields and Blackets are of interest. But the great feature of the church is the small crypt known as "St. Wilfrid's Needle," the masonry of which is so markedly Roman in character that there can be little doubt that it was built by

the workmen whom St. Wilfrith brought back with him from Italy in the seventh century. Many authorities agree that this crypt is the oldest specimen of ecclesiastical architecture existing in Yorkshire. It has, however, another association of great, if somewhat peculiar, interest. At the north-east corner is a narrow passage or opening through which, according to old writers like Camden and Fuller, women whose chastity was suspected were made to pass. If they could squeeze through, well and good; if not, they were looked askance upon, if not actually condemned. "They pricked their credits," remarks Fuller, "who could not thread the Needle." But there are other theories advanced as to the real purposes of this opening. Some writers say that it was used for the exhibition of relics; others as a lamp-niche; others as a means of communication with the staircase leading to the choir.

In the old days Ripon possessed privileges of sanctuary, originally granted by King Æthelstan. The boundaries of the sanctuary extended a mile in all directions from the Minster, and were marked by eight crosses, set up at different places—of these, one is still in existence (though in a ruinous condition) at Sharow, just outside the city. The right of sanctuary was last claimed about three hundred years ago, by a miscreant who had not only stolen his neighbour's goods, but had carried away his wife as well.

Ripon should be much better known than it is. People who love quietude, old things, a picturesque town and beautiful surroundings, would prefer an old-world city like this to the bustle and gaiety of Harrogate, close by, if they knew of it. Nothing could be more peaceful or mind-refreshing than an evening in and about the quaint market place of Ripon, or in the precincts of the Cathedral, or amongst the ancient streets and houses near the Skell. And there are many things to see in and around Ripon besides the Minster—there are the Hospital of St. Mary Magdalene, originally an asylum for lepers; the Maison Dieu, founded

by the great Neville family; the tumulus known as Ailcy Hill, and the great circular earthworks at Blois Hall. Here, too, is kept up one of the most ancient customs in England—the blowing of a horn every night at nine o'clock. Until the beginning of the seventeenth century the principal burgess of Ripon was called the Wakeman (watchman), and one of his duties was to set a watch every night by blowing a horn in the market place. It is said that this custom has now existed for nearly two thousand years. In the old days the Wakeman received in recompense for his duties an annual sum of fourpence from all householders who had two doors to their dwellings, and of twopence from those who had but one. The horn-blowing is now performed by a Corporation official, who delivers three blasts at the market cross and three at the Mayor's house, over the front of which is set forth in large characters the legend *Except ye Lorde Keepeth ye City ye Wakeman waketh in vain*. And while all these evidences of antiquity are seen on every side in Ripon, it has a further source of advantage to people in search of health in the presence of a recently-opened Spa (sulphur), the waters of which are reputed to be as efficacious as those of its better-known rival, Harrogate.

III.—BEVERLEY.

Yorkshire boasts of three great patron saints—St. William of York, St. Wilfrith of Ripon, and St. John of Beverley, all of whom in their time were Archbishops of the northern metropolitan see. To St. John of Beverley Yorkshiremen owe the incomparable and beautiful Minster which is certainly the great glory of the East Riding. Beverley Minster may justly be said to be unique amongst English churches. Freeman considered it the equal of either York or Ripon; Rickman, in his "Styles of Architecture in England," unhesitatingly declares its west front to be the finest in this country. But it has further charms than those of its architecture—history and circumstance are richly

represented in Beverley Minster and in the quaint market town which stretches away from its grey walls. Not so ancient as York, it is worthy of ranking with Ripon as a centre of great historical importance.

It was fitting that St. John of Beverley, the founder of Beverley Minster, should be an East Riding man. Born at Harpham, near Driffeld, in 640, he was for a time in charge of Theodore, Archbishop of Canterbury, and was afterwards an inmate of St. Hilda's Abbey at Whitby. He was made Bishop of Hexham in 685, and translated to York in 705, and it was during his archiepiscopate that he founded the religious house at Beverley of which the Minster became ultimately the collegiate church. From the time of his death in 721, St. John's reputation as a saint increased yearly, and it was soon a matter of common belief in the North that miracles were worked at his shrine. Over that shrine the present stately edifice rose, every Archbishop of York helping the work with money and privileges, and the great families of the county, and especially the Percys and the Vavasours, making gifts of wood and stone. It rapidly became a rich and powerful house, and at the time of the Dissolution (in Edward VI.'s reign) it had a clerical staff of nearly eighty persons, and an annual income of £600. During the previous four centuries it had numbered some famous men amongst its provosts—Thomas Becket, afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury; Fulk Barratt, sometime Bishop of London; William de Melton, afterwards Archbishop of York; and John Mansell, who was later on Chancellor of St. Paul's.

Apart from the beauty of its architecture, Beverley Minster is noticeable amongst English churches for its possession of several remarkable interior features; in fact, its monuments are much more interesting than those of either York or Ripon. Like Ripon, it possessed the privilege of sanctuary. This extended a mile and a quarter from the church in every direction, and of the four crosses which

marked the boundaries, three are still in existence. In the north transept is the Frith-Stol (the chair or stool of peace), wherein if any criminal fleeing from justice seated himself he found full immunity. Near to this uncommon survival of a long-dead age (there are only two other frith-stols in the North of England, one at Sprotborough and one at Hexham) is the great glory of Beverley Minster, the Percy Tomb, a magnificent specimen of the Decorated style of the fourteenth century, which is generally held by competent judges to be the finest example of monumental architecture in Europe. It commemorates Eleanor Fitz-Alan, wife of the first Lord Percy of Alnwick, who died in 1328. The shrine of St. John of Beverley, whereat miracles are said to have been worked, formerly stood in front of the retro-choir, but all trace of it has now disappeared. The site of the saint's grave, however, is shown near the west end of the church, close to the font and the south door. Near it is the monument known as the Sisters' Tomb, raised in commemoration of two maiden ladies of Beverley who made large gifts of land to the burgesses.

One of the most remarkable features of Beverley Minster is found in the carving of the misericordes in the choir and in the beauty of the choir-stalls themselves. Of the sixty-eight stalls, over forty are surmounted by elaborate tabernacle work of great charm and elegance; the misericordes beneath are unequalled in any English cathedral for the quaintness and sometimes the grotesqueness of their design. It is said that in the mass these carvings possess some hidden meaning, and that a key to it was originally in existence but has long been lost. The subjects chosen by the carvers are curious and amusing, and show such subjects as a monkey combing a cat; a boy riding a pig; a fox, in a friar's habit, preaching to geese; a cat fiddling to a company of mice, and the like. In the full series of sixty-eight carvings there is only one, number fifty-three, in which a Scriptural subject is represented.

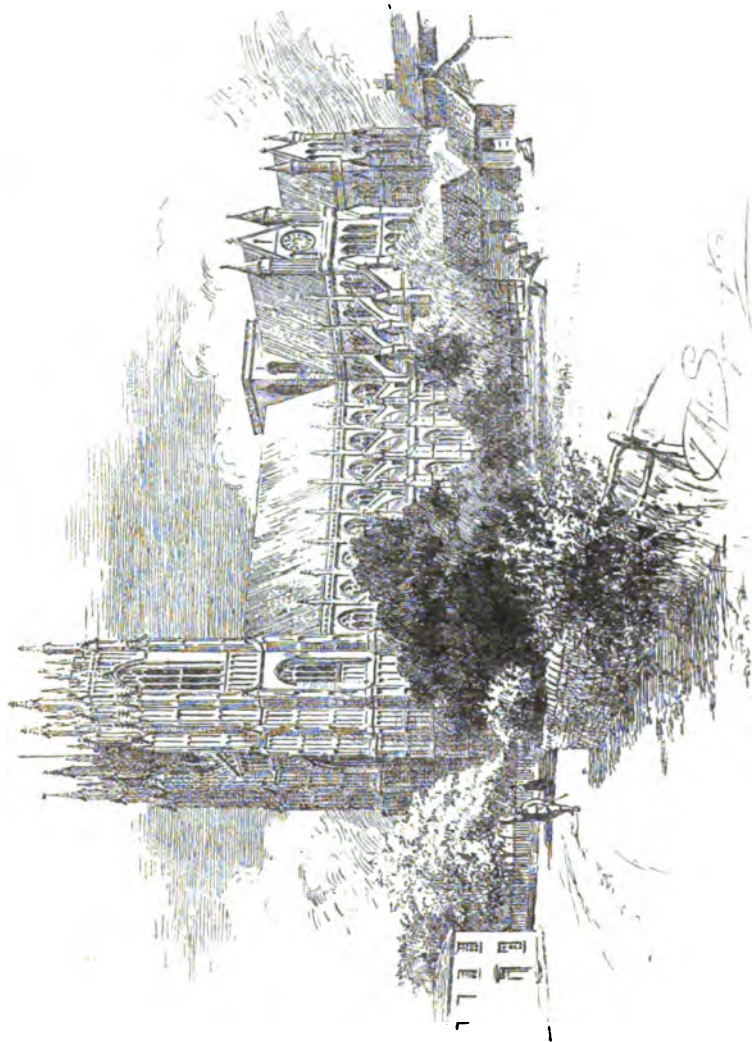
Beverley is remarkably fortunate in possessing yet another church which almost rivals the Minster in beauty. St. Mary's Church, at the north end of the town, is a structure of such admirable proportion and such excellent architecture that it is worthy to rank with some of our smaller cathedrals. Its architecture is chiefly of the Decorated and Perpendicular periods, and its west front is particularly fine. Here, as in the Minster, is some fine carving in the stalls and on the oak reredos. In the nave is a pillar of great beauty, wrought about with figures of minstrels—a piper, a lute-player, a violin-player, a drummer and a harper, and bearing the inscription "Thys pyllor made the meynstyrls." Close by are other pillars of similar character, which appear to have been erected by the merchants and the good wives of the town. An inscription round the font shows that it was given to the church by one William Lerryfaxe, draper, in the year 1530. Outside the church, on the south side, near the porch, there is a tablet bearing the following inscription :—

Here two young Danish souldiers lye,
The one in quarrell chanced to die ;
The other's Head by their own Law,
With sword was severed by one Blow.

Dec. 23, 1689.

This commemorates an event which happened when a contingent of Danish soldiers, brought over for the use of William III., was quartered at Beverley. Two of them quarrelled and fought a duel in which one was slain ; the other, in accordance with Danish law, was beheaded by sword, and the two were buried together. An entry of this event occurs in the parish register.

Apart from its two great churches, Beverley possesses a distinct charm of its own. It is a quaint little town, set in a level land at the southern edge of the Wolds ; a town of red roofs and gables, cobble-paved streets, and old-world quietude. Its ancient inns are roomy and spacious, and,



Beverley Minster.

save on market days, generally abodes of sleepiness and peace. Once surrounded, like York, with walls, it has now no vestige of them remaining save at the North Bar, close to St. Mary's Church. Here there are still the old oak gates and the groove wherein the portcullis fell. There is little of history attached to the town, except that it was highly favoured by Æthelstan and by some of the earlier Norman Kings, who appear to have had an extremely reverential feeling for the power of St. John as a miracle worker. It is strange now to think that it was once a port on the River Hull and sent ships to sea. Apart from some of the great men who were at one time or other provosts of the Minster, it has produced some notable men of its own, of whom the most noticeable was the famous John Fisher, Bishop of Rochester, one of the greatest scholars of his time, who, born here in 1459, and educated in the town, came to his death on the scaffold seventy-six years later.



CHAPTER II.

The River Ure and Wensleydale.

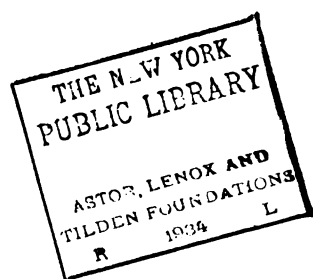
TRAVELLERS who wish to see the Yorkshire dales in an understanding way should follow the rivers which run through them, not from their sources, but from the various points at which they run, as they all do, into the great central stream of the county—the Ouse. It is often the case that the first stretches of the country thus covered are flat and monotonous, but there is in all cases much of historic value to be seen in old churches, old houses, interesting towns and villages, and the delight of a journey thus undertaken increases with every mile until it finally culminates amidst mountain scenery of diversified and often of romantic quality. One appreciates Wensleydale, for instance, much more if one follows the River Ure from its junction with the Swale at Myton (from which point southward the combined rivers are known as the Ouse) than if one dropped upon its glories at Jervaulx, where the dale proper may be said to begin. There is historic association and matter of vast interest ere one has covered many miles. Few places in

Yorkshire are as well worth seeing as Aldborough, the *Isurium* of the Roman occupation, which was a sort of pleasure city for the garrison in York, and seems to have abounded in villas and country houses such as the Romans loved to build outside their great cities. Nor should anyone who loves the sight of old English market towns miss Boroughbridge, with its quaint inns, forlorn and desolate now that the coaching days are over, its memories of the annual Barnaby Fair, and its possession of the three mysterious monoliths, known as the Devil's Arrows, concerning which no archæologist has yet been able to say any definite word. Whole days of pleasure may be spent about Boroughbridge and Aldborough—together they form a little centre of their own, wherein the lover of the past finds an abundance of interest and delight.

Into the Ure at Ripon runs the Skell, a tiny stream which is chiefly notable because it will conduct the traveller who follows it to one of the great beauty-spots of Yorkshire, Fountains Abbey. Few of the religious houses of England have had such a romantic history as this, the greatest of the many Cistercian monasteries which the country possessed. It was founded by certain monks from the Benedictine Abbey of St. Mary at York, who, growing weary of the laxity of the rule there, went voluntarily into the wilderness to live a stricter life. Thurstan, Archbishop of York, gave them land in Skelldale, and here for some time they lived on roots and green stuff, having little more than the shelter of the trees, and coming nigh to absolute starvation more than once. When they were at their last straits, Hugh, Dean of York, came to live and die amongst them, and it was his money which enabled them to set about building the monastery. The house thus erected was subsequently destroyed by fire; the present Abbey, the remains of which are the most considerable in Yorkshire, was completed about the middle of the thirteenth century. Poor as the community had been at first, it grew to be one of the richest and most



Fountains Abbey, Ripon.



powerful in the land, and at the time of the Dissolution was possessed of vast wealth. It was said that its Abbot could walk from Ripon to Penyghent without stepping off his own land; its annual value was £1,125; it owned plate worth £700; it possessed vast store of cattle, sheep and horses; it had landed property to the extent of sixty thousand acres, to say nothing of lead mines, stone quarries, game preserves and fisheries, and its patronage was weighty and extensive. According to the old chroniclers, this was a wild, bare, comfortless spot when the monks first came into it—it is now one of the most beautiful districts in the North, and in conjunction with the adjacent charms of Studley Royal, the famous seat of the Marquis of Ripon, and of Markenfield Hall, a magnificent specimen of domestic architecture of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, is a favourite resort of folk from the more crowded parts of the county.

A little to the north of the Ure, and within easy reach of Ripon, are two places of great interest in different ways—Norton Conyers, the home of the Grahams, and Wath, a village noted for its fine church. Norton Conyers, a picturesque Tudor house, set amongst luxuriant woods, was originally the seat of the Nortons, who took such a prominent part in the Rising of the North and in the previous Pilgrimage of Grace. Their adherence to the "old religion" was their ruin—some of them lost their heads on the scaffold, others fled to France, and the estates were confiscated, and eventually passed into the hands of the Grahams. There is a popular legend told of this place to the effect that a Sir Richard Graham, fleeing from Marston Moor, was followed to Norton Conyers by Oliver Cromwell himself, who, catching him up on the top of the great staircase, up which both had ridden their horses, there struck him dead, in proof of which the imprint of a horse's hoof is shown, stamped into the oak, to this day. But this is no more than a legend, for it is unlikely that Cromwell should leave his army to pursue a

single man, and it is certain that the Sir Richard Graham spoken of did not die until 1653. There are monuments to Nortons and Grahams in the church at Wath—a splendid specimen of Early English architecture, which contains many features of interest to the archæologist.

At Tanfield, the ancient stronghold of the Marmions, and at Masham, celebrated for its association with the Mowbrays and the Scropes, one comes upon many historic monuments and memories. Of the castle, once inhabited by the Marmions, at Tanfield, the Gatehouse, now called the Marmion Tower, is still in existence—a square ivy-covered structure which much commended itself to Leland when he passed this way. In the church there are many Marmion tombs, none of them in over good repair, but all well worth minute inspection. One of alabaster has the effigies of a Marmion and his wife; the knight in chain armour, the lady in a robe whereon are shown the arms of Marmion impaling those of St. Quintin. Over this is a “herse,” or frame of wrought ironwork, at the corners of which are prickets wherein candles were placed. In the church of Masham, further along the river, there is an equally interesting monument in memory of Sir Marmaduke Wyvill and his wife, but there is nothing to remind one of the Mowbrays or the Scropes.

Where the character of the surroundings of the Ure begins to change, the undulating land giving place to scenery of a more romantic nature, one finds all that is left of the Abbey of Jervaulx, once one of the most important of the Yorkshire religious houses. The remains are scanty, and in some parts of the ruins nothing more than the original ground plan can be traced. In fact, from the time of the Dissolution until about one hundred years ago, “Jarvis Ruins,” as they are styled locally, were made use of for eminently practical, if somewhat Vandal-like, purposes—the neighbouring farmers treated them as a convenient quarry, and the local authorities fetched stones from them in order to repair the roads. What is left, however, is now well cared

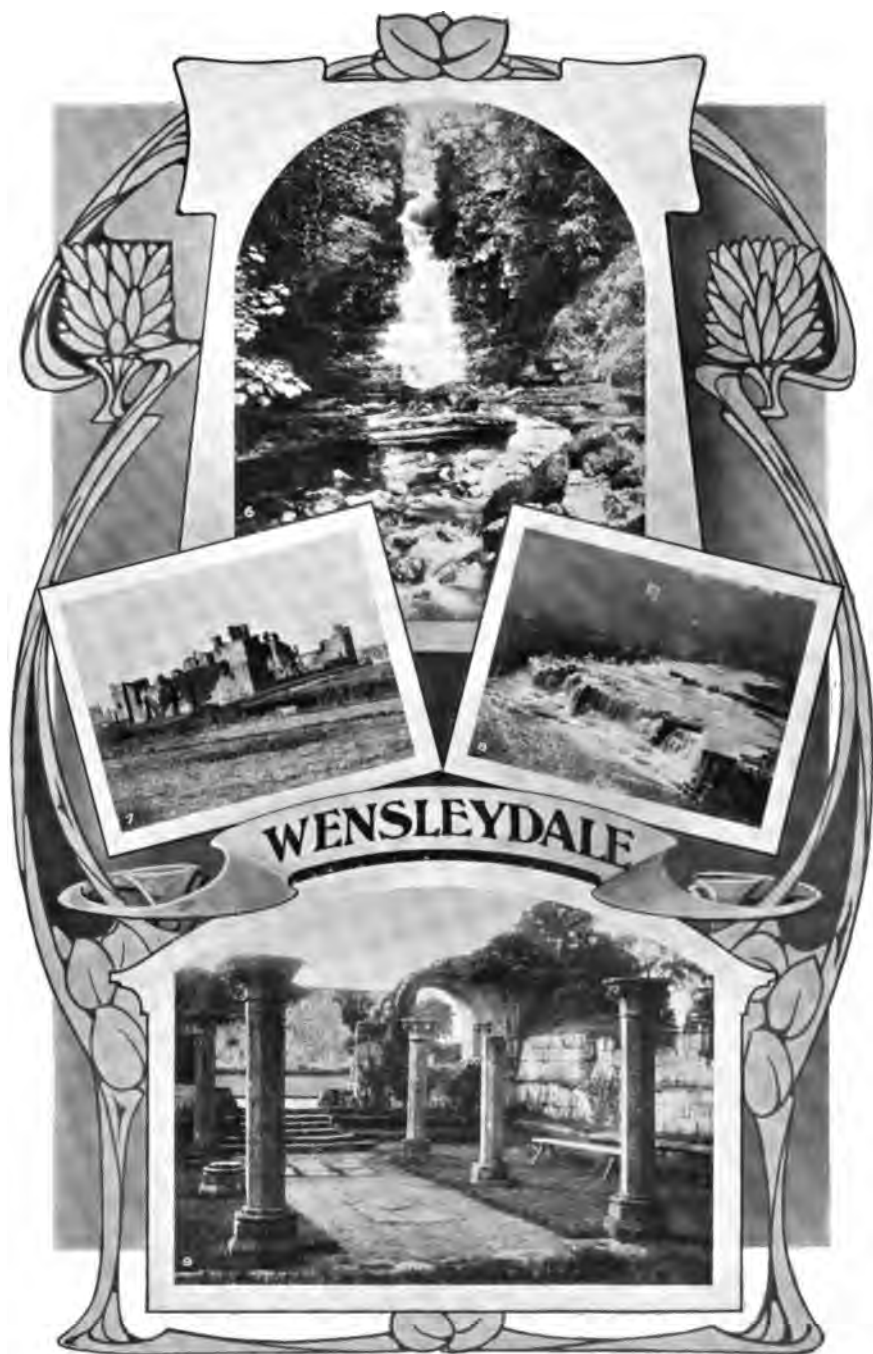
for and very picturesque. The house was originally founded by certain monks from Byland, who, after sojourning for a time at Fors, near Askrigg, a bleak and inclement spot, received a grant of land at Jervaulx from Conan, Earl of Richmond, whereon they began to build about the middle of the twelfth century. Darcy, one of Henry VIII.'s commissioners, reporting upon Jervaulx, declared it to be one of the most beautiful churches he had ever seen. He also referred to the prowess of its monks in breeding horses and making cheese—two Wensleydale accomplishments which are in good evidence to-day. The community was a fairly wealthy one at the time of the Dissolution, just before which its last Abbot, Adam of Sedbergh, was hanged at Tyburn for taking part in the Pilgrimage of Grace.

The Premonstratensian Canons of Coverham Abbey, whose house was situated in Coverdale, one of the many smaller dales which open out of Wensleydale, were famous, like their neighbours of Jervaulx, for breeding horses, but they had a speciality in white horses, and it is a singular fact that horses of this colour are frequently seen in this district to the present day. Like Jervaulx, Coverham has suffered much from neglect and depredation, and there is little left beyond a portion of the nave, the gatehouse, and some effigies and stones inset in the adjacent farm buildings. Nor is there much to see in Coverdale itself. Its chief interest lies in the fact that somewhere in its secluded stretches was born Miles Coverdale, the translator of the Bible, who was the first Bishop of Exeter consecrated after the Reformation.

Occupying a fine position on the south side of the Ure, and commanding magnificent views of the opposite side and of the hills stretching to the north-west, Middleham, with its historic castle, its association with the Nevilles and with Richard III., is one of the most interesting places in Wensleydale. Here one comes into direct touch with some of the greatest names, the most important events, in English history. The castle, which stands prominently above the

little town at its foot, was built about the end of the twelfth century by Robert Fitz Ranulph, one of the grand-nephews of Alan of Brittany, first Earl of Richmond after the Norman Conquest. The Norman keep which he built is in good preservation; the rest of the work, chiefly of the Decorated period, was much damaged when the castle was dismantled after the Civil War. When, in the thirteenth century, Middleham passed to the Nevilles by marriage, its great associations began. Robert Neville, called "the Peacock of the North," added greatly to the castle, and Richard III. made many considerable improvements in it. Here Richard Neville, Earl of Warwick, the famous "King-maker," kept high state, though one should not attempt to form an accurate idea of what that state was from Lytton's somewhat highly-coloured romance "The Last of the Barons," wherein, as regards those days at Middleham, there are many historical errors. Here the Lady Anne Neville, wife of Richard III., gave birth to that ill-fated monarch's only son, in 1473, and here, eleven years later, the child died. Round about the Middleham of those days Richard III., who spent a great deal of time here, seems to have been greatly respected and esteemed, possibly because of his many benefactions to the people and the religious houses. It was he who made the parish church of St. Mary and St. Alkelda collegiate, and from Middleham that he sent many rich gifts to York Minster.

The moors which stretch for miles above Middleham and its castle have long been celebrated as training grounds for racehorses, and it is more than probable that the monks of Jervaulx and Coverham used them for putting whatever they happened to have in their stables at the time through a knowing bit of exercise over the very acres on which, centuries later, The Flying Dutchman was trained for his great victories in the Derby and the St. Leger. But the training of racehorses on these moors in all probability goes back even further than the days of Jervaulx and Coverham,



6.—MILL GILL FORCE.

8.—AYSGARTH FALLS.

7.—MIDDLEHAM CASTLE.

9.—JERVAULX ABBEY.



for though we have no very accurate records of the sport previous to the time of James I., there are references to it in chronicles as old as that of Bede, and one may be sure that the horse-loving Yorkshireman of any age would appreciate the advantage of the pure, keen air of these high altitudes. That modern trainers appreciate them one quickly sees at Middleham in the presence of the neighbouring training establishments and in the strings of horses going to or returning from exercise.

Leyburn faces Middleham across the valley—a quiet, primly-picturesque little town, built for the most part round a large square, which is quiet enough except on market days, when the dalesmen and their wives come in with their various commodities. In the Market Square is an ancient bull-ring, but this is really all there is to see in the place, for the church is quite modern, and there are no buildings of note. But a mile outside the town, on the north-west, there is a limestone terrace, overlooking deep woods beneath, a walk along which affords some of the finest prospects in the north country. This, known as Leyburn Shawl, commands an extensive prospect of the greater part of Wensleydale from below Jervaulx Abbey to above Askrigg. Castles, villages, churches, great houses lie in the dale beneath; southward and westward the hills rise higher and higher, in bolder and more broken outline, until they link themselves to the mountains of the Pennine Range. Half-way along the Shawl is a narrow defile known locally as the Queen's Gap. Here, it is said, Mary Queen of Scots was re-captured when making an attempt to escape from the custody of Lord Scrope, at Bolton Castle, close by, but the legend is improbable, though it is possible that the Queen often came to this spot, as she had considerable liberty, under surveillance, in going about the district.

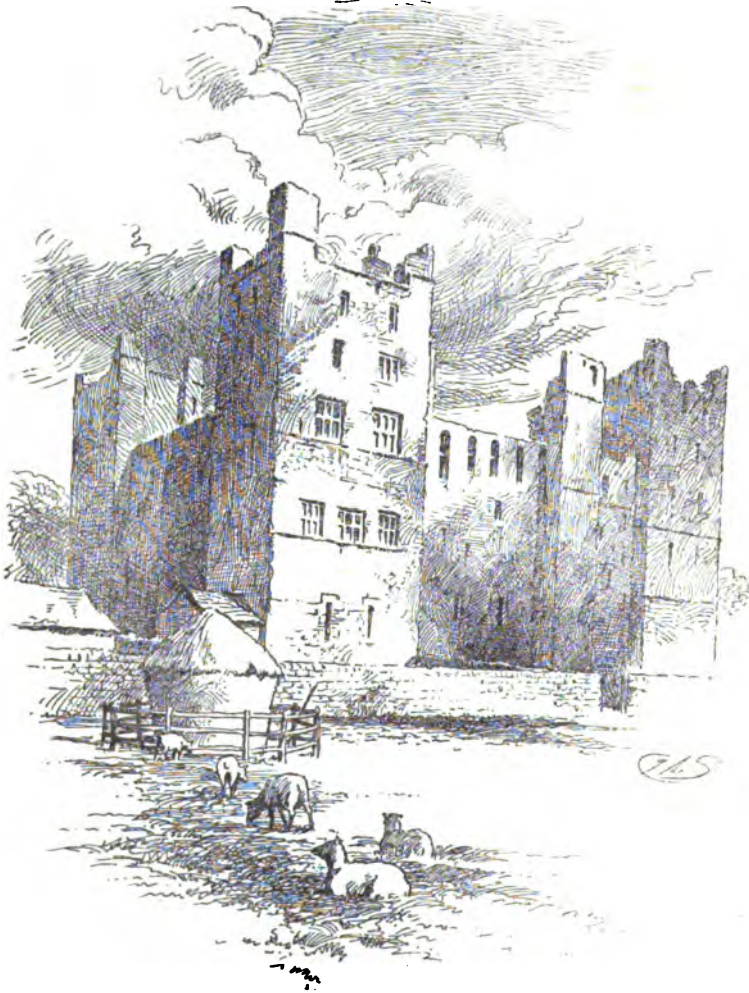
Wensley, lying in the valley below, gives its name to the dale, and has a proper right to do so, for it is not only the prettiest village in the neighbourhood, but one of the most

charming and picturesque spots in England. It is, indeed, so charming that one is tempted to spend time in it which should be given to other places. A romantic situation, a beautiful old church, a murmuring river, fine trees and luxuriant vegetation, a village green dominated by a noble elm, evidences all round of pastoral simplicity and prosperity—these things assist in making Wensley a place long to be remembered. The church (made collegiate by Richard II. in 1399) is naturally the centre-point of the village. It stands in a churchyard of considerable extent on a plateau above the Ure, and is as picturesque as it is interesting. It is full of memorials of the Scropes, and an evidence of its original foundation is seen soon after entering it in some Saxon masonry which has been let into the wall of the north aisle. Its great feature is a fine brass of the fourteenth century, in the chancel, which shows a priest fully vested in alb, chasuble, stole and maniple. A chalice is represented reposing upon the breast; the hands are crossed beneath it. This brass, one of the finest in England, is held on good authority to be that of Sir Simon de Wensley, a fourteenth century member of the Scrope family. Memorials of the Scropes are in every part of the church in one form or another. The back and sides of the family pew of Lord Bolton, in the north aisle, were once the screen-work of the Scrope parclose at Easby Abbey, near Richmond. On it are inscriptions embodying the names of many Scropes—"Henry Scrope the VII."; "Symonde the firste"; "Henry the secounde"; "John Scrop ye fyrst." The shields beneath display the arms of Scropes, Marmions, Lucys, Dacres and others. In the pavement of the nave there is a great slab of limestone, on which, in accordance with an ancient custom, all coffins are set down when brought into the church, and over which the first portion of the marriage service is said. On the left hand side edge, looking towards the chancel, is an inscription which shows that it covers the remains of Richard and John Clederow, brothers, once rectors of the church. One might spend a whole day in examining

the beauties and notable features of this church, or in watching the brown river and the blue hills from the green churchyard outside. It is fitting that in such a romantic situation Thomas Maude, the poet of Wensleydale, should have his last resting-place.

On the west of Wensley, and with an entrance from its picturesque green, lies Bolton Park, now the residence of Lord Bolton, and once the seat of the Dukes of Bolton, descendants of the Marquis of Winchester, who proved himself such a doughty commander during the Civil War. The hall was built in 1678, after the dismantling of the neighbouring Bolton Castle, and was almost destroyed by fire a few years ago. Here the eccentric Duke of Bolton used to hold high revelry—turning night into day, celebrating bacchanalian feasts whereat it rejoiced him to make all his guests drunk, going a-hunting by torchlight, and driving a four-in-hand over the adjoining country at a furious rate on dark nights. The house stands in the midst of a beautifully wooded park, through which there is a delightful walk to Redmire, a village lying in the valley beneath Bolton Castle, where there is little to see beyond the remains of a village cross, a very small church, and a waterfall which is notable in rainy weather.

Outvying Middleham in the importance of its historical associations and in the strategical importance of its situation, Bolton Castle is certainly the most notable monument of bygone ages which Wensleydale can show. Its history under the Scopes was long, vivid, picturesque and romantic. Built by Richard, Lord Scrope, Chancellor of England, during the reign of Richard II., it was one of the most powerful centres of baronial influence, and, later on, of family influence, until the final overthrow of the Royalists at the end of the Civil War, when it was dismantled. According to Leland, the castle was eighteen years in the building, and it cost a thousand marks in each year. The timber which was used in its construction was brought all



Bolton Castle.

the way from the Forest of Engleby, in Cumberland, draughts of oxen being stationed at various points *en route* for its conveyance over the fells and moors to Wensleydale. When completed it was one of the most formidable fastnesses of the North—a four-square stronghold, with square towers at each angle, three of which are still in a comparatively perfect state. Leland saw something here which astonished him, even in the sixteenth century. "One thing I much noted in the haull of Bolton," he says; "how chimneys were conveyed by tunnills made ~~in~~ the syde of the walls, betwixt the lights in the haull. And by this means, and by no covers, is the smoke of the hearth in the haull wonder strangely conveyed." He also saw at Bolton "a faire clock, *cum motu solis et lunæ*," and was much impressed with the strength of the castle and by the "good lodging" which it afforded.

Apart from its association with the family of Scrope, Bolton Castle is full of intense historic interest, because it was for some time the prison-house of Mary Queen of Scots. When she fled from Scotland in 1568 she was met at Carlisle by the Lord Scrope of that day—the ninth baron—who was then governor of the Border city and warden of the marches. Shortly afterwards, under his custody and attended by Lady Scrope, she was removed, not with her consent, to Bolton Castle, and there she remained until the beginning of the following year. Sir Francis Knollys was sent down to Bolton to attend upon her, and seems to have considered Lord Scrope's castle the most fitting place in which to detain her in safety, for he points out in one of his letters that it was not only the highest walled house he had ever seen, but that it possessed the further advantage of having only one entrance, and could therefore be easily guarded by a small number of soldiers. It was during her imprisonment at Bolton that Mary learnt English from Sir Francis Knollys, and composed and wrote her first letter in the language, which until then had been unfamiliar to her.

But there was another matter—of much more importance in Mary's chequered career than the learning of English from an amiable chamberlain set over her as a spy—which sprang into being during the Scottish Queen's residence under Lord Scrope's roof. While she was detained there a Commission was sitting, first at York, then at Westminster, which had for its object an examination of the charge which had been brought against her of having been privy to the murder of Darnley. This commission was presided over by the Duke of Norfolk, who was brother to Lady Scrope. Between Mary and the Duke letters began to pass, Lady Scrope acting as go-between. The letters grew from friendliness to love; love-tokens began to accompany them. There can be little doubt that the Duke aspired to Mary's hand, and was prepared to intrigue against Elizabeth. And so the period of incarceration at Bolton—which does not seem to have been a rigorous one, since the Queen was permitted to go hunting, hawking and riding, and to have had kind gaolers—came to a very sudden end. The Duke of Norfolk lost his head, and Mary was hurried away to Tutbury, and then to Sheffield, where the Earl of Shrewsbury "made her fast," and kept her for twelve years under strict surveillance.

The thirteenth Lord Scrope and first Earl of Sunderland, who died in 1630, was the last of the direct male line of the Scropes, and their lands then passed by marriage to the Powlett family. There was, however, a Mr. Scrope who garrisoned Bolton Castle for the King in 1645 in company with a Colonel Chaytor. They seem to have been reduced to sore straits, for they were compelled to live on horseflesh. In November, 1645, they capitulated, and were allowed to march southward, to Pontefract. Two years later the stronghold of the Scropes was ordered to be dismantled. Yet in spite of this, and of the ravages which Time has worked upon it, it is still a formidable-looking pile, and has plenty to exhibit to the curious traveller, who may, if he pleases and is prepared to accept local tradition, linger for



Aysgarth Falls.

a while in the chamber which sheltered Mary Queen of Scots during what was probably the happiest period of her long and weary captivity.

At Aysgarth, Wensleydale begins to be wilder and more diversified in character. The river, instead of swirling along in placid fashion and seeming to sleep in brown pools under leafy shades, dashes over a series of waterfalls and churns itself into masses of foam. At Aysgarth Force it rushes over limestone ledges, which stretch from bank to bank and are overhung by thick foliage. The Force should be seen when the river is in flood—it is then certainly a notable and awe-inspiring sight. When the Ure is low it will be noticed that the limestone is much worn by the water, and that great holes or "pits" have been worked into it during successive ages. In the village of Aysgarth there is little of notice with the exception of an excellent view from the churchyard and the fine rood-screen in the church, but it is a capital centre for seeing the neighbourhood, and a good starting-out point for the dales to the south and west, and it is also in close proximity to Nappa Hall, the ancient seat of the Metcalfes, who in Camden's time were reckoned to be the most numerous family in England. There is record of a Sir Christopher Metcalfe meeting the Judges at York in 1556, in which year he was Sheriff, attended by three hundred men, all of his own name and kin, every man of which considerable posse was mounted on a white horse. Here there are some relics of Mary Queen of Scots, including a bedstead on which she is said to have slept.

No one should pass this part of Wensleydale without turning aside to see Semmerwater, one of the very few lakes (if one may call them by so distinguished a term) of which Yorkshire can boast. It is a placid sheet of water, lying amongst the hills, and depends much upon light and shade for its effects. It has a legend attaching to it which it shares in common with certain lakes in Ireland. Once, it is said, a city of importance and of wealth stood where the

lake now lies, and into it there came one day a stranger of mean appearance, who, begging food and rest, was turned away from door to door until the inhabitants of his last resort, a poor cottage, took him in. Next day, leaving the city, he invoked a curse upon every stone of it save upon the "li'le house," whereupon the water rose and the selfish city was swallowed up. And in turning aside to see this legendary lake one should not forget to see Bainbridge, one of the quaintest of Wensleydale villages, nor to climb Addleborough, whereon there is a mighty cairn, and from the summit of which there is a fine view.

Askrigg, on the other side of the river from Aysgarth, is a thoroughly typical little town of these western dales. It seems far out of the world, and being built of a curious grey stone, quarried locally and known as "greet," it wears a gentle and subdued air at all seasons of the year. The people seem to be as quiet as their town—once upon a time, as Drunken Barnaby sees fit to mention in his rhymes, the men as well as the women made a living by knitting. It was also celebrated for its manufacture of clocks, and specimens of the skill of its clockmakers may yet be discovered in out-of-the-way farmhouses. There is little of interest in Askrigg itself, or in its church, except that in the latter are some ancient pillars which are believed to have been brought there from the Abbey of Fors, close by, and that in the street, opposite an old Jacobean mansion still in a good state of preservation, is a stone marking the centre of the ring wherein bulls were baited. But at the back of the town are two waterfalls, Mill Gill Force and Whitfield Force, which, even in this land of natural cataracts, are not only noteworthy, but picturesque and impressive.

The great waterfall of the district is Hardraw Scaur, at the entrance to Fossdale, a narrow valley opening out of Wensleydale to the north of Hawes. Here a stream which runs down from Great Shunnor Fell dashes over a fall of nearly one hundred feet into a pool below, with such volume



Hardraw Scaur.

and force that a considerable space is left between it and the wall of limestone behind it. In winters of exceptional severity the water is frozen into a mass of ice, and presents a wonderful spectacle, especially as there is always a hollow left in the centre, through which a portion of the stream may be seen flowing. William and Dorothy Wordsworth visited Hardraw Scaur in December, 1799, and the poet, after walking behind the rushing waters, thus described their conception of what it must be like to be in such a cool retreat on a summer day: "We could not help feeding upon the pleasure which this cave, in the heat of a July noon, would spread through a frame exquisitely sensible. That huge rock on the right, the bank winding round on the left with its living foliage, and the breeze stealing up the valley and bedewing the cavern with the sweetest imaginable spray, and then the murmur of the water, the quiet, the seclusion!"

At Hawes, a market town set nearly nine hundred feet above sea-level, and with little of the picturesque but much of the grandly wild about it, Wensleydale may be said to end. Here the great mountains of the Backbone of England force their attention upon the traveller, rising like sentinels between Yorkshire and Westmorland. But from Hawes radiate several out-of-the-world, utterly lonely little valleys, dotted here and there with isolated farmsteads, the inhabitants of which lead the most pastoral and primitive of lives. To rest in one of them is to rest amidst a silence which seems as if it never could be broken.



CHAPTER III.

Swaledale and Richmond.

FROM the point where the rivers Ure and Swale combine to form the Ouse, there is little in the surroundings of the Swale to attract anybody to wander along its banks as far as Catterick Bridge, where its real beauties may be said to have their beginning. True, it takes in Topcliffe on its way, and Topcliffe, now no more than a sleepy village set about a fine church on a green knoll, was in its time a place of note. It was here that Henry Percy, fourth Earl of Northumberland, was murdered in his own house by an infuriated mob of the townspeople in April, 1489. Here, too, Charles I. was for a time held prisoner while the negotiations were being carried on with the Scottish Commissioners in 1646-7. There are some ancient earthworks at Topcliffe which are worth examining, and the church is of much interest, but the general impression which this once important place now conveys is one of unbroken quietude.

Before coming to Catterick Bridge one meets with a village, Bolton-upon-Swale, which is of some interest, because in its churchyard lie the remains of Henry Jenkins, said to be the oldest Englishman who ever lived. According to the inscription on his monument he died at the age of 169. Whether he really did attain that age is a question which has never been definitely settled. His burial, which took place on December 9th, 1670, is recorded in the parish register as that of "a very aged and poor man," and there is full evidence that his wife died only two years before. Yet, on the other hand, it is certain that he gave evidence in a case concerning the Catterick tithes in 1667, and that he was then described as being of the age of 157 or thereabouts. The chief evidence in support of the contention that he really was as old as he was reputed to be, however, rests on a letter written by Mrs. Anne Saville to Dr. Robinson, in which she says that, talking to Jenkins one day in her sister's kitchen when he had come to ask an alms, he told her that he believed himself at that time to be 163, that he could remember Henry VIII., and that he carried a load of arrows to Northallerton intended for the army which was soon afterwards engaged at Flodden Field. He also told Mrs. Saville that he had been butler to Lord Conyers, and could remember the Abbot of Fountains coming to drink a glass with his master. Mrs. Saville adds that at the time she saw Jenkins there were several people of the neighbourhood who were all centenarians or nonagenarians, and they were agreed that when they were young Jenkins was a very old man. Whether he really was born in 1500 or not no one can determine, but it is certain that he provides us with one of the best specimens of longevity which this nation has ever known.

Catterick, the *Cataractonium* of the Roman occupation, is a place of much interest. The actual site of the Roman city, which was of considerable importance, was not that of the modern village, but nearer Brough Hall, on its north-west

side, where a large collection of Roman relics, including a large metal cauldron, capable of holding twenty-four gallons, which was unearthed here, full of Roman coins, is stored in company with a fine gallery of old masters. There are several objects of interest in Catterick Church, including some good brasses, and here is the grave and monument of Richard Braithwaite, better known as "Drunken Barnaby," who wrote a much-quoted "Itinerary" in English and Latin, which was published in 1638. A mile or so from the village stands the famous bridge, over which runs the North Road, built on the line of the old Roman street, and at this point, and as far southward as Boroughbridge, called Leeming Lane. Catterick Bridge was originally completed in 1425, at a cost of £173 6s. 8d., but it has been much widened since. At its south end stands a real old-fashioned inn of the coaching days order, with big rooms, big stables and a general air of old-worldness.

It is from this point that the surroundings of the Swale become of the highest order of beauty. It is to be questioned, indeed, if there are any stretches of river scenery in the North of England, not even excepting the Wear at Durham, the Wharfe at Bolton Priory, the Nidd at Knaresborough, and the Tees at Barnard Castle, which can be brought into the same class as the all-too-short stretch of the Swale between Easby Abbey and Whitcliffe, on the west of Richmond. Swirling river, luxuriant woods, grey ruins, the most romantically situated town in England, dominated by one of the most magnificent of Norman castles—these factors go towards making an effect which no eye can ever forget.

Few people visit the remains of the house and church of the Premonstratensian Canons at Easby without wishing to remain there in the shadow of the old walls and the fine trees which shelter them. Nothing could be more ideal than the situation of this place. The Swale, still a stream suggestive of its mountain origin, swirls over rocks and stones at the edge of the monastic grounds; on the sloping

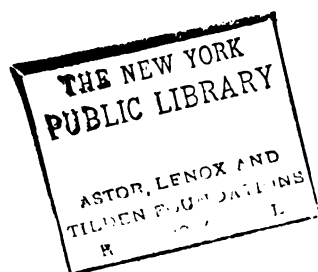
uplands, and on the ridge behind, trees of vast size and age enclose the Abbey and its purlieu with a curtain of green. Like many other similar foundations in the North of Yorkshire, Easby owed much to the Scropes, but it was originally founded about 1150, by Ronald Constable of Richmond, and dedicated to St. Agatha. On the porch of the Parish Church, close to the Abbey, there is a shield of the Scropes, whose family burial place was in the Abbey Church. During the famous controversy between the Scropes and Grosvenors, in 1389, John, Abbot of Easby, was called by Richard Scrope as a witness on behalf of the family, and he deposed that in his church of Easby the Scrope arms were everywhere to be seen—on the altars and on the vestments, in the windows of church, chambers and refectory, and on many other things pertaining to the place. Indeed, so much were the Scropes esteemed here as patrons and benefactors, that when any of them visited the Abbey they were invariably received in state and led to the church and the Abbot's lodging in solemn procession.

From a gateway near Easby Abbey there is a view of Richmond which fills lovers of the romantic and the picturesque with impressions and feelings only to be expressed by an eloquent silence. From Easby there is also a footpath along the river-side, which in spring or summer or autumn is delightful to follow. On one side the Swale makes music; on the other the trees are breaking out into leaf in spring, are prodigal of shade in summer, and are full of red and gold in autumn. And at the end of this path Richmond breaks full upon the view.

Richmond is probably unique amongst English towns in its advantages of situation. Here, where the Swale makes a sudden detour which is almost half-a-circle, a bold, high promontory juts out from the north side of the valley, and forms a defensive position of great military importance. In mediæval days Richmond must have been almost impregnable. It could only have been entered from the



Richmond, Yorkshire.



north side ; the side sloping away from the walls of the castle on the south is well-nigh precipitous, and on the east and west so steep that no attacking force could have scaled it if resisted by even a small garrison. A marauding force might have done some damage to the town, which is built on the tongue of land between the castle and the country lying to the north, but it is difficult to see how the castle itself could ever have been taken. And, in point of fact, the tide of war never did surge round Richmond, possibly because military experts knew it to be so strong. There was scarcely a castle or fortified house in Yorkshire which was not garrisoned for the King during the Civil War, but Richmond took no share in the struggle. The image of warfare, the suggestion of attack and defence, its vast courtyard and great Norman keep have scarcely ever heard the clash of swords or the discharge of musketry.

Soon after the Norman Conquest, William the Conqueror gave the lands which had formerly belonged to the Saxon Earl Eadwine to Alan Rufus, a son of Eudo, Duke of Brittany. These lands were of wide extent. They included 440 different manors. Eadwine's stronghold had been at Gilling, a little north of Richmond, but Alan Rufus, Norman like, was quick to see the strategical importance of the great promontory which juts out over the Swale, and upon it he began the erection of a Norman castle, which was subsequently improved upon and considerably enlarged by his successor, Conan, Duke of Richmond, who married Margaret, the sister of Malcolm IV. of Scotland. Here one comes into touch with one of the most pathetic passages in English history, and with Shakespeare, for the daughter of Conan and Margaret was the Lady Constance of our national poet's "King John," and mother of the Arthur who was murdered at Rouen. Conan built the great Norman keep which still overlooks the town and half the North Riding, and probably made the whole castle the impregnable stronghold which it must have been in mediæval days. But

neither in his time nor in the times of any other holders did it remain long in the hands of any one family. Alan the Red had received one of the richest of the many rich grants made by the Conqueror, but when Charles II., six hundred years later, gave the title of Duke of Richmond to his natural son, Charles Lennox, there was not an acre of land to go with it. In the meantime it had been held by various families—the Nevilles, the Tudors, the Stuarts. All that is left of this great "honour" to the present Duke is the castle itself and the few acres of land which it encloses.

Never the scene of any great military operations, Richmond Castle has more than once served as a prison for people whose names are still remembered. Here William the Lion, King of Scotland, was confined in one of the dungeons after his capture at Alnwick by Ranulph de Glanville, and was detained until he took the oath of allegiance to Henry II. Here, without doubt, the unhappy Constance of Brittany and her children, Arthur and Eleanor, were kept under guard during the reign of King John. And passing from history to legend, there are, if legend be true, prisoners of a sort under Richmond Castle to-day. For many a long year ago a Richmond wight, who rejoiced in the name of Thompson, and gained a living by making pots, was wandering about the purlieus of the castle one day when he suddenly came upon an opening which to his mind seemed to descend into the very bowels of the earth. Nothing daunted, he followed it, and emerged at last into a vault, where he found a great king and his knights fast bound in slumber. Hanging on the wall of the vault near to his hand was a horn and also a sword—Potter Thompson, possibly feeling that the sword was the most useful thing to lay hold of under these mysterious circumstances, did so lay hold of it, and half withdrew it from its scabbard. Whereupon arose a stirring and a murmuring amongst the sleeping company of king and knights, seeing and hearing which Thompson incontinently fled by the way he had

come, and doubtless never stayed until he saw daylight. But as he fled a voice cried behind him that if he had only drawn the sword or blown the horn he would have been the most fortunate man that ever lived. All of which is a mere sidelight on the legend—which some folk do in all honesty believe to be no legend, but a truth—that King Arthur and his knights of the Round Table lie asleep beneath Richmond Castle, waiting until their services shall be needed for the salvation of Christendom.

One needs no legendary lore to attract one to Richmond. The Castle itself, with its wonderful situation, its great keep, its Robin Hood's Tower, its Scollard's Hall ; the town, with its quaint Market Place ; its Church of Holy Trinity, where a house is planted between nave and tower, and shops fill the north aisle ; its tower of the house of the Grey Friars ; its old-world "bits" in Friar's Wynd, and the one remaining gate at the top of the Bar—these are in themselves sufficient to entrance the lover of the romantic and the picturesque. But to see Richmond at its best one should be with it and its beauties on a night when the moon is at its full—preferably in autumn. Then, whether in the old Market Place, or on the walk beneath the Castle walls, or on the high ground on the south side of the river, or on the bridge at the foot of Bargate, the eye feasts on a scene which scarcely any situation in Europe can equal and none surpass.

Round about Richmond, not in the valley of the Swale, but in such close proximity to it that no one visiting Swaledale should miss seeing them, are several places of great interest. From Beacon Hill, just outside the town, there is on a clear day a magnificent view which on the north includes much of Durham, on the east a vast stretch of country extending to the North Sea, and on the south a wide prospect which sweeps over the Vale of Mowbray to the towers of York Minster. From Aske Hall, the seat of the Marquis of Zetland, and one of the most picturesque

country houses in Yorkshire, there is a view which extends to the Cleveland Hills. At Gilling, close by, one comes in touch with Saxon times, for here was the stronghold of Earl Eadwine, who was lord of all this district until the Normans came. Nor is it too far from Richmond to turn aside to the old Castle of Kirkby Ravensworth, once the stronghold of the Fitz-Hughs who founded Jervaulx Abbey.

The road from Richmond into the more remote parts of Swaledale passes at a little distance from the town a high wall of wooded limestone rock called Whitcliffe Scar, one part of which is known as Willance's Leap, from the fact that a man of that name was once carried over it by his horse, which had taken fright and run away with him. The fall from top to bottom is affrighting to look at, but the horseman escaped with no more injury than a broken leg. Hereabouts the Swale dives into woods, makes capricious turns and curves, runs under sheep and cattle-strewn hill-sides, which slope sharply to its banks, and becomes more and more fascinating. As Richmond and its great keep fade out of sight one would think that one was losing touch with humanity, for there is scarce a habitation to be seen. But on the north bank of the Swale, a few miles from Richmond, quite hidden from the main road by the river, but easily attainable by means of a bridge, lies Marske, one of the most interesting villages in Swaledale. Here, at Marske Hall, is the seat of the family of Hutton, which has been established here since 1600, and has given two Archbishops to the Church of England—Matthew, Archbishop of York, and Matthew, Archbishop of Canterbury. There are treasures of note here—the ring of Sir Walter Raleigh's widow, and pictures of herself and her son; a portrait of the Duke of Monmouth; and a gold cup given by Queen Elizabeth to the first Matthew on his translation from Durham to York.

As one approaches Grinton and its bridge, Swaledale opens out. Reeth, built on a knoll in the middle of the valley, shows itself in the distance; Arkengarthdale and its

lead mines reveal themselves on the north-west. But before one reaches Grinton there are things of interest to be seen. A solitary tower, standing in absolute loneliness by the banks of the river, shows all that is left of a house of Cistercian nuns, who here, at Ellerton, must surely have lived the poorest and most self-denying of lives. None of the historians or topographers know much of its history, but it is set down in the *Valor Ecclesiasticus* as having been of the value of £15 10s. 6d. a year. Much more important, and much more pretentious in the matter of present-day remains, is Marrick Priory, a little further along the river and on the opposite bank. This, a house of Benedictine nuns, was founded by one of the Askes (forerunners of the Huttons at Marske Hall) about the middle of the twelfth century. When it was finally suppressed in 1539 its annual value was close upon £50, and it had a prioress and twelve nuns. There was a somewhat unusual feature here: the parish church served as church for nuns and people, the former using the choir, the latter the nave. The condition of the present ruins is notable as showing what a religious house of the Middle Ages can come to.

At Grinton one comes across perhaps the most interesting village in the upper reaches of the valley. Here is a village of great antiquity, a fine church and a noble bridge. Grinton is the mother-parish of Upper Swaledale; its boundary, on the western side, reaches to the Westmorland border. The church, in the architecture of which there are some traces of Norman work, has several features of great interest, and possesses a chained commentary on the New Testament, presented to the parish in 1752—but why “chained” at that particular date there is nothing to explain. On the high ground above Grinton, on the south side of the Swale, there are abundant traces of tumuli and entrenchments; on the opposite side of the river is a small village, Fremington, where, there is little doubt, once existed a Roman settlement, whose members worked the lead mines of Arkengarthdale.

Beyond Reeth, Swaledale becomes a country to be explored with some determination and courage. There is little to see at Reeth itself except its fine and capacious green, but it boasts a good inn, with excellent accommodation, and is a good centre for exploring the surrounding district. Here one is really out of the world. Railways seem to be a thousand miles away, and one is apt to forget that the telegraph wire has found its way into these solitudes—lingering here, indeed, one has no wish to know that the *way* has been found. It is true that, after all, one is not so far from the swift means of returning to any point of the compass—it is only five miles over the hills to Redmire in Wensleydale, and only ten back to Richmond. But looking about one at the hillsides, pitted with the scars from whence human hands have dug forth lead for at least two thousand years, and at the valleys, fading away amongst the mountains, and apparently devoid of all but the scantiest evidences of human life, one can easily, with the aid of a little imagination, believe that one has come into a solitude which nothing ever has disturbed and nothing can ever transform.

Yet there is life in these desolate regions, and life which is clean, and sweet, and health-giving and honest. The people of the dales, far removed as they are from towns and cities, are of a sturdy mind, a solid independence, and they possess an intelligence and a sharpness of wit and perception which will often put the mere townsman to shame. Only they themselves know what it is to live in these regions, where amidst wide solitudes a village or a hamlet is found—

Each with its little span of sky
And little lot of stars—

but their surroundings breed in them a loftiness of character which soon becomes apparent to the stranger who goes amongst them. Beyond Reeth, in the far reaches of Upper Swaledale, beyond even Muker and Keld, far away in the



10.—EASBY ABBEY, 11.—RIVER SWALE, 12.—RICHMOND.

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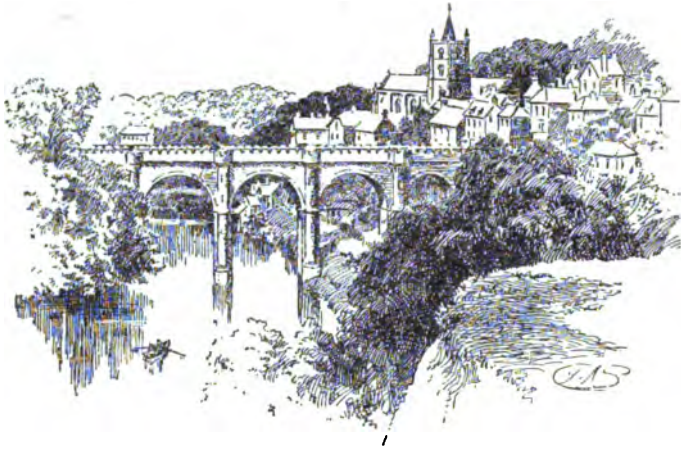
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most desolate reaches of wild scenery, where one hears nothing but the voice of a shepherd, the bleating of sheep, the distant barking of a dog or the cry of a bird, one comes across men who, dwelling far away from where men are crowded together, are yet sharp of wit, clear of mind, sure of speech. And for that reason, if for no other, any man who wishes to know the *spirit* of the Dales should think not only of the easily-accessible and historic parts of them, but should penetrate to their very deepest recesses.



CHAPTER IV.

The Nidd and Nidderdale.

THERE are not a few people in this middle region of Yorkshire who will be quick to impress upon strangers their own belief that the Nidd is the most delightful of all Yorkshire rivers, and the scenery on its banks the most attractive of any in the county. They will pit the beauties of Knaresborough against those of Richmond and Barnard Castle, and tell you that there is more of romance attaching to the Nidd than to either the Wharfe or the Swale. And without troubling to make invidious comparison between any of these rivers and the dales through which they run, one may as well say at once that the Nidd, if it does not surpass its sister-streams, is fully equal to them in beauty and interest, and is well worthy of an exhaustive exploration.

Within a mile or so of the point where the Nidd runs into the Ouse one comes across one of those scandalous stories so rife at the time of the Reformation—stories which, if half-legendary, are at any rate of an amusing nature.

At Nun Monkton, during the reign of Stephen, William de Arches and his wife Ivetta founded a priory of Benedictine nuns, and over this community Margaret Fairfax presided at the end of the fourteenth century. She was a beautiful and attractive prioress, and much too young for her office. The fifteen nuns under her charge were, like herself, young, fair, and, as the story goes, as much inclined to frivolity as she herself was. Wherefore scandal quickly arose, and it is recorded in the Harleian MSS. that Thomas Dalby, Archdeacon of Richmond, was sent to Nun Monkton to enquire into the habits and customs of the nuns. According to his report he found that the sisters did make use of such fripperies as precious furs, garments of silk, valuable rings and ornaments, and that they fastened their tunics with brooches of gold and silver. Moreover he found that the young prioress was much too intimate with certain gentlemen and clerics of the neighbourhood, not only allowing them to visit her in secret, but encouraging the nuns under her care to indulge in similar naughtinesses. Whereupon Prioress Margaret, having been duly admonished, was commanded to keep her community in order, to give up wearing fine clothes, and above everything to admit no more men within her walls. At which interesting point this scandalous story closes.

On the other side of the Nidd from Nun Monkton lies the famous battlefield of Marston Moor, the scene of one of the fiercest and most decisive engagements ever fought on English soil. Here on July 2nd, 1644, the Royalist army under the Marquis of Newcastle, and the Parliamentarians under Sir Thomas Fairfax and the Earl of Manchester (with whose force Oliver Cromwell was serving), met in a combat which, primarily intended to decide the fate of York, then besieged by the Parliamentary army, did in reality settle the question of Royal supremacy so far as Yorkshire was concerned. The Parliamentarians, who numbered twenty thousand foot and seven thousand horse, were drawn

up on the rising ground (the exact lines may easily be followed) between Marston and Tockwith; the Royalists, who equalled them in the number of their horse but had four thousand less foot, faced them from the opposite side of the long ditch which ran from Long Marston into the Syke Beck. Each force was drawn up on sloping ground; the ditch between, which formed a natural entrenchment, had been seized by the Royalists early in the afternoon and filled with musketeers. The fight did not begin until seven o'clock in the evening, when the Parliamentarians made a general charge all along the line. Cromwell and his Ironsides fell on the Newark Horse, stationed, under Lord Byron, close to Tockwith, and dispersed them, while Leslie routed Prince Rupert's command and chased its fugitives half-way to York. This was on the west flank. But on the east the Royalists under Goring and Corry had routed their opponents under Fairfax and Leven, and had put them to flight, while Fairfax's foot were mercilessly shot down by Newcastle's foot regiment. At this point everything was in favour of the Royalists. But in the centre Baillie's Scotch regiments held their own until reinforced by Leslie and Manchester. An hour's further fighting gave a decisive victory to the Parliamentarians, and at nine o'clock all was over, and Marston Moor was running with blood. According to the country people, who buried the dead in trenches round about Wilstrop Wood and in the field called White Syke Close, over four thousand men were slain in this sanguinary encounter, mementoes of which in the shape of rusted weapons and bullets are turned up by the spade or plough to this day.

No traveller who follows the many windings of the Nidd in its lower stretches should forget to visit the famous oak tree at Cowthorpe, generally held to be the largest and oldest oak in England. Its age has been estimated at 1,600 years, and though the trunk is now quite hollow, several of its branches bear plenty of leaf. It is over forty

feet in height (a hundred years ago it was twice that), sixty feet in circumference at the ground, and thirty-six feet at the height of five feet; its principal branch is over sixty feet in length, and it is considered to contain seventy-three tons of timber. When the old tree was in the full majesty of its strength (which must have been a few centuries ago) its leafy branches extended a protection from the sun to whatever human beings, cattle or sheep got under them over an area which exceeded at least half an acre.

In the stretches of the Nidd between Cowthorpe and Knaresborough there are several villages and country houses which are of more than ordinary interest, and should certainly be seen by lovers of rural localities. At Hunsingore the archæologist will find an earthwork—locally called “the Castle”—which appears to date from Saxon days, but of which no authentic information is to be had. In the church of Kirk Deighton there is a curious tablet of wood, on which a version of the Ten Commandments, prior to that of 1603, is painted, in company with some remarkable ornamentation. Close by this village, at Ribston Hall, is the original “Ribston Pippin” tree, raised from seed brought from Normandy two hundred years ago. Here the Knights Templars had a preceptory, and in the chapel here and in the adjacent church of Goldsborough there are monuments and effigies which are well worth a visit.

Knaresborough is to the Nidd what Richmond is to the Swale and Barnard Castle to the Tees. In itself one of the most picturesque towns in the country, it enjoys a splendid and romantic situation, overlooking a fine stretch of the river, which is here of considerable width, and flows beneath a wealth of green wood and grey rock such as no other Yorkshire river can show at any one point. In some respects the stretch of scenery between the two bridges at Knaresborough is not to be equalled—given Richmond’s castle in place of the smaller ruins of Knaresborough, the prospect from the path near the Dropping Well would bear

comparison with anything of its sort in Europe. As it is, anyone with a keen perception of beauty must needs love to linger here—the soft shade of the trees, the brown river, the grey masses of limestone crag, the picturesque houses looking as if they would fall headlong into the stream beneath, the ruins of the old Castle on the summit, set sharply against the sky-line—all these things help to make a most impressive picture.

Knaresborough has more historical and romantic associations than almost any town in Yorkshire. After the Norman Conquest it was given to Serlo de Burg, and passed from his family to that of St. John, and from it to the Estotevilles, who were the most powerful barons of this district, then a very wild and lonely tract of country, almost entirely covered by deep forests. Of the Norman Castle which they built not a trace remains; the present ruins are all that is left of the Castle built during the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, when the honour and lands of the Estotevilles had become part and parcel of the Duchy of Lancaster. It is said that the murderers of Thomas Becket, Archbishop of Canterbury, fled here for refuge and remained in the Castle for some time under the protection of its governor, Hugh de Morville. Here Richard II. was kept prisoner for a time before his removal to Pontefract. Leland, visiting Knaresborough in his peregrinations round Yorkshire, in the sixteenth century, found the Castle to have eleven or twelve towers in the walls and one (the keep) within. Of all this there is but a part of the keep and an occasional fragment of masonry left. Excellently situated for defence, having a precipitous fall to the river on one side and a deep moat between it and the land, Knaresborough Castle held out for the King for six weeks during the Civil War. It surrendered in 1644, and four years later was dismantled, having already suffered much during a heavy bombardment.

Knaresborough is closely associated with the family of Slingsby, one of the many great Yorkshire houses which

supported the Royalist cause with such fervour during the turbulent times of the Civil War. Amongst the curiosities preserved in the Castle is a suit of armour which is said to have been worn by Sir Henry Slingsby at Marston Moor. In the church is the tomb of this Sir Henry, who was beheaded in 1658, and of many others of his house, amongst them being a particularly fine altar-tomb to the memory of Francis and Mary Slingsby, 1600. Folk who make an inspection of the church will notice that the stones of the tower look as if they had been burnt. This is due to the fact that during the Scottish foray of 1318 the men from over the border burst upon Knaresborough, and finding that the inhabitants had taken refuge in the church tower, piled up straw and timber around it with the idea of burning them out.

The name of a remarkable natural phenomenon and the names of four people are always associated with Knaresborough—the Dropping Well, Eugene Aram, Mother Shipton, John Metcalfe and St. Robert, and one might say a good deal about all of them. It is inconceivable that anyone should visit Knaresborough without seeing the Dropping Well, which has been a source of mystification to various generations from a very remote stage of our history. It is, of course, said to be a petrifying well, “turning to stone” the objects—old hats, birds’ nests, gloves, stockings, and so on—deposited under its ever-flowing water; in stern fact, the stream is strongly impregnated with carbonate of lime, which gradually encrusts these things and gives them the appearance of stone. Leland, seeing it in the sixteenth century, was cautious as to what he said of it; Defoe, visiting it in the eighteenth, apparently believed in its “petrifying” properties, but was much struck by the “musical kind of tinkling” which the water made, and by “the cheerful and pleasing scene” in which the well figures. Close to the well is the cave of that mysterious person Mother Shipton, said to be the offspring of the Evil One

and of a country lass. There seems to be no doubt that Ursula Shipton was a real personage, born at Knaresborough about the end of the fifteenth century, and that she foretold, at any rate, the downfall of Cardinal Wolsey and the Dissolution of the Religious Houses. But it surely needed little intuition or prescience at that time to foretell events which anyone with a shrewd eye could foresee. The probability is that Mother Shipton was neither more nor less than a keen-witted Yorkshirewoman, who could look into the future rather more clearly than most folk.

In a lesser degree there is as strange an element of mystery about Eugene Aram as about Mother Shipton. His name is considerably mixed up with Nidderdale and Knaresborough, but whether he was really a guilty man or not no one will ever be able to decide. Certain delvers and diggers into the history of his sad life are confident that he was innocent of the crime charged against him; others are as sure that he was guilty of it. The legendary Eugene Aram of Lord Lytton's mawkish romance bears little resemblance to the real Aram; Tom Hood's "usher" is a creature of the poet's fancy. Eugene (or as he is described in certain registers, Eugenius) Aram was born at Ramsgill, in Nidderdale, in 1704, his father being gardener to Sir Edward Blacket, of Newby. He was educated at Burnsall, in Wharfedale, by the eccentric parson, Adcock, and in his youth was employed as a clerk in London. But he was soon back in Nidderdale, and was for a time tutor to Sir William Craven at Gowthwaite Hall. He married a Nidderdale woman, Anne Spence, at Middlesmoor, in the heart of the dale. In 1734 he set up a modest school in White Horse Yard, Knaresborough, and seems from what one can gather to have been much respected for his conduct and learning, which was considerable. In Knaresborough he made two friends—Richard Houseman and Daniel Clarke, the first a flax-dresser, the second a man of unknown occupation. Clarke suddenly disappeared; soon afterwards Aram left the

town and went to London, removing afterwards to Hayes and then to Lynn. Houseman remained in Knaresborough, and it was noticed that he now never went out until after dark. In 1758, while digging in a quarry, some labourers found human remains, and amongst those who came to see them was Houseman, who, taking a bone in his hand, said : "This is no more Dan Clarke's bone than it is mine." He was arrested on suspicion, incriminated Aram, turned King's evidence against the schoolmaster, and procured his conviction. Aram was hanged at York, and his body was brought to Knaresborough and hung in chains at the corner of the Plumpton Road. His devoted widow used to sit beneath it, and collecting the remains as they dropped off gave them decent burial. Taking all things into consideration it is very probable that Houseman was the real murderer, and that Aram may have been in cognisance of the crime, through confession from Houseman after it was committed.

The St. Robert, in whose cave the murder of Daniel Clarke is said to have taken place, was a most interesting personality. His real name was Robert Flower, and he was the son of Tooke Flower, a citizen of York, who was twice Lord Mayor of the city during the reign of Richard I. Robert Flower, although a wealthy man, seems to have been inclined to a life of self-denial and asceticism from infancy. According to some chroniclers he was at first a monk of Whitby ; according to others, of Fountains ; others, again, say that he was once Abbot of Newminster, in Northumberland. When he first settled at Knaresborough he had various passages-at-arms with William de Stotewille, its lord, who regarded him unfavourably and did him several injuries. But William was visited by an apparition one night, and was so alarmed thereby that he sought Robert in his cave and not only implored his pardon but gave him land and money. In his cave the saint wrought many marvellous miracles, including the instantaneous mending of a broken leg, and at its door, when he died, the monks of Fountains

Abbey and the townspeople of Knaresborough came to blows over the question of the disposal of his remains, which were eventually buried under the floor of the chapel which he himself had built close by his chosen retreat. According to tradition, a miracle-working oil used to flow from his tomb. Whatever may be the truth of these legends it is a historical fact that St. Robert was of high sanctity and great repute in his own time, and became so famous that King John made a special journey to see him.

If one were to make comparison between the various well-known people connected with Knaresborough, one would give the palm to John Metcalfe, better known to the county as "Blind Jack of Knaresborough." This man was certainly one of the most striking examples of what human fortitude, resolution and patience can do in the face of adverse circumstance. He lost his sight at the age of six, yet at the end of a very long life he could truthfully say that he knew his way about his native county far better than most people whose eyesight was unimpaired. He first earned his living by fiddling; later on he took to buying and selling hay, and could estimate the value of a haystack to a nicety, merely by feeling it; still later he took to building bridges, and eventually to road-making, in which last occupation he achieved great fame. He made several of the most important highways in Yorkshire, proving himself a model engineer, and never showing any signs of incapacity because of his infirmity. In fact, the loss of his sight seemed to trouble him very little at all; he travelled with sureness and celerity all over the country, and on one occasion conducted a stranger from York to Harrogate by short cuts, through a difficult country, on a night so dark that the man thus led could scarcely see his hand before him.

Most of the folk who visit Knaresborough go there from Harrogate. Now-a-days Harrogate is one of the most famous watering-places in Europe, and a fashionable resort of as



13.—KNARESBOROUGH.

14.—BRIMHAM ROCKS.

15.—HARROGATE.

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much note as Bath was in the days of Beau Nash. It boasts of magnificent hotels, a Kursaal, grand concert rooms, palatial bathing establishments, and all the concomitants of a town which, professedly a curative resort, is in reality a centre of pleasure. The springs and pump-rooms of Harrogate are legion, and range from strong sulphur to mild chalybeate water. Discovered first by Sir William Slingsby about the end of the sixteenth century, the first Harrogate spring soon became famous. "At Harrogate," says Defoe, "a small village two miles distant (from Knaresborough) are no less than four different Mineral Waters: two of the Springs are the most valuable rarities of the kind in England. The first is the Sweet Spaw, or a Vitriolic Water a very Sovereign Medicine in several particular Distempers, the other is the Stinking Spaw, or, according to the learned, the Sulphur Well. This water is clear as Crystal, but so fetid and nauseous to the Smell that many are obliged to hold their noses when they drink it; yet it is a valuable Medicine in Scorbutic, Hypochondriac, and especially in Hydropic Distempers. At present," he concludes, "a great deal of Company comes to the Baths at Harrogate"—and a "great deal of Company" has continued to come ever since, with the result that the "small village" of 1725 has developed into a very considerable town.

From Knaresborough the valley of the Nidd continues to increase in beauty and attraction, and the traveller who makes his headquarters at Harrogate need have no difficulty in finding abundant material for notice and observation. There are places and scenes of great interest on both sides of the river from this point to its source, and it has a further value to the archæologist and student of history in the fact that it forms a link with the time of the Roman occupation, during which lead mines were extensively worked on the south bank of the Nidd.

A most interesting village, with more than one feature of note, is found in Ripley, the ancient seat of the Ingilbys,

one of the oldest Yorkshire families. Here is a castle, a church, and a little town well worth examining carefully, and the situation of all three is striking and picturesque. The castle, whose fine gardens overhang the Nidd, dates from the sixteenth century. Here Oliver Cromwell spent the night preceding the battle of Marston Moor. The then lord of the place, Sir William Ingilby, was away at the time, and his wife, called upon to be an unwilling hostess to the Parliamentary commander, received him at the door with a couple of pistols displayed at her belt. He and she spent what must have been a somewhat wearying night in the great hall of the castle, the lady watching the disturber of kings pretty much as a cat watches a mouse. Whether Oliver slept or not the chroniclers do not tell us, but it is certain that Lady Ingilby did not, and she sent off her self-bidden guest in the morning with an intimation that if he had shown the slightest discourtesy she would have shot him on the spot. A curious story—which seems to show that the future Lord Protector knew how to behave himself rather better in the presence of a determined woman than he did later on in the plenitude of his power.

In the church of Ripley—a very fine specimen of the Decorated style of architecture—there is a remarkably good altar-tomb, whereon are the effigies of Sir Thomas Ingilby, a Justice of the Court of Common Pleas in the time of Edward III., and his wife, Dame Catherine. In the niches are figures of their children, habited in quaint costumes. There are several interesting tombstones in the churchyard, which also contains the remains of a weeping-cross—one of the very few left in England.

Hampsthwaite, a little further along the valley, is famous as being the original home of the Thackerays, progenitors of the great novelist, and as the scene of the labours of Peter Barker, the blind carpenter, who was in his way quite as much of a genius as John Metcalfe. Peter was so adept in the use of his fingers that he could accomplish any sort of

ordinary joinery work without difficulty, and upon one occasion he took the church clock entirely to pieces and put it together again as skilfully as if he had the use of his sight.

There is little to see at Dacre, a small manufacturing village which is simply notable because it was the first place in England whereat tow was spun by machinery, but within three miles to the northward lies the stretch of land covered by the fantastic and far-famed Brimham Rocks. These extraordinary groups of stone, resembling various animals, are in reality the remains of a huge bed of millstone grit, which in a long-dead age covered the moorland hereabouts, and was gradually worn away by ice and water. The shapes of these remains are strangely peculiar—here one comes across the image of an ape, there of a frog, here again of a yoke of oxen. Most remarkable of all these fantastic results of Nature's slow work is that known as the "Dancing Bear," which stands out prominently amongst the rest. Not less interesting are the four huge masses, known as "rocking-stones," which are so finely balanced that they can be moved easily by the hand. From the Druid's Cave, through window-like openings in the rock, there are fine views of the surrounding country. Here one stands at a height of close upon a thousand feet, and the Vale of York rolls away from one like an unfolded map. Brimham is altogether a place of significance and note—"It is difficult," says Professor Phillips, in his well-known work on the geology of Yorkshire, "to conceive circumstances of inanimate nature more affecting to the contemplative mind than the strange forms and unaccountable combinations of these gigantic masses."

In his sonnet on the Rock Idol at Brimham, Ebenezer Elliott, the Corn-law Rhymer, refers to the old belief that these formations were of Druidic origin :—

Stone ! did the hand of sacerdotal fraud
Shape thee into this vital type of things,
Or did a million winters, on their wings
Of scythe-like perseverance come abroad
To bid conjecture stand before thee awed,
And, almost severing thee from present earth,
Make thee a marvel ? Vainly giv'st thou birth
To solemn fancies, building an abode
Around thee, for a world of shapeless ghosts ;
Vainly they rise before me, calling up
Kings and their masters, and imagined hosts,
That fight for clouds. What then ! the heath-flower's cup
With dewdrops feeds this fountain ever dear,
And the winged ouzel whistles " God is here ! "

But there are no signs of any Druidical work here—
Brimham Rocks are nothing but Nature's own handiwork.

One gets into the heart of Nidderdale at Pateley Bridge, which, small a place as it is, is regarded as the capital of the district. While neither so extensive nor so striking as some of the more northerly dales, Nidderdale possesses some very fine scenery, which becomes stern and wild as the western mountains are approached. It has always been famous for its mineral wealth. The Romans are known to have quarried lead here at a very early period, and it is very probable that before their time the Phœnicians made their way to the banks of the Nidd from Cornwall. Iron-stone, building stone, and mountain limestone are found here in apparently inexhaustible quantities.

There is little except its surroundings to make Pateley Bridge attractive. Bewerley Hall, close by, the ancient seat of the Yorkes, has much that is interesting, and stands in very fine grounds. Here one can penetrate into the miniature glen known as Ravensgill, and passing through its beauties ascend to the elevated ground called Guyscliff, from whence there is a very fine and remarkably extensive view. This is certainly one of the most attractive parts of Nidderdale, and in sharp contrast to the utilitarianism which speedily meets one in the shape of the new reservoirs of the Bradford

Corporation, vast stretches which have been formed out of the valley and the adjacent dales, and of such capacity that they can store over 4,000 millions of gallons of water. Here, of course, water is found in plenitude; every "gill" or dale in miniature has its stream running amongst fine rock scenery beneath the shade of luxurious vegetation. Many of these small valleys are picturesque and romantic, and should be explored for their charms. Here and there are places of historic interest amongst them, but many old houses have been swept away in the construction of the reservoirs. Near Burngill stood a fine old house known as Gowthwaite Hall, once a seat of the Yorkes, now of Bewerley, where an event once happened which showed how bitter religious feeling was in the days succeeding the Reformation. The Yorke family here performed a masque, wherein the two opposing factions of Catholics and Protestants were represented, and in the event the latter were ignominiously defeated. This being noised abroad the news came to the ears of the Government, who, regarding such a performance as an insult to the newly-established religion, fined the Yorke of that day so heavily that he was obliged to sell no inconsiderable portion of his lands in order to pay the fine.

At Gowthwaite one comes once more in touch with Eugene Aram, who for some little time exercised his profession of schoolmaster here in one of the rooms of the Hall. Further up the valley lies Ramsgill, where Aram was born; further up still is Middlesmoor, where he was married. Middlesmoor is about the last outpost of civilization in Nidderdale—from Middlesmoor onward the country is wild and solitary, and its exploration must be undertaken at the expense of some fatigue and discomfort. But a tramp over these hills, a scramble amongst the rocks, will well repay any traveller of endurance. There is much to see, including several unique natural features. Near Lofthouse the Nidd is joined by How Stean Beck, and on both the river scenery is very striking. Also, on the Nidd, are the

phenomena known as "Swallows" — Goyden Pot and Manchester Hole—cavernous openings into which the river disappears, to come to sight again at a considerable distance. On How Stean Beck there is some delightful scenery, a cavern named Eglin's Hole, and two or three waterfalls, whose rocky sides are liberally furnished with fern and moss of many varieties. From this extreme end of Nidderdale, also, one may visit the famous stalactite caverns at Stump Cross, which were accidentally discovered in 1860 by the lead-miners, and have been explored for a distance of three-quarters of a mile. All these things are set in the midst of wild solitudes of moor, heath and mountain, which form one of the finest stretches of silence and loneliness in the county, in spite of the fact that it may now be approached by a light railway recently constructed by the Corporation of Bradford, and running from Pateley Bridge to Lofthouse.



CHAPTER V.

The Wharfe and Wharfedale.

IF one took a poll on the question of the various degrees of popularity of the Yorkshire rivers, it is fairly safe to predict that the Wharfe would not merely come in an easy winner, but a winner by a handsome majority. It may be that the Wharfe is so popular because it is so accessible: Leeds folk and Bradford folk can step out of their own houses on to its banks, and Bolton Abbey and its romantic surroundings form a playground and a resting place which is only equalled, and certainly not out-rivalled, by the fine old ruins at Fountains. None of the dales are so well known as Wharfedale, nor so easily accessible, and none of the other Yorkshire rivers are more interesting as regards places of notability present upon their banks than the Wharfe. True, the Wharfe cannot boast a Richmond or a Knaresborough, but for pastoral scenery, infinite variety, and, in places, a wonderful combination of river and woodland scenery, it is worthy of being classed with the Wye and the Tweed.

Close upon the junction of the Wharfe with the Ouse lies Cawood—one of the most historic of the smaller market towns in Yorkshire. It is a place little visited, and yet it is richer in interest and in association than almost any town of its size in the county. Picturesquely situated on a triangle of land formed by the confluence of the two rivers, it is worth seeing for its verdant meadows, its old houses, its castle and its church. The Archbishops of York had a palace here for some time previous to the Norman Conquest, and it continued to be their residence until Bishopthorpe usurped it in favour. This palace, castellated during the reign of Henry IV., was the scene of the Gargantuan banquet given by George Neville, Archbishop of York, to the great folk of the county, in honour of his consecration; it was the scene, too, of a much more serious historical event—the arrest of Cardinal Wolsey, then Archbishop, by the Earl of Northumberland, on the charge of high treason. There is little left of Cawood Castle now, except the chapel and the gate-house, but there are traces of its foundations, and of the ponds from which fish was drawn for the table of the Archbishops, of whom one at least, Dr. Mountaigne, was a native of the town, and is buried in the church on the river-side.

Few places in this part of Yorkshire are more interesting to students of the sixteenth century than Nun Appleton, the ancient home of the Fairfaxes, and closely allied with the life and fortunes of the Lord Fairfax who, after his long service in the Civil War, retired here and occupied his leisure with his books, his manuscripts, and his coins and medals, of which he had a famous collection. It was at Nun Appleton that Lord Fairfax and General Monk discussed and settled the terms of the Restoration, and the horse used by Charles II. in making his entry into London came from the far-famed Nun Appleton stud. There is a very fine altar-tomb in memory of Lord Fairfax and his wife (the Lady Fairfax who made some very pertinent and scathing

remarks at the trial of Charles I.) in the church at Bilborough, a little distance from Nun Appleton, and there are several Fairfax monuments in the church of Bolton Percy, itself a notable show-place which dates from the early part of the fifteenth century.

South of these places, but at no great distance from the Wharfe, lies the battlefield of Towton, where, on the Palm Sunday of 1461, between 30,000 and 40,000 Englishmen, divided into Yorkists and Lancastrians, fell around the little village of Saxton and in the adjacent meadows. This is a much more interesting tract of country than Marston Moor, and the actual site of the engagement is picturesque and romantic. Oddly enough, in the centre of the debated ground there is a thicket of red and white roses, and local tradition naturally enough has it that these sprang into being after the battle. Great mounds mark the places where the slain were buried in heaps, and hundreds of the notabilities of the day are buried in Saxton Churchyard, but there is hardly a trace of their tombs, with the exception of that of Lord Dacre, a prominent Lancastrian leader, who is said to have been shot by a country lad who had concealed himself in an elder-bush.

There are two small towns hereabouts on the Wharfe, Tadcaster and Wetherby, which are good places to take one's ease in (in roomy, comfortable, old-world inns), but not very remarkable for interest or association, though neither are without antiquarian and historical interest—Tadcaster was certainly the *Calcaria* of the Roman occupation, and in its vicinity, at Kettleman Bridge, there is still a good specimen of Roman architecture. Otherwise the town has little to show. Nor is there much to see at Wetherby, beyond its fine bridge over the Wharfe, its old-fashioned inns, now half-deserted, but busy enough during the coaching-days, and its suggestion of times and customs which are as dead as Queen Anne.

Much more interesting than either of these towns is the village of Harewood, with its ancient church, old castle, and great house, the country seat of the Earl of Harewood. Here once more one gets into close relationship with feudal and mediæval times. After the Conquest the old Saxon manor was given to the Romellis, from whom it finally passed to William de Aldeburgh, whose motto, "What shall be, shall," is still to be seen surmounting his coat-of-arms in the old stronghold which he built and was permitted to fortify in 1367. It was afterwards held by the Gascoignes, and then by the Wentworths, and after the Civil War, when it had been dismantled, it was bought by Sir John Cutler, the miser, whom Pope satirized :—

Cutler saw tenants break and houses fall ;
 For very want he could not build a wall :
 His only daughter in a stranger's power ;
 For very want he could not pay a dower :
 A few grey hairs his reverend temples crowned ;
 'Twas very want that sold them for two pound !
 What e'en denied a cordial at his end,
 Banished the doctor and expelled the friend ?
 What but a want—which you perhaps think mad,
 Yet numbers feel—the want of what he had !

The parish church of Harewood, a fine edifice, beautifully kept, is famous for its collection of monuments of the Gascoigne family, amongst which lovers of dramatic scenes in history will be glad to find the tomb of the great Chief Justice of the King's Bench, Sir William Gascoigne, who committed Henry V., when Prince of Wales, to prison for insolence. In the great house across the park, built by the first Lord Harewood in 1760, there is a fine collection of pictures, and an extremely valuable one of china. On the side of the lake near the house there once stood an old mansion called Gawthorpe Hall, wherein Thomas Wentworth, the famous Earl of Strafford, was very fond of spending whatever leisure he could snatch from his strenuous life elsewhere.

In the valley beneath Harewood, Wharfedale begins to open out, and the river is flanked by high ground on both sides, but especially on the south, where the long frowning mass of Rombald's Moor is seen canopying Ilkley in the distance. Almost opposite Harewood is a high pile of rock, perched on the top of an eminence, which is known as Great Alms' Cliff. This rises to a height of 716 feet, and, oddly enough, a companion pile of similar formation, which stands three miles away, and is nearly a hundred and twenty feet higher, is called Little Alms' Cliff. From both these are fine views of the surrounding country.

Between Arthington, where one crosses an invisible line into a new species of scenery, and Bolton Bridge, where one is on the threshold of pure romance, Lower Wharfedale is a valley of pastoral delight. The long, high ridge of Otley Chevin rises boldly on one side; the green slopes and thick woods of Farnley give pleasure to the eye upon the other. But before advancing further along the banks of the Wharfe, at this point one should certainly turn aside at Pool to explore the miniature valley of the Washburn, a picturesquely-surrounded little stream, which in its upper reaches has been swallowed up by the lake-like reservoirs of the Leeds Corporation, but in its lower ones is shy and retiring, and withal as whimsical as any rivulet that wanders in and out of lichenized boulders under the shade of trees and undergrowth could be. Where it hurries to meet the Wharfe stands Leathley, one of the most picturesque villages in Yorkshire. Here is a church with a fine Norman tower of very early date; the remains of the old stocks; and a village green ringed about with tall trees. No one will regret following this valley as far as Fewston, where lived Edward Fairfax, who first translated Tasso into English.

Farnley Hall, one of the great show-places and most interesting houses of Wharfedale, looks down upon the river from the ridge of high ground west of the Washburn. It

was to this house, the ancient seat of the Fawkes family, that J. M. W. Turner came so frequently, and under its roof that he painted so many of his finest water-colours. Although a portion of the collection of the great artist's work was dispersed some years ago there is still a considerable body of it at Farnley, including a great many Yorkshire pictures and some studies of Farnley itself. But the house also contains many other art treasures, a Velasquez, a Rubens, a Reynolds, and in it are still preserved the hat, sword and watch worn by Oliver Cromwell at Marston Moor, and the swords of Fairfax and Preston.

In the church of Otley (which beyond being the principal market town in Lower Wharfedale and possessing a few interesting buildings is not particularly noticeable) are some fine monuments to Fairfaxes, Fawkeses and Vavasours. Here is that of Thomas, the first Lord Fairfax, and of his lady, Helen Aske, whose virtues are commemorated in a curious distich :—

Here Leah's fruitfulness, here Rachael's beauty,
Here with Rebecca's faith, here Sarah's duty.

The market place here is quaint, and the view of the Chevin, seen from its midst, very impressive, especially on a gloomy day, when the huge mass seems to shut out the world to the southward as with an unscaleable wall.

There are several villages of interest and note on the banks of the Wharfe between Otley and Ilkley. Burley was for some time the residence of the late William Edward Forster, the statesman, who lies in the neighbouring churchyard of Menston. There is little in its history, but it used to be the scene once in every seven years of a species of saturnalia, the Burley Great Pudding, which generally produced some diverting and not seldom discreditable scenes. An enormous pudding of flour and fruit (thirty or forty stones of the former being used) was baked with ceremony, and when "done" was distributed to the mob under the



16.—BOLTON ABBEY.

17.—ILKLEY BRIDGE.

18.—BOLTON WOODS

19.—COW AND CALF ROCKS.

20.—ILKLEY.

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great elm tree in the centre of the village. But as it seldom was "done" and was generally little more than paste half-cooked, the people used to pelt each other with it, to their mutual disfigurement. Much more interesting than Burley are two historic places on the opposite bank of the river—Weston, the ancient seat of the Vavasours, where there is preserved a collection of old family documents and an original portrait of Oliver Cromwell; and Denton, the home of the Fairfax family for four centuries. Here Rupert of the Rhine slept on the night preceding the battle of Marston Moor.

Ilkley, which within living memory was quite an out-of-the-way, obscure dale village, is now a modern pleasure-place, much in favour with the well-to-do merchants of Leeds and Bradford, who find it convenient in more ways than one. It has a certain reputation as an inland spa, and some of its hydropathic establishments, such as that at Ben Rhydding, which has as much pretentiousness as a German castle, are of considerable size. But the great value of Ilkley is in its splendid air, sweeping across wide stretches of heather-clad moorland, and in the fine scenery which lies all round it. Modern as it looks now, the place is ancient enough. It was the *Olicana* of the Romans, standing on a road which in all probability ran from Ribchester to Aldborough. The camp seems to have stood on the site of the present church, and there is a fragment of Roman wall still to be seen in close proximity. The church itself is of considerable age, and the churchyard is much visited by the curious because of the three "crosses" which are set up near the south door. These, without doubt of pre-Norman origin, are covered with rude representations of birds, men and animals. They were here when Leland visited Wharfedale, and he speaks of them then as having the reputation of being very old works.

The moorland scenery on the high ground above Ilkley is as striking as the moorland air is life-giving. From the

long ridge of Rombald's Moor there are wide-spreading views of the mountains at the head of Wharfedale and Nidderdale, and over the level plain of York to the Wolds beyond. This moor, according to legend, took its name from a giant Rombald, who favoured it a good deal. The large block of stone at its eastern end, known as the Calf, which lies at the foot of the mass of rock called the Cow, bears an indentation which is said to be an imprint of the foot of the giant, who, in taking a stride from the Cow to Great Alms' Cliff, several miles away, broke the Calf off and sent it rolling down the hill-side. Much more profitable than to listen to these old-wife tales is it to explore some of the gills and waterfalls which cut through the slopes hereabouts or to visit the old house of the Heber family, where there is still to be seen a picture of what an ancient farmstead was like.

There are three ways by which one can reach Bolton and its thousand beauties from Ilkley—by rail to Bolton Abbey, by road through Addingham, and on foot by way of Nesfield and Beamsley. The last-named is most to be preferred by folk who love walking. At almost all seasons of the year, and indeed at all times of the year to hardy pedestrians, the river and woodland scenery of this stretch of the Wharfe is delightful. But by whichever route the journey is made, any traveller who wishes to enjoy the full glories of Bolton should insist on making his entrance to the domain in which they are situated at Bolton Bridge rather than at any other entrance. Following the Wharfe, here a brown, swirling river, shallow, and of a stony bed, along the cattle-stocked park, one approaches the ancient Priory and its surroundings gradually. New beauties unfold themselves at every step; new prospects are discovered formed in the leafy tracery of the trees; glimpses of a ruined gable, a dismantled tower appear, backed by a blue sky; the river murmurs under uplifting trees. And at last the "old monastic tower," as Wordsworth called it, is

revealed in all the beauty of its sylvan setting. Not many scenes in England are as lovely as this or so full of charm and colour.

Most of us are familiar with the legend which ascribes the foundation of Bolton Priory to the grief experienced by a devoted mother whose only son was drowned at the Strid, higher up the river, by the sudden hanging back of a hound in leash with which he was light-heartedly leaping across that treacherous chasm. Wordsworth and Rogers both embody this legend in well-known poems. Yet it is to be feared—in spite of romantic desires to hold it true—that it is nothing but a legend. This, one of the greatest of the religious houses of Yorkshire, was a Priory of Augustinian Canons, founded at Embsay, between Bolton and Skipton, early in the twelfth century, and it was removed to its present site between 1150 and 1160. It became one of the most powerful communities in the country, and one of the wealthiest—about the year 1300 its annual income was reckoned at £900, and it possessed large herds of cattle and flocks of sheep. In one year alone the sales of its wool and the produce of its mills, farms and church dues equalled £10,000 of our present currency. Its establishment was considerable—its inmates in its best days numbered over two hundred persons. It suffered a good deal from the marauding Scots, who fell upon it more than once, yet it was still a well-to-do house when it was surrendered to the King's Commissioners in 1539, at which time the last of its priors, Richard Moyns, or Moon, was building the incomplete tower at the west end.

There is little left of the conventual buildings, but the church is still in excellent preservation, and has been restored under the Dukes of Devonshire, whose property it now is. At the end of the nave, under the chapel founded by the Mauleverers, is the famous vault wherein, according to tradition, the bodies of members of that family, and of

their successors, the Claphams, are buried in a standing position. Wordsworth refers to this in *The White Doe of Rylstone* :—

. . . through the chink in the fractured floor
Look down, and see a grisly sight :
A vault where the bodies are buried upright !
There, face by face, and hand by hand,
The Claphams and Mauleverers stand.

But there is no record that any human eye has ever seen this affrighting spectacle, any more than that anyone ever saw the White Doe come stealing into the green churchyard without.

The scenery between the Priory (around which there are many interesting and picturesque things to be noted, such as the old gateway, now the central part of Bolton Hall, the residence of the Duke of Devonshire; the Rectory; the old Barn of the Priory, and the Cavendish memorial cross in the churchyard) and the old tower of Barden, further up the river, is probably the finest "bit," so far as combination of wood, water and rock is concerned, which one can find in Yorkshire. Within two and a half miles one's eye is treated to ever-changing delights. The Meeting of the Waters, the Valley of Desolation, the perpetual fascination of the Strid—so attractive that some people are never satisfied until they really have fallen into it—the glades and vistas of the woods, and the irresistible rush of the foaming Wharfe over its miniature cataracts and falls—these scenes on a summer's day are good sights for wearied eyes and welcome to tired brains. One is tempted to linger a long time amongst them, and at Barden Tower also. No wonder that the "Good Lord Clifford" (Henry, the "Shepherd Lord") should have loved Barden better than all his other castles, and should have spent the better part of his life here engaged in scientific studies, in which he was often assisted by the canons of Bolton. Here one is at peace—nothing but the most beautiful forms of Nature environ one.

The Wharfe winds at the foot of the old ruin, behind it rises Barden Fell, before it Simon Seat, mountain-like in proportion. On a golden evening, just after sunset, this is one of the most ideal spots which a lover of peaceful surroundings could desire to find himself in.

He will be a wise—and a well-repaid—man who continues his exploration of Wharfedale until it is robbed of its separate individuality amongst the mountains. The Wharfe-side villages on the north side of Barden are delightful places to visit, and in most of them there is some association or object of interest. Appletreewick, lying on the hillside under the joint protection of Simon Seat and Earl Seat, was the birthplace of Sir William Craven, who, starting out from it as a parish 'prentice with no means or influence, became Lord Mayor of London, a merchant prince, and father of the first Earl of Craven, who married the Queen of Bohemia, sister of Charles I. There is interesting architecture and sculpture in the fine old church of Burnsall, to the care of whose eccentric vicar, John Adcock, Eugene Aram's education was confided. Another "mad" parson used to live at picturesque Linton, further along the dale—one Smith, who was so passionately fond of dancing that he used to go over on periodical visits to Paris to learn the latest steps. All around these villages there is wild scenery, and occasionally fine stretches of river and wood. Onwards from Grassington the country becomes more and more solitary. Kilnsey Crag, a mighty promontory of limestone which overhangs the valley, is one of the best-known sights in Yorkshire: equally famous is Dowkabottom Cave, a vast cavern in which the remains of primeval animals, together with weapons and ornaments of the Roman period, have been found in considerable quantities. Nearer the mountains, Great Whernside and Buckden Pike, which shut in the dale on its north-east side, are other villages which seem far out of the world—Kettlewell, Starbotten, Buckden, all of interest to the traveller who penetrates into these lands of silence and

vast prospects. Where the Wharfe's source is at last discovered, on the side of Cam Fell, 1,700 feet above sea-level, one pauses in the midst of a solitude which it is almost uncanny to realise.



CHAPTER VI.

Round about Helmsley and Pickering.

TO those people who wish to explore what one may call the middle portion of north-east Yorkshire, the portion enclosed by the Hambleton Hills on the west, by the Cleveland Hills and the Esk on the north, the Vale of Pickering on the east, and the Howardian Hills on the south, there are two centres which afford excellent opportunities—Helmsley and Pickering. From the former of these two market towns one can obtain easy facilities for visiting Ryedale and Bransdale; the two abbeys of Rievaulx and Byland; places like Coxwold and Newburgh, the one famous for its associations with Laurence Sterne, the other for its connection with Oliver Cromwell; castles such as those of Gilling and Slingsby, and historic and picturesque villages such as Hovingham, Oswaldkirk and Kirkdale—from the latter one may explore the stern wildnesses of the moors and the various dales which intersect them, inspect the Roman encampments at Cawthorne and the famous Saxon crypt at Lastingham, and follow the vale which takes its name from the town whose ancient castle commands it. In making centres of these two places when visiting this

part of the country any traveller will be wise, for they both afford excellent accommodation, and are moreover so well provided with railway facilities that only very brief journeys are necessary in most cases to bring the tourist in touch with what he desires to see. A very pleasant diversity of scenery is obtained by seeing the Helmsley country first, and the Pickering district afterwards—the first is romantic, pastoral, typically rural, with abundant evidence of life ; the second is wild, solitary, and often awe-striking.

I.—ROUND ABOUT HELMSLEY.

Helmsley is one of those little market towns which one can find nowhere in the world but in England. There is a market square, there is an old castle, there are old houses and old-fashioned inns ; tall elms stand sentinel above human habitations, and a murmuring stream runs through the town to lose itself in the Rye. Modernity is pleasant here : the softening tones of the past blend with it. Not even the presence of tourists from afar off can rob one of the visions of armoured knights who once strode and rode where enthusiastic damsels of to-day are busy with camera or pencil.

The manor of Helmsley was given at the Conquest to the Earl of Moreton, and eventually passed into the hands of the family of de Roos, one of whom, Robert, is supposed to have built the castle about 1180-90, on the site of a previous stronghold of pre-Norman origin. A very considerable portion of the Norman work still remains, but after the surrender of the castle to the Parliamentary forces, in 1644, a goodly part of it was, in accordance with the Commissioners' orders, "absolutely demolished." By this time the castle and manor of Helmsley had passed into the hands of the Dukes of Buckingham, with the second of whom, the Buckingham of Charles II.'s reign, they and the town are intimately associated. Here, after his wild career in



21.—HELMSLEY.

22.—PICKERING.

23.—CASTLE HOWARD.

24.—KIRKHAM ABBEY.

25.—BYLAND ABBEY.

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London, his prodigal throwing away of the fortune brought him by his wife, Mary, daughter of Lord Fairfax, he retired to live a country life, and near here, at Kirbymoorside, he died while engaged in a hunting expedition. Readers of Alexander Pope will recall the lines in which the poet speaks in such biting terms of the end of this once proud favourite of fortune :—

In the worst inn's worst room, with mat half hung,
The floor of plaster and the walls of dung,
On once a flock bed, but repaired with straw,
With tape-tied curtains, never meant to draw,
The George and Garter dangling from that bed,
Where tawdry yellow strove with dirty red,
Great Villiers lies !

But here the eighteenth-century satirist was wrong—Buckingham, although by this time “victor of health and fortune,” did not die in the “worst inn,” but in the house of one of his tenants, and he had a friend by him in Lord Arran, who caused the body to be embalmed and the intestines to be buried at Kirbymoorside, where the death is thus recorded in the parish register :—

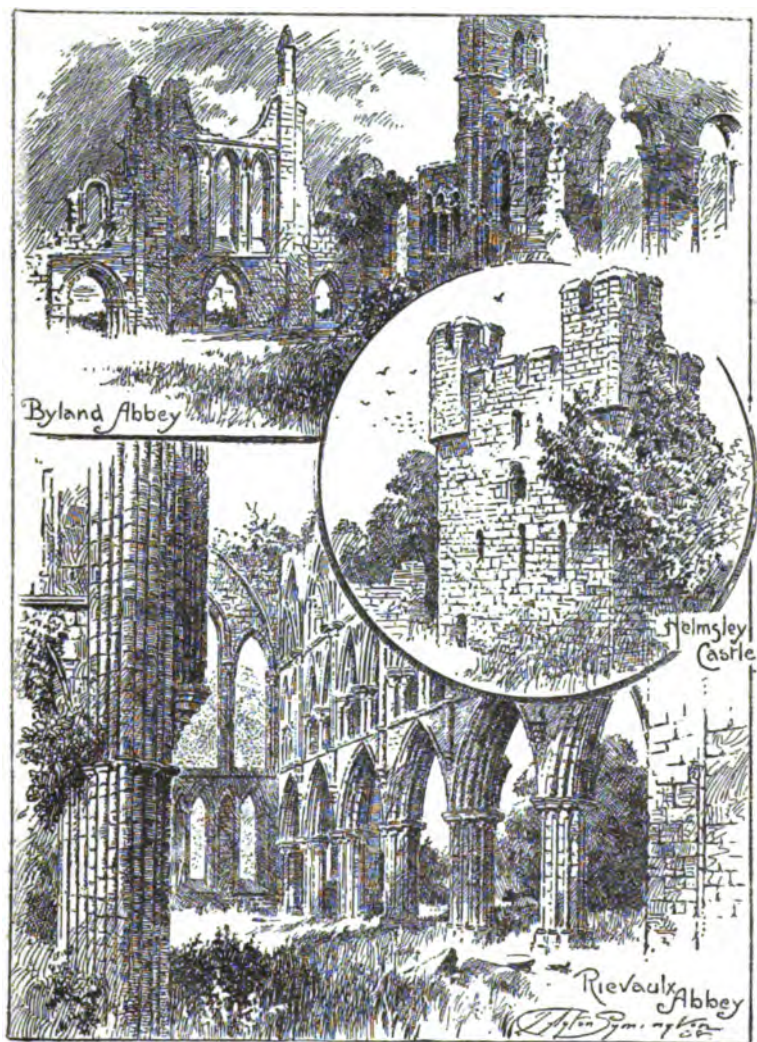
1687, April 17, Gorges Vilas, Lord Dooke of Bookingham.

After the Duke's death the estates were sold to Sir Charles Duncombe, sometime Lord Mayor of London and Secretary to the Treasury, whose descendants, now Earls of Feversham, still hold them. Their residence, Duncombe Park, within which stand the ruins of the castle, has within the last thirty years twice suffered serious damage by fire. It contains a very fine collection of pictures and antiques, including a wonderful figure of a dog in marble, which is supposed to have been the work of the famous Greek sculptor, Myron.

Rievaulx Abbey, the first to be established of the eight Cistercian houses of Yorkshire, lies within three miles of Helmsley, in one of the most remarkable and romantic situations it is possible to conceive. To see it to the greatest

advantage one should follow the road from Helmsley to Rievaulx until the vicinity of the Abbey is reached, and at a point where the road forks turn to the left upon a terrace (ornamented at either end by buildings in the form of Greek temples), wherefrom a truly remarkable prospect is obtainable. The ancient Abbey, now roofless, but of which noble remains of the church and some of the conventual buildings exist, lies on the bank of the Rye in a cup-like hollow into which several valleys converge. All around are hills—some topped with wood, some covered with heather. There is little to be seen of human life or habitation—the cry of a bird, the bleating of sheep far away in the valleys, are often all the sounds which break the silence that hangs over this singularly remarkable situation.

Rievaulx was founded (in "a vast and dreadful solitude," says William of Newburgh in his chronicles) in 1131, by Walter Espec, Lord of Helmsley, who himself, after a strenuous life as warrior and statesman, became an inmate of the cloister here, and was buried in the church. As in the case of Bolton Priory, there is a legend attaching to the foundation of Rievaulx, which on examination turns out to be nothing but legend. It is to the effect that Walter Espec founded this house, Kirkham Abbey and Wardon (Bedfordshire) in memory of his only son, who was killed while hunting near the second-named place. It may be that the analogy between this legend and that of Bolton is due to some common origin which cannot now be traced. Rievaulx, at any rate, owed much to the benefactions of Walter Espec, and attained a very high rank amongst the Yorkshire religious houses. Unlike some of its fellow-communities (even of its own order), that of Rievaulx attained a great reputation for charity and piety. Possibly, being so far out of the world (for in those days this part of Ryedale must have been hard to come at), there were few incentives to anything more than piety—the benevolence of the community must have been exercised farther afield. Out of



their revenues the Cistercians of Rievaulx drew funds for the setting up of one of the most famous religious houses in these islands or of their own order—the Abbey of Melrose, immortalised by Sir Walter Scott.

The dales which stretch away in various directions from Rievaulx are as lonely as they are picturesque. In summer they are solitary ; in winter, almost impossible to traverse. One may follow such roads or paths as there are along them for considerable distances without encountering a human being or seeing more than an occasional farmstead, far away from the world. But of their beauty no one will doubt who cares to explore their recesses.

In the more pastoral country south-west of Helmsley, and at the foot of the southern spurs of the Hambleton Hills, stands all that is left of Byland Abbey, another house following the Cistercian rule. This community was founded under somewhat romantic circumstances. Certain monks of Furness set out from there to found a house of their own, and encountered much tribulation in carrying out their plans ; so much so, indeed, that they were obliged at last to repair to the then Archbishop of York for succour and counsel. Passing through Thirsk, their poor belongings packed in a cart drawn by oxen, they attracted the notice of Gundreda, wife of Nigel de Albini, who had compassion on them, and set them up at Hode, near Gormire, where they remained until Gundreda's son, Roger de Mowbray, gave them land at Old Byland, on the west side of Ryedale. It is said that they could not rest here because the bells of Rievaulx disturbed them, and so they left, and, after more wandering, finally settled at Byland in 1177. What is left of the church and abbey—chiefly of the west front of the former—shows that they must have been of considerable dimensions ; the church, in fact, was the largest church belonging to the Cistercian order in England, and was nearly equal in length to Beverley Minster, each being about 330 feet. The great cloister, again, exceeded in size

those of any other Cistercian house in Yorkshire, and the ground plan as far as it can be traced shows that in its flourishing days Byland must have been one of the finest of the religious houses for which the county was so celebrated.

On the site of the present Newburgh Park there was once a priory of Augustinian Canons, of whom one was William of Newburgh, the chronicler, who brought his chronicles up to the end of the twelfth century. Site and lands were given to Antony Belasyse on the Dissolution of the Monasteries, and one of his descendants was created Lord Fauconberg by Charles I. Oddly enough, the son of this Lord Fauconberg married Mary, daughter of Oliver Cromwell. Out of this fact have arisen many legends in connection with Newburgh which have next to nothing of fact about them. One is that one of Oliver's conditions on his daughter's marriage was that all the oaks in Newburgh Park should have their heads cut off. Another—and one firmly believed in at one time—is that when the body of the late Lord Protector was disinterred in order that it might be hung at Tyburn, his daughter, Lady Fauconberg, rescued it, and conveying it to Newburgh securely sealed it up in an upper chamber, where it is said to rest at this day. It is, however, a fact that several articles once the property of Oliver Cromwell are deposited here—amongst them a watch, a saddle and a sword.

It was one of the Lords Fauconberg who gave that strange genius, Laurence Sterne, the author of *Tristram Shandy*, the living of Coxwold, a strikingly picturesque village just outside Newburgh Park. Here, a little way from the fine old church in which he ministered (and in which are to be seen some notable monuments of the Belasyse and Fauconberg families), Sterne lived in the quaint little house known as Shardy Hall, and here he wrote the latter part of his most famous work and the whole of its successor, *The Sentimental Journey*. He professed himself, in a much-quoted passage from his letters,

to be "as happy as a prince at Coxwold," and he was certainly right in adding "'tis a land of plenty." Yet it could not keep him away from his old London haunts, and instead of dying there amongst its rural peace, he died in poor lodgings in busy Bond Street.

Those who, making Helmsley their headquarters for a look around this very delightful part of Yorkshire, wish to see something of exceeding antiquity, may indulge their hearts' desires in a remarkable degree by journeying to Kirkdale, between four and five miles away, where, in looking upon an ancient sun-dial and inspecting a cavern, they will in one case be brought in touch with Saxon art, and in the other with the pre-historic ages. The Saxon sun-dial over the south door of the little church at Kirkdale appears to have been made about ten years previous to the Norman Conquest, and is remarkable for the inscription carved about it. It is going a long way back to it—but the day when Edward the Confessor was King of England and Tostig Earl of Northumbria (as the inscription states) is as yesterday when one thinks of what the days must have been which saw Kirkdale Cavern tenanted by bears, wolves, lions, tigers, hyænas and other fearsome animals, who dragged into its recesses their prey, and left their bones heaped up there for countless generations. Those who would see specimens of these bones may look for them in the museums at Whitby, or Scarborough, or York.

One very pleasing feature of the country southward of Helmsley is the number of interesting villages which are found on either side of the line which connects Helmsley with Malton, and is never very far away from the Rye in its lower windings. Such villages as Nunnington and Oswaldkirk, Ampleforth (famous for its great Roman Catholic College, in connection with which there is an interesting museum), are all well worth visiting, if only for their churches and for the views which are obtainable from the high ground which, in most cases, surrounds them. On the

lower ground, beneath the northern slopes of the Howardian Hills, there are three notable show-places in Gilling, with its eminently picturesque castle ; Hovingham, with its fine Saxon church tower and delightful situation ; and Slingsby, where there are considerable remains of the castle built about 1600, upon the site of an earlier one which belonged to the Mowbrays. All along this line of country the lover of the picturesque will find abundant opportunity for exercising his faculties of observation and admiration. And if he chooses to wander a very little way out of the beaten track on either side the Rye, he will discover things both great and small—on his south a palace in Castle Howard ; on his north a score of little villages, in every one of which he may light upon something of the historic or the romantic.

II.—NORTH OF PICKERING.

Pickering is one of those places—somewhat considerable in numbers in this country—which have never received their full meed of praise at the hands of tourists, or from the pens of people who write for the benefit of tourists. Its situation at the very gate of one of the most striking of our northern valleys, and on the edge of the wild and stern scenery of the North York Moors, makes it an exceedingly convenient centre for the exploration of both ; it is equally convenient, if the traveller desires to make it so, for visiting several interesting villages which lie on one side or other of the line that links it, by way of Seamer, with Scarborough. Other excursions may be made from it with comparative ease, to the various objects and places of interest which are found on the moors between it and Hackness—the wonder is, considering its central position amongst all these places, that it is not more sought after.

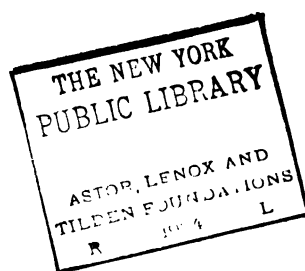
Pickering has a further advantage in the fact that it has historical and romantic associations, the remains of a fine old castle occupying a commanding position, and an

equally old church which is celebrated for its series of mural paintings. High above the little town stands the castle, and from beneath the trees which encircle it the eye may sweep a wide stretch of country to the south and the west. Here, before the Norman Conquest, was an Anglo-Saxon stronghold, on the site of which the present castle was raised. The keep rises in the middle of the enclosure, surrounded by a ditch; a curtain wall runs from north-east to south-west across the enclosure, which is entirely surrounded by an outer curtain wall at the foot of which is another ditch. Three towers are in this outer wall—the Mill Tower, Devil's Tower and Rosamond's Tower—the latter so styled because tradition has it that Fair Rosamond (Clifford), mistress of Henry II., spent some time here. Whether she did or not, it is certain that Richard II. was imprisoned in Pickering Castle before being taken off to Pontefract and a sad fate.

There are several noteworthy features in the architecture of the Parish Church of Pickering, in which several portions are Norman, and there is also a fine tomb of alabaster with recumbent figures of a knight and his lady. But the great sight of the church—and of Pickering—is a series of wall paintings over the arcades of the nave. Around these mural decorations—almost unique in England—quite a romance lies. Supposed to have been executed about the middle of the fifteenth century, they were subsequently plastered over or otherwise hidden (probably during the Puritan régime), and remained lost to sight until a so-called restoration in 1853, when they were discovered, only to be hidden again beneath a coat of whitewash. Fortunately they have been properly cleaned and repaired, and are now well cared for. The subjects are taken from Holy Scripture and from the Lives of the Saints. The most remarkable amongst them, and that which always attracts most attention, is the one depicting Herod's Feast, a truly wonderful composition betraying a mediæval sense of humour. On the



26.—THORNTON DALE. 27.—ROAD TO ROSEDALE. 28.—ROWLSTON SCAR.
29.—SHANDY HALL. 30.—LASTINGHAM.



left John the Baptist is having his head cut off, and Salome is standing ready to receive it in a charger. In the centre Salome presents the head to Herod, Herodias, and two high personages—all seated at the feast. On the right Salome is executing a wild dance before the King and his companions, and is being scolded by St. John, who, to suit the artist's pleasure, has once more become possessed of his head. This is on the north of the nave; on the south there is a remarkable series of pictures depicting incidents in the life of St. Catherine.

There are two places, each of great interest, within easy distance of Pickering which no one who loves antiquities should leave this district without inspecting carefully—Lastingham and Cawthorne. At Lastingham, a lonely village on the edge of the moors, one meets one of the most sacred, and at the same time most ancient, centres of Christianity in the North of England. According to the history of it given by the Venerable Bede, it was founded by Cedd (brother of St. Chad, afterwards Archbishop of York), Bishop of East Anglia, by desire of Æthelwald, King of Deira, who desired to retire to some lonely religious house for the rest of his days, and to be buried within its precincts on his death. It is said that Bede himself was at one time an inmate of this monastery, but after his time there are no accounts of it until the monks of Whitby began its restoration ten years after the Norman Conquest. The present church was probably built a hundred years later, as most of the architecture is of the Transitional-Norman period. It is certainly one of the most remarkable churches in Yorkshire, but its great glory is found in its crypt, a complete church in itself, which is perhaps the finest specimen of Saxon work left in England.

It was at Lastingham that Parson Carter officiated—one of those "characters" for whom the broad-acred county is so famous. He was not only incumbent, but inn-keeper, caterer, and fiddler at the Sunday dances, and when taken

to task for combining these occupations, he wrote a spirited letter in which he pointed out that his folk had to come long distances, that there was no harm in his selling them meat and drink, and that an innocent dance to the scrape of his fiddle was a better thing to have than to leave them in idleness.

The Roman camps at Cawthorne, four in number, may be reached by road from Pickering by way of Drelton or New Hambleton, or by rail from Levisham, from which they are only two miles distant. For regularity of outline and fineness of situation they are worthy of comparison with any example of Roman castrametation in England. They are placed on a hill over which it is supposed a Roman road ran from Malton to Goathland and Whitby, but of which all but the faintest trace has disappeared. The size of the camps is considerable—two, supposed to have been *permanent*, are respectively 400 feet by 360, and 560 feet by 550 feet ; two, believed to have been temporary, were in the case of one larger, of the other scarcely smaller. It is held by authorities on military antiquities that these camps were the work of the IXth Legion.

People who make the journey between Pickering and Whitby by the line which runs through the various vales and dales between the two places will feel tempted to make it again and again for the mere pleasure of gazing at the wonderful scenery on each side of the line. It is a question whether there is quite such another railway line as this in England. It winds in and out between high hills ; beneath overhanging woods ; alongside brawling streams ; across hillside rivulets, rushing to meet them ; past houses perched hundreds of feet above the valley through which the train twists its way like a snake ; now past a quiet village, and now past a smelting mine, until at last it runs into the valley of the Esk. It is perhaps at its best about Levisham, but there is not a mile during which the lover of fine scenery will not keep his eyes glued to his carriage window, nor a

wayside place whereat, if he does alight, he will fail to find rare prospects and interesting scenes. And left and right, above the valleys, rise the hills and moors, studded with the entrenchments, burrows, tumuli, caves of the pre-historic races who lived upon them long before Rome, or Athens, or Nineveh or Babylon were heard of.



CHAPTER VII.

From Thirsk to the River Esk, by the Hambleton and Cleveland Hills.

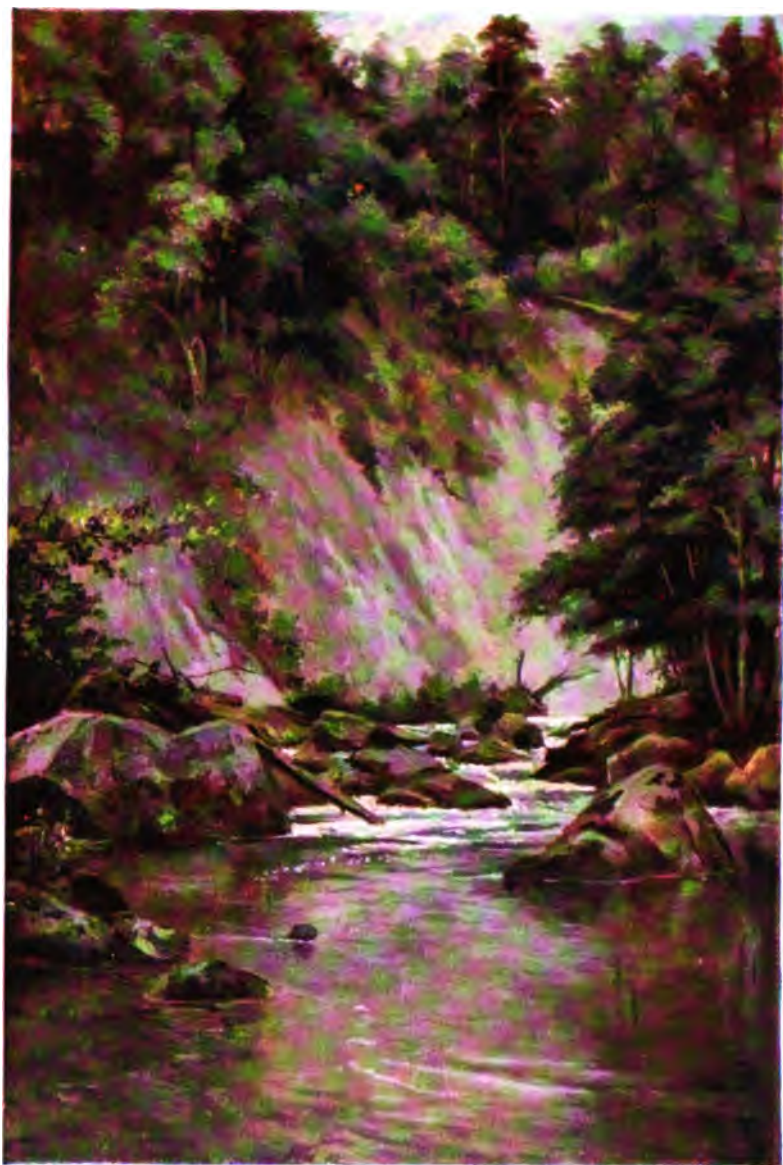
IT is almost impossible to conceive of a more delightful holiday excursion than one which may be made (with plenty of chances of getting help from the rail when one gets weary of the road) in the North of Yorkshire by following the line of the Hambleton and Cleveland Hills from the neighbourhood of Thirsk as far as Guisborough, and at that point turning south into the wild moorlands amidst which the River Esk has its source, and from thence pursuing the course of that romantic stream until it runs into the harbour of Whitby. From considerable experience of this wandering over paths which for a good deal of the way just mentioned are not too much beaten by the feet of tourists, one may safely assert that in certain seasons of the year—notably in the fulness of spring and in the ripeness of autumn, for the country to be dealt with depends much upon *colour*—there is no part of the North

of Yorkshire which is better worth seeing. It affords a combination of hill, moor, river, woodland and crag ; it is rich in old ruins and quaint dwelling-places ; it embraces the most varying views—one scene in it has been rightly compared to Puteoli in Italy, one tract of it to the scenery of the Ardennes. Whoever sets out upon and completes such an excursion, walking as much as possible, with a comfortable certainty that a convenient railway service is never far away, will look back upon his experiences with delight and pleasure for many a year to come.

There is no better starting-out point for this journey than Thirsk, because Thirsk in itself is not only well worth visiting, but is a most convenient centre for reaching the Hambleton Hills. Opposite Thirsk, at the southern extremity of this range—which is really a continuation of the Cleveland Hills—is Whitestone Cliff, from whence there are splendid views of the plain of York to the southward, and of the western mountains beyond Nidderdale and Wensleydale. From the summit of Whitestone Cliff it is possible on a clear day to watch a train leave York and to follow its progress all the way to Darlington. Beneath it lies Gormire, one of the very few lakes in Yorkshire. It is of very small dimensions, but very strikingly situated. Like Semmerwater it has its legend, or, rather, legends. One is to the effect that a great city lies hidden in its depths ; another, that it is bottomless ; a third, that a goose which once strayed into the fissure whereat the lake runs out from under Whitestone Cliff emerged at some opening twelve miles away, lively enough, but denuded of all its feathers. Along the face of the cliff at this point appears the figure of a White Horse, similar to that in Berkshire, which was cut out of the turf at the instigation of a native of this part who made a fortune in London. The turf so removed was replaced by lime, and the figure may be seen from a considerable distance to the west.

At the foot of the Hambleton Hills, all the way from Thirsk to Northallerton there are many picturesque bits of roadside scenery, and two or three villages and places which are well worth visiting—Feliskirk, notable for its Norman church; Nevison House, the home of one of our most famous highwaymen; Upsall Castle, from whence there is a fine view; Kirby Wiske, the birthplace of Roger Ascham; and Thornton-le-Street, the site of one of the smaller Roman stations. One might tarry awhile with profit in Northallerton itself, a quiet, sleepy, one-street little town with a fine church, some old-fashioned inns, and many memories, to say nothing of the contiguity of the scene of the Battle of the Standard, fought a little way outside the town in 1136. Here one sees the encroachments of modernity—Northallerton is becoming a sort of capital for North Yorkshire, and now boasts a new County Hall of imposing appearance and dimensions. But to all lovers of the old-fashioned world, nothing in Northallerton will appeal so much as the long street and the old inns whereat the coaches used to draw up in the pre-railway days.

The most interesting place in this particular district is without doubt the ancient Priory of Mount Grace, which may easily be reached from Northallerton by way of Osmotherley, an interesting village lying in a hollow between the Hambletons and the Cleveland. Mount Grace Priory, one of the nine Carthusian houses in England (of which only two ever existed in Yorkshire), is certainly one of the most interesting relics of the monastic age in the county; and is remarkable for its situation, which is picturesque and pleasant. A considerable part of the cloister remains in very good preservation, and affords a good example of the Carthusian arrangement, by which each monk had his own house and garden. The remains of the church are in still better preservation, and both church and cloister will prove of extreme interest to all lovers of monastic architecture. They are, indeed, of unique value, because they are the *only*



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remains of a Carthusian house *left* in England—of the other eight, situated respectively in London, and at Hull, Epworth, Shane, Hinton, Beauvoir, Witham, and Coventry, there is scarcely a stone left. Here, at Mount Grace, one sees how the Carthusian lived—a perfect hermit. Here in his little house, with its one room downstairs (wherein was a closet for tools) and its two rooms upstairs, one of which was for sleeping in, the other for praying in, the monk spent what time was not occupied in the church or in the garden which surrounded his cell-like residence. His meals were served to him through a little hatch at the side of the door—a hatch so constructed that the person serving could not see the person served, and *vice versa*. The members of the community never dined together except on Sundays and great festivals—on all other days, save for attendance in choir, they lived, worked, and ate alone.

Mount Grace was founded by Thomas, Duke of Surrey, nephew of Richard II., about the end of the fourteenth century, and he is believed to have been interred in the church about 1412, but no trace of his grave has ever been discovered. The house became of considerable importance, and at the time of the Dissolution was worth £380 in annual value.

Beyond Mount Grace Priory and its well-wooded slopes one drops into the pleasant pastoral valley of the Leven, passing some interesting villages on the way to Stokesley—Ingleby Arncliffe, where there are some noteworthy monuments in the church; Whorlton, a most delightfully situated place with a ruined church and tumble-down castle; and Kirkby, where in the churchyard there are some curious, though mutilated, effigies. There is really not very much to see in Stokesley itself—a quiet little town through which the Leven meanders peacefully. But between Stokesley and Guisborough one journeys through delightful scenery. The Leven winds through a beautiful valley, which on the south side is shut in by the thickly wooded slopes of the Cleveland

Hills, hereabouts beginning to assume definitely mountainous shape. A minor river of very little reputation, the Leven is really well worth following from its junction with the Tees at Yarm to any one of its several sources amongst the hills. That arm of it which runs through the valley in the direction of Guisborough is surrounded by some very pleasant pastoral scenery and commands some fine views of Roseberry Topping, of the long range of Easby Moor, and of the monument to Captain Cook, which is set up on one of the highest points above Easby, having the superior heights of the Cleveland Hills for a background. It should not be forgotten that this is Captain Cook's country—he was born at Marton, a small village lying between the Cleveland Hills and Middlesbrough; educated at Great Ayton, a charmingly-situated village between Stokesley and Guisborough, and apprenticed to a tradesman at Staithes, on the sea-coast a few miles away.

Roseberry Topping, the sugar-loaf-shaped hill on the east of Great Ayton, ranks as one of the principal eminences in Yorkshire, though it is in reality not so high as its curious situation and outline make it appear to be. It is barely eleven hundred feet in height, though some writers have written of it as being half as high again. It has always excited great interest amongst travellers and tourists. In Graves's History of Cleveland there is an extract from the Cottonian MSS. in which the writer speaks of the goodly prospect to be seen from the summit of Roseberry Topping, of the painful ascent up its steep sides, and of the joy of rolling stones down them. He also says that he heard that once upon a time some person thus rolling a stone so frightened a tethered horse by the terrible noise it made in its descent, that the startled animal burst its bonds and leaped over a very high gate. In the old play "Margery Moorput," Roseberry Topping is referred to as "t' biggest hill i' all Yorksheer . . . a mahle an' a haufe heegh, an' as cawd as ice at t' top on't, i' t' yattest day i' summer."

The hill is looked upon by all who live within sight of it as a natural barometer, in accordance with the old distich :

When Roseberry Topping wears a cap.
Let Cleveland then beware a clappe.

It is well worth anyone's while to climb to the summit (a task which may be most easily accomplished from Great Ayton) for the sake of the view, which extends from the sea to the western mountains, and from the smoke-canopied colliery district of Durham to the solitudes of the North York Moors.

According to Camden, Guisborough, lying in a romantic situation at the foot of the Cleveland, surrounded by plenty of wood and intersected by a gentle stream, was worthy in his time to be compared to Puteoli in Italy. Perhaps one would hardly so compare it now-a-days, for the enormous impetus which was given to the iron trade some years ago in consequence of the discovery of iron ore in Cleveland has transformed the once quiet little market town into a mining centre. Yet nothing has robbed Guisborough of its situation, nor of the ruins of its once famous priory, nor of a certain old-world air and atmosphere. Not to visit it, when travelling in the North of Yorkshire, is to miss seeing one of the most interesting remains of ecclesiastical architecture in England.

Guisborough Priory was one of the three houses of Augustinian Canons established in Yorkshire, the other two being those of Bolton and Kirkham. As regards importance and wealth it stood much higher than either of these sister-houses, and at the time of the Dissolution of the Monasteries had an annual revenue of close upon nine hundred pounds—a sum only exceeded in the cases of three other Yorkshire houses : Fountains, Selby and St. Mary's at York. It was founded early in the twelfth century by Robert de Brus, Lord of Skelton, who owned much land in Cleveland, and its first prior was the founder's brother. Many members of

this family, and amongst others Robert Bruce, who disputed the crown of Scotland with Baliol, and whose grandson, another Robert, subsequently ascended the Scottish throne, were buried in the church of the Priory, or in the adjacent parish church, where several memorials of them are to be found.

There is now practically nothing left of the Priory but the east wall of the church—a fragment of great beauty, which shows that the perfect structure must have been very imposing. It is of the Decorated period of architecture, and is remarkable for the size of the great east window in the choir (sixty by twenty-eight feet) and the richness of the tracery and mouldings. This fine remnant of what must have been one of the most beautiful monastic churches in the country (and also one of the most considerable in size) forms a prominent landmark over a considerable stretch of country, but is most to be admired from the quiet gardens in which it is now enclosed.

Folk who love to wander out of any beaten track or appointed route will do well while they are at Guisborough to follow the road towards Saltburn as far as Upleatham and Skelton, one on the left, the other on the right-hand of the highway. Upleatham Hall, once the residence of the Earls of Zetland, and one of the best-situated houses in the North Riding, renowned for its pleasure grounds and gardens, is now a ruin, the iron-mines underneath having caused its subsidence. Close to the roadside, most romantically situated, is all that is left of the old church of Upleatham—styled by some “the smallest church in England”—a very small ivy-covered edifice, with a low tower and some curious remains of very ancient architecture. Beneath it runs Hole Beck, a coy streamlet which is hidden by overhanging woods. Across the valley, which is intersected by this stream and Skelton Beck, into which it runs, stands Skelton Castle, now a modern country house, but in its original form the stronghold of the powerful family of de Brus. Its chief

interest in recent times lies in the fact that it has been the home within the last two hundred years of two very remarkable specimens of Yorkshire eccentricity, John Hall Stevenson, the author of *Crazy Tales* and friend of Laurence Sterne, a curious character who had all sorts of fads and humours and would never leave his bed while the wind was in the east (a whim which on one occasion led Sterne to bribe a serving lad to tie up the weathercock in such a fashion that it could only point to the west); and of Miss Margaret Wharton, a very rich but extremely miserly maiden lady, who earned the *soubriquet* of "Peg Pennyworth," from the fact that—although she kept up a large establishment, she could rarely be induced to lay out more than a penny or some equally incommensurable sum at a time.

Although high-roads there are none and by-roads are few and rough, it should be no difficult task in fine weather for a stout-legged, sound-winded pedestrian to make his way from Guisborough over the edge of the Cleveland Hills to Westerdale, where the River Esk has its source—people who do not care to encounter such a task may easily reach Eskdale on the railway by way of Nunthorpe and Kildale. But those who wish to see the Esk under some of its most attractive surroundings, will certainly make their way to the solitudes of Westerdale Moor, where the river rises, in the neighbourhood of several traces of the Early British age in the shape of encampments and tumuli, at a height of nearly fifteen hundred feet above sea-level. Hence it gradually descends through the moorlands to Castleton—a picturesquely-situated village, near which the de Brus family had a fortified house—where it enters the dale which takes its name from it. From this point to Whitby (it should be remembered that the Esk is the only river in the north of Yorkshire which flows directly to the sea) the scenery is pretty, but not bold; pleasing, but not especially striking. Eskdale, indeed, is romantic and sentimental rather than awe-inspiring

and sublime, and it has more claims on the student of folk-lore and the searcher into the manners and customs of the dwellers in lonely places than on those in search of mere scenic effect.

Nothing in Eskdale is so interesting as the Danby district, the scene of the late Canon Atkinson's incomparable work, *Forty Years in a Moorland Parish*, in which one finds the harvest of a long and observant life carefully garnered by a scholar who was also a warm-hearted human being. In this book, already a classic, its author has preserved the folk-lore, traditions, songs, superstitions of the country-side; in his other works, *A Glossary of the Cleveland Dialect*, and *Cleveland, Ancient and Modern*, the speech and history of this important tract of Yorkshire are treated with the skill of a sound authority. Canon Atkinson's tomb is in Danby churchyard; it is already—and will become more so in higher degree in time to come—one of the literary shrines of Yorkshire.

"Danby-in-Cleveland" covers a large tract of country, extending on both sides of the Esk, and ranging from Danby Low Moor on the north of the dale to Danby High Moor on the south. It is a district of ups and downs, dotted all over with traces of ancient encampments and tumuli. A considerable collection of antiquities, recovered from the latter, was formed by Canon Atkinson, and is now preserved at the British Museum. Danby village itself lies in a valley between Castleton Ridge and Danby High Moor—above it on the east Danby Rigg rises to a height of twelve hundred feet; across the dale on the north Danby Beacon shows itself, two hundred feet less in altitude. Overlooking the Esk, on the northern slope of Danby High Moor, stands Danby Castle, the home of the Latimers, probably built about 1340, now almost entirely in ruins, but containing in its dismantled walls some stones bearing the arms of the families of Latimer, de Brus, and de Ros. Beneath it, spanning the Esk, is a rare bit of old-world architecture in an old

pack-horse bridge, which, from the fact that it bears the arms of the Nevilles, who succeeded the Latimers, would seem to have been built about the end of the fourteenth or the early part of the fifteenth century.

Romance, poetry, legend, with not a little to remind one of the old story of Hero and Leander, centre round Beggar's Bridge, further along the river, near Glaisdale. According to one account this structure was built by a man who in his youth had found it difficult to make his way across the Esk at this point when the river was in flood, and had registered a vow that if he became rich he would build a bridge here. Another version has it that it was the work of one who in his young days was unfortunate enough to have a sweetheart on one side of the river and himself on the other, and was obliged more than once to emulate Leander's example and swim to her. Leaving her to seek his fortune in foreign lands, he returned a rich man and built the bridge—but why it should have acquired its present name is not clear. In some ancient documents it is referred to as Ferris Bridge. However, it is best not to disturb the popular legend, which is set forth by a local poetess in somewhat halting verse, and winds up in the approved fashion of Victorian novels and modern novelettes :

The rover came back from a far distant land,
And claimed from the maiden her long-promised hand ;
But he built, ere he won her, the bridge of his vow,
And the lovers of Egton pass over it now.

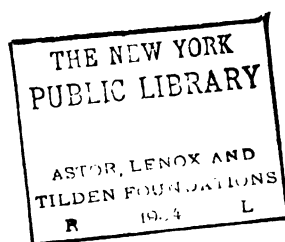
From this point, southward, Glaisdale opens out, and invites the attention of those who love a well-wooded glen intersected by a murmuring stream. The woods of Arncliffe are delightful haunts of shade and peace, and from the moors above them there are wide-spreading views, extending on the eastward to Whitby and the sea. Opposite, perched high on the other side of the valley, is Egton, chiefly notable for the fine views which it commands, and for the healthy moorland breezes which sweep it. On the high

ground behind it are more entrenchments, barrows, tumuli and other indications of a long-dead age, when these comparative solitudes must have been at least as well peopled as they are now, and on the Glaisdale side of the valley above Egton Bridge there is a Roman camp, which commands the valley of the Esk as it approaches Whitby.

Near Grosmont the series of valleys which begins at Pickering and continues through Newtondale and Goathland runs into Eskdale. The scenery from this point, while always pleasing and attractive, is not particularly distinctive so far as the valley is concerned, and much more benefit is to be had by exploring the high ground above Grosmont and Sleights on the south side, and above Egton Low Moor and Swarthoe Cross on the north, than is to be got by following the Esk towards the sea. These moors, full of variety because of the "becks" which intersect them, are particularly rich in memorials of the past, and there are splendid views from many points of them. Above everything they are a paradise of fresh, keen, life-giving air. To those people who love to wander, half-aimlessly, over wide expanses, nothing could be more delightful than these heather-clad stretches on the edge of the North Sea.



Goathland.





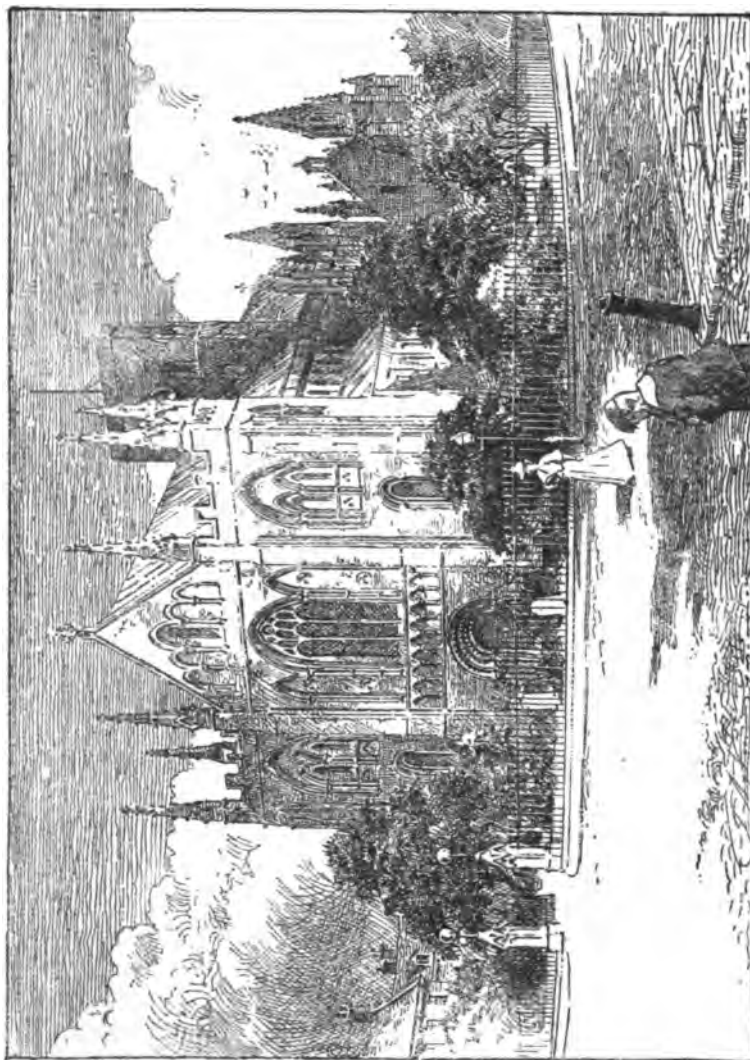
CHAPTER VIII.

The River Derwent.

OF all the principal Yorkshire rivers the Derwent is probably the least known, and at the same time one of the most interesting. It is true that it has none of the surroundings of the Tees or the Swale, the Wharfe or the Nidd; it is equally true that some of the smaller streams, and notably the Rye and the Riccall, which find their way into it, are more picturesque and striking in course and character. The vast majority of folk who go a-pleasuring in Yorkshire know nothing of the Derwent except in its extreme upper reaches in the neighbourhood of Forge Valley, and most of those who do so know it would be very much surprised to hear that the stream which winds through that romantic dale in the shadow of the woods of Hackness is the Derwent. Yet no one can say that he has a good acquaintance with the eastern side of Yorkshire

unless he has traversed the course of this river from its two sources (situated in close proximity to the coast line, but going clear away from it in a south-westerly direction) to its outlet into the Ouse, which, having already absorbed the Swale, the Ure, the Nidd and the Wharfe, gathers up the Derwent and the Aire in the neighbourhood of Goole, and immediately loses its own identity in the estuary of the Humber. From the more northerly source of the Derwent, through Forge Valley, past the Aytons and Wykeham, to some point or other in close proximity to Malton, most travellers in these parts have made a journey—between the outlet of the river at Barmby-on-the-Marsh and Kirkham Abbey, just outside Malton, few people have journeyed save on business. In that—the lower—stretch of the Derwent there is a plenitude of material for the artist, the antiquary, the archæologist, and the learned loungeur who loves old places and old things.

Within a brief circle of the spot where the Derwent meets with the Ouse there are several places of much interest. First in importance is Selby, the famous Abbey Church of which old-fashioned market-town is the most prominent object in the neighbourhood, and, next to the minsters of York, Ripon and Beverley, the most considerable ecclesiastical monument in Yorkshire. Said to have been founded in 1069, in very humble fashion, by a refugee monk of Auxerre, named Benedict, the community within a century became one of the most powerful in England, and with the exception of St. Mary's Abbey at York was the only one in the North which had a mitred abbot at its head. It was worth between seven and eight hundred pounds at the Dissolution. The church is the finest monastic church left in Yorkshire, but it has suffered greatly at various times, and was quite recently restored after a serious fire which had devastating consequences. The architecture is chiefly Norman, and of great beauty, and there are several very interesting monuments and inscriptions, including an oft-quoted one upon a former sexton :—



Selby Abbey.

THE ENCHANTING NORTH.

"Near this stone lies Archer (John),
Late Saxton (I aver),
Who without tears thirty-four years
Did carcases inter,
But death at last for his works passed
Unto him thus did say,
Leave off thy trade, be not afraid,
But forthwith come away.
Without reply or asking why,
The summons he obeyed,
In seventeen hundred and sixty-eight
He resigned his life and spade."

Sept., 1768.

Eastrington and Hemingbrough are two of the most interesting churches in this part of Yorkshire. That of Easttrington, it is true, has little to show in comparison with its more famous neighbour, but there is a certain amount of Saxon work in the tower ; there is a good Norman arch opening into the nave, and some quaint and very old carvings in the porch. Here, too, is a fine alabaster tomb which appears to date from the seventeenth century. The church at Hemingbrough is more important in every way. It occupies the site of a Roman station, the name of which has been lost, though relics of it have been discovered from time to time. Its very high and graceful spire may be seen for long distances in the surrounding flat country. Originally a collegiate church of considerable importance, it contains several features of antiquity and interest, the most remarkable of which, perhaps, is the imitation tomb, showing the figure of a corpse in a winding sheet, whereon the country folk used to make solemn bargains, and pay and receive the money which concluded them. Most of the architecture is Norman or Early English, and the woodwork is remarkably fine.

But the finest monument of antiquity in this neighbourhood, next to Selby Abbey, is found in the magnificent old church at Howden, which was so closely connected with the Bishops of Durham in the days when they were great territorial magnates as well as ecclesiastics of vast influence. Like Hemingbrough, a collegiate church, it was fittingly dedicated

to the patron saint of Durham, St. Cuthbert, and under the care of his successors, and notably of Bishop Walter Skirlawe (1388-1405) it became one of the most magnificent churches in England. It is now very largely in a ruined state, but the ruins are of a very stately character, and a good part of them (and notably the chapter house) capable of suitable restoration. Most of the architecture is of the Decorated period, as was also the fine old Manor House close by, now also in ruins, wherein Bishops Pudsey, Walter de Kirkham and Skirlawe himself all breathed their last. The little red-roofed town which lies amongst the orchards and gardens at the foot of this grand old ruin, from whose tower one may look across a vast stretch of country, is quaint and pretty. Before its modern market-hall stands a statue of its most famous native—Roger of Howden, whose *Annals of England*, from the eighth to the beginning of the thirteenth centuries, has been re-published in the *Rolls* series of mediæval works, and is often quoted. There is as yet no similar memorial to another famous Howden man, Ward, who, beginning life as a stable-lad in his native town, was afterwards employed in the stables of the Duke of Parma, and by sheer pluck, perseverance, and skilful laying-out of Yorkshire wit, rose eventually to the position of Prime Minister to that sovereign, and to receive ennoblement at his hands.

North of Howden, and occupying a commanding position on the east bank of the Derwent, are the remains of one of the most important strongholds in this part of Yorkshire, full of memories of perhaps the most powerful families of the North. Wressle Castle was a principal seat of the Percys, and was founded by that Thomas Percy, Earl of Worcester, whom Shakespeare commemorates in the First Part of King Henry IV. It must have been of considerable size in the days of its magnificence, for the domestic records, as shown in the *Compotus*, or book of household expenses, show that the household staff consisted of no less than two

hundred and thirty persons. In spite of the fact that Algernon Percy, Earl of Northumberland, head of the house at the time of the Civil War, gave in his adherence to the Roundhead cause, the Parliamentary leaders thought fit to destroy Wressle Castle, and demolished the greater part of it. More damage was occasioned by a disastrous fire which occurred a hundred and fifty years later, and there is now little remaining of the structure which so pleased Leland when he was in these parts, that he enthusiastically described it in his Itinerary as one of the finest houses north of the River Trent. There was here—also much fancied by Leland, as indeed it would be by all book-lovers and antiquarians—a little study or scholars' retreat, cunningly contrived in one of the angle towers, and known as the *Paradise*.

From Aughton, in 1536, Robert Aske set out on the journey which was to end in his assuming the command of the rebellion which became known as the Pilgrimage of Grace. The result of the rising is well known. In spite of the fact that it was strongly supported by the great Catholic families of the North, and that Aske collected a powerful army (the rank and file of which all wore badges on which were depicted the Five Wounds of our Lord) and gained some important victories over the King's forces, the movement was suppressed in decisive fashion, and its three principal leaders and nearly a hundred of their followers executed—Robert Aske himself, after a period of captivity in the Tower of London, being put to death in York. In the church here is a brass representing Aske and his wife.

Still further along the river is the site of the historic and epoch-making battle of Stamford Bridge, fought on September 25th, 1066, between Harold Godwinsson of England, and Harald Hardraadsson of Norway, both unconscious at the time that William of Normandy was even then on his way to conquer the kingdom for which they were fighting. Thousands of Englishmen and Norsemen lie under the acres that surround this quiet little place, which

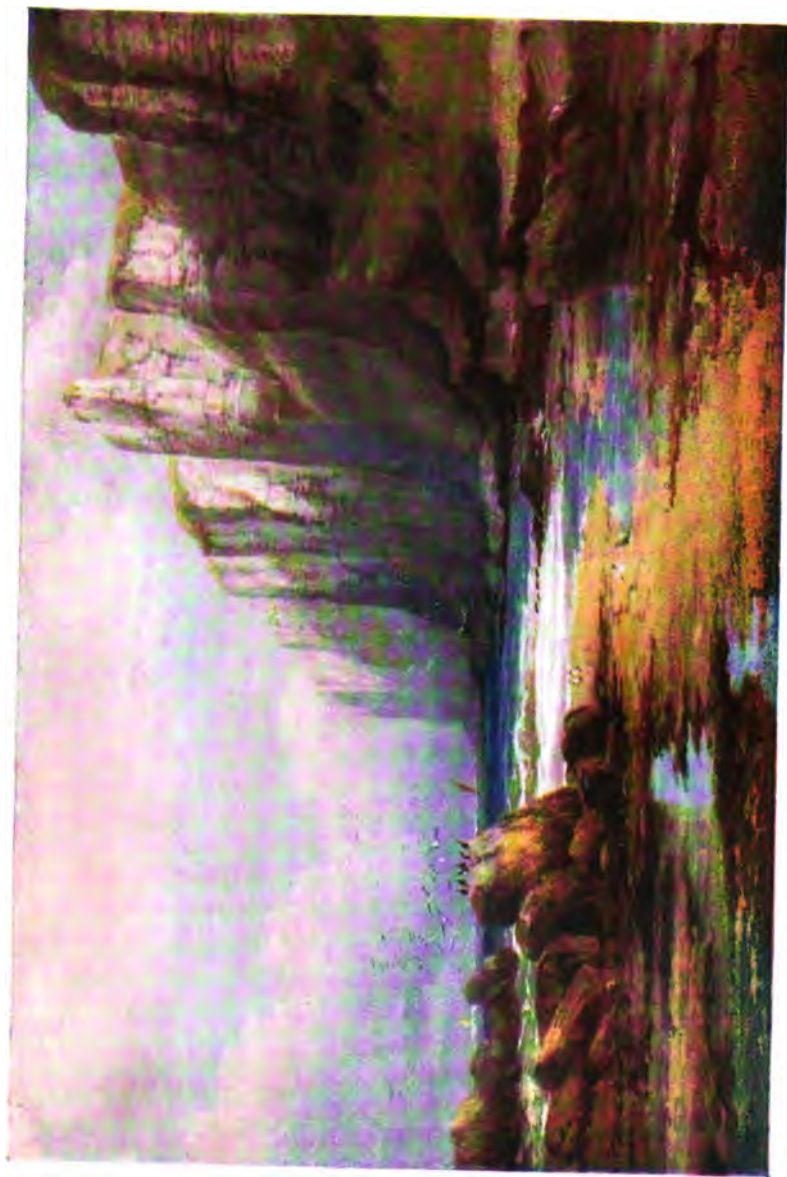
still preserves a local custom in commemoration of the great encounter. When the battle was at its height a Norseman of great strength and stature kept the old narrow wooden bridge against his opponents, some two score of whom fell beneath the blows of his battle-axe. No one could dislodge him, until at length a wily Englishman crept under the bridge in a rude craft, in shape like a tub, and pierced the defender with a spear from beneath the open planking. Now-a-days, the Stamford Bridge folk, at their annual feast, make meat pies in the shape of the boat, and consume them in memory of this valiant feat of arms.

Just westward of the point where the river enters upon the lovely Vale of Derwent, reflecting in its placid surface the fine woods of Buttercrambe, stand the church and village of Foston-le-Clay, full of association with Sydney Smith, parson, author, wit, *bon vivant*, Radical. Here, where he had had no resident predecessor in the living for a century and a half, he built himself a new vicarage, which he was wont to describe as the ugliest yet the most comfortable in the county, and in it he lived, having furnished it in a very original fashion (he bought his own wood, and got the village carpenter to make tables and chairs of it), from 1808 to 1829. He found some congenial society in the company of the Earl and Countess of Carlisle, but his fellow-parsons were not accustomed to hear the radical and unconventional notions which flowed from him at most ruri-decanal meetings. In the church here, which has some remains of Norman architecture, there is preserved a communion service in old pewter.

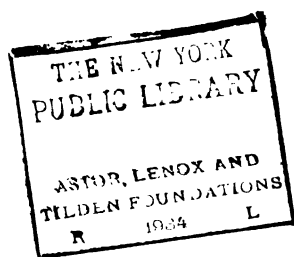
In the midst of the most beautiful part of the Vale of Derwent stands all that is left of the once important Priory of Kirkham, founded for the Canons Regular of St. Augustine by one of the most powerful of the Yorkshire barons, Walter Espec, about 1120. The legend attaching to its foundation is not unlike that which purports to give a reason for the founding of another and better-known house

of the same order, Bolton Priory—like it, too, there appears to be rather more of legend than of actual fact in it. In both the death of an only and dearly-loved son is the pretext for building “a stately priory.” Young Romillé met his death at Bolton by drowning; young Walter Espec met his, close to Kirkham, by a fall from his horse. Espec is said to have died on the very spot where the high altar of the Priory Church stood, having been dragged thither by the horse which threw him. This religious house was of some value, and was one of three built in commemoration of his son by Walter Espec the elder (the others being Rievaulx and Warden), who furthermore turned monk himself, and died in the cloister of the magnificent Cistercian house in Ryedale which he founded and endowed ten years later than Kirkham.

At Malton the lower stretches of the Derwent may be said to end—after Malton the river more properly belongs to the country which lies between the moors east of Pickering and the edge of the North Sea. Like all Yorkshire market-towns, Malton is worth seeing. It had its beginning in the days of the Roman occupation; it once had a Norman keep; and it was burned to the ground by Archbishop Thurstan during the time of its seizure by the Scottish marauders. Now-a-days most of its interest lies in the remains of its Priory, one of the few Gilbertine houses in Yorkshire; in its unearthed Roman and British relics; and in its contiguity to much charming country and many historic scenes and famous houses. It also has an interest to modern folk in its market days, especially on Saturdays, when one hears more talk of wheat and barley than in any other town in England of its size.



Bampton Cliffs.





CHAPTER IX.

The Yorkshire Coast.

THREE counties in England are distinguished for the extent and beauty of their sea-border—Devon, Cornwall and Yorkshire. They rank in the order just set down, but if the scenery of the Yorkshire Coast from Bridlington Bay southward to Spurn Point were what it is northward from Flamborough Head to Saltburn, Yorkshire would take precedence of either of the two south-western counties. Unfortunately, the coast scenery between Bridlington and Spurn Point is flat and monotonous, and its chief attraction lies in the village churches and country houses which lie a little way inland, and in its associations with other days. This, the southern section of the Yorkshire Coast, compares poorly with the northern, but that outvies anything in England. There is no seaside town in this country which can in any way compare with Scarborough; no old-world harbour town which can challenge comparison with Whitby; no sea-coast villages with the exact flavour and atmosphere of Robin Hood's Bay or Staithes. And if the question turns on a point of pure health, it is a safe thing to assert boldly than nowhere on the English Coast can one find

such bracing and invigorating air as on the stretch of sea-border which extends from the mouth of the Tees to Flamborough Head.

There are a hundred ways of seeing the Yorkshire Coast. Some people go to Scarborough, or to Whitby, or to Bridlington Quay, and content themselves by staying where they are put down. Others make a centre of one or other of these places and take excursions from them into the surrounding country. Here the Yorkshire Coast has a great advantage over the sea-border of most other counties—from any of the principal towns or villages along its ninety miles one can quickly reach some inland scene or scenery which is more than worth seeing. From the general dulness of Withernsea one may explore the magnificent churches of Holderness; from Bridlington, the Wolds; from Scarborough, the charming scenery of Forge Valley and Hackness; from Whitby, the valley of the Esk and its surrounding hills. But, after all, the real way—for those who have the time and inclination—in which to see the Yorkshire Coast, is to start out from Hull (wherein, mercantile town as it is, there are more interesting things to see than most travellers dream of), and to journey thence as far as Patrington, and subsequently to Withernsea, afterwards following the coast-line towards the north until the mouth of the Tees is reached. Any traveller who follows this route will find himself amply compensated.

There is an immediate reward in adopting this route. No one can say that he knows all that Yorkshire can give him of the best unless he has seen the two glorious churches which stand between Hull and Spurn Point—those of Hedon and Patrington, known respectively as the “King” and “Queen” of Holderness. Nowhere in England are there two more beautiful parish churches than these, perfect in their architecture, noble in design, commanding in situation, cathedral-like in size and proportion. Each stands in the centre of what are now very small and quiet towns. Yet



31.—BRIDLINGTON.

32.—FILEY BRIG.

33. FLAMBOROUGH HEAD.

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Hedon, in spite of the fact that its streets are grass-grown, was once a port of considerable importance, ranking before Hull, and its Mayor possesses a civic mace which is probably older than any other corporation ornament in the country. Patrington, too, was a market town wherein much business was done—it now looks little more than a deserted village, but the beauty of its church, which Archdeacon Wilberforce used to call “the model parish church of England,” will always make it a place of deep interest. Nor are these two wonderful examples of architectural art (both probably built by the master-masons of York Minster) the only fine churches of south-east Holderness, nor the only places worth visiting. Anyone who explores this sea-girt corner, rich in wide-spreading corn-lands, should not fail to see the churches of Preston, Paghill and Keyingham, nor the church and village of Winestead, where Andrew Marvell, poet and statesman, was born during the incumbency of his father.

Around Spurn Point and the first stretch of the sea-coast proper there is little to see, but the district is interesting for two reasons—the character of the life in this, one of the most isolated parts of the county, and the continual encroachment of the North Sea. At the mouth of the Humber, and along the coast as far as Hornsea, there were once upon a time towns of importance which have been entirely swept away. Ravenssea, once a flourishing seaport, was finally submerged about the end of the fourteenth century; the priory at Skeffling has long since been swallowed up; there is not a trace of the churches of Kilnsea and Owthorne, and within the last forty years extensive inroads have been made all along this stretch of the coast. There is a well-known local rhyme concerning Hornsea, which affirms that its church was once a long way from the shore :

Hornsea church steeple, when I built thee
Thou wert ten miles from Bridlington,
Ten miles from Beverley
And ten miles from sea.

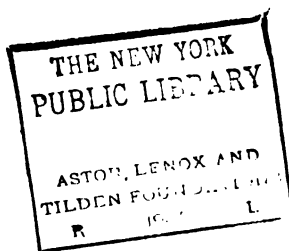
But Hornsea Church and village are now within an easy mile of the coast, upon which the hungry sea, in spite of various schemes of prevention, encroaches steadily every year.

The coast-line from Spurn Head to Hornsea is generally flat and monotonous, and it has little increase in boldness beyond the last-named resort. The highest point of land between Spurn and Flamborough is Dimlington Beacon, near Kilnsea, and that is only a hundred and fifty feet above high water. There is really very little to see along this stretch of coast with the exception of the church at Aldbrough, where there are Saxon remains of great interest. Withernsea, a favourite resort of the people of Hull, is worthily so from the fact of its health-giving qualities. That it forms an excellent playground for folk who like to run out from Hull for the day is evident from the crowds which are found on its fine stretch of sand. Hornsea is a place of considerable attraction—the village is picturesque, the church is old, it has some interesting history attached to it, and it boasts possession of the largest of the three or four lakes which Yorkshire can show. Hornsea Mere, a sheet of water wherein are several islands, is five miles in circumference, and was once a fishing preserve of the Abbot of St. Mary's, in York. In 1260 the Abbot of Meaux—an important religious house between Hornsea and Beverley—laid claim to the Mere, and with such insistence that resort was eventually had to force, a pitched battle taking place on the banks of the lake between the men of Meaux and the men of St. Mary's. The monks of York won after a combat which lasted all day. There is a mutilated cross in the market square here, and under the chancel of the church is a crypt, wherein, it is said, smugglers used to conceal their goods.

Perhaps the most uninviting stretch of the Yorkshire coast line is that between Hornsea and Bridlington, for there is literally nothing to see beyond the very faint



Cliffs at Filey.

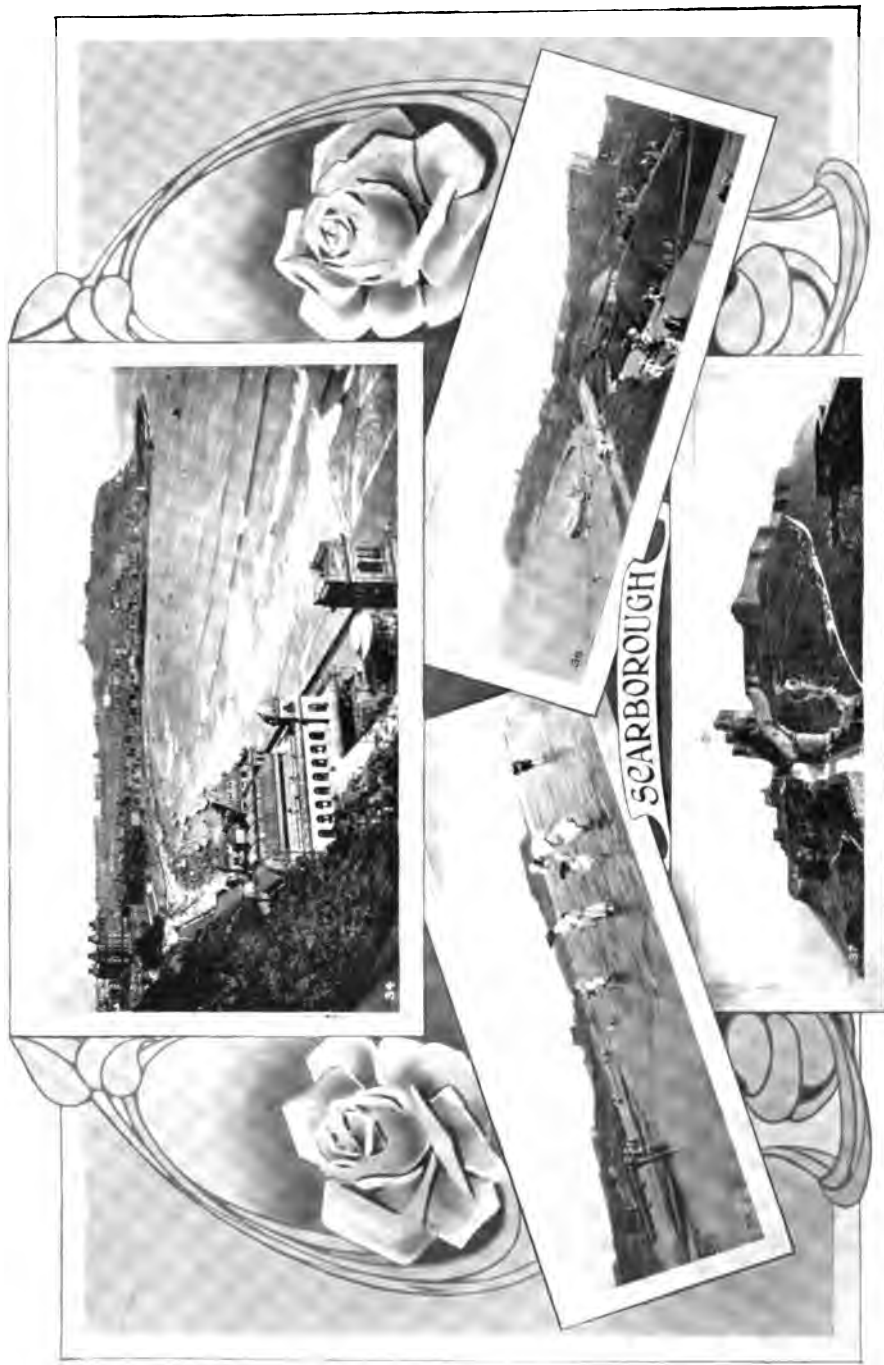


remains of a Norman castle at Skipsea, and some ancient architecture in the church at Ulrome. Nor are the inland villages at this point of any great interest. At Bridlington, however, one comes in touch with the bolder features of the sea-line, and begins to perceive the beauties and boldnesses of the northern section of the coast.

Like Scarborough, like Whitby, Bridlington is a compound of the old and the new. There is the old town and the old Quay; there is also a very new town which has been evolved out of the consciousness of those folk who desire to bring as many visitors into the place as is possible. Consequently, much that is ancient figures amongst a great deal that is very modern. Those who like to start at the real heart of things will naturally turn first to the fine old Priory Church, one of the most important of the principal ecclesiastical remains in Yorkshire. Around this, a house of the Augustinian Canons, the town and harbour developed. Founded during the reign of the first Henry by Walter de Gaunt, Bridlington Priory soon became one of the wealthiest and most influential communities in the north country. It exercised a particularly extensive patronage in the matter of benefices; it could lay claim to a seize upon all goods and chattels of fugitives or criminals who came within its boundaries, and to whatever wreckage was thrown up on the coast between Flamborough Dyke and Earl's Dyke. Its monks, moreover, obtained permission to fortify the Priory against the inroads of pirates, and they were granted a market charter and leave to hold a fair at a very early date. Of the Priory as it originally stood there now remains the nave of the church—excellently restored by Sir Gilbert Scott, and now the parish church of the town—and a gatehouse known as the Bayle Gate. In the upper chamber of this gatehouse the prior, as lord of the manor, administered justice; a lower one, called the *Kidcote*, served as a prison. About the gatehouse and in the church there are many interesting remains, carvings and inscriptions.

There are several interesting historical events recorded in connection with Bridlington, and none more so than the adventure which befell Queen Henrietta Maria, wife of Charles I., who landed at the Quay in February, 1643, on her return from Holland, whither she had journeyed in order to raise money for the Royalist cause. She was in convoy of a Dutch fleet, under Admiral Tromp, and managed to land in safety and to get ashore a large quantity of arms and ammunition which she had brought with her. But a Parliamentary fleet, gaining intelligence of her arrival, sailed into Bridlington Bay after her, and directed such a bombardment upon the quarter of the town in which she lay that the Queen, having gone to bed, was obliged to escape hurriedly ("with no more on her than her shift," as the chroniclers declare) and to take refuge in a ditch, from whence she was eventually rescued and taken to Boynton Hall, outside the town.

With the exception of a few "bits" about the old harbour, Bridlington Quay has little of the picturesque. It is essentially a seaside watering-place of the popular type, with abundant facilities for pleasure and amusement. It possesses two fine parades, and people who love boating may here indulge their liking to their hearts' content. Its great glory is its magnificent bay, which sweeps round from Flamborough Head in a splendid regular curve of high, glistening chalk cliffs. In bad weather hundreds of ships make for Bridlington Bay, which is, indeed, the only harbour of refuge along the coast, though there was some years ago a project for making an artificial one off Redcar. Nevertheless, in spite of the great protecting rampart of Flamborough Head, there are storms of considerable violence in the bay, and a sad memento of one—that of February 10th, 1871—may be seen in the churchyard of the Priory Church—a monument erected over one large grave wherein rest the bodies of forty-six men who, with many others, members of the crews of a large fishing fleet, were drowned in sight of land, and



34.—SOUTH BAY.

35.—SOUTH SANDS.

36.—NORTH BAY.

37.—THE CASTLE.



in the presence of a vast concourse powerless to give them any assistance.

Flamborough Head—in all likelihood the *Ocellum Promontorium* of Ptolemy—is the fitting termination to one of the most delightful districts on the British Coast. In a certain sense the entire headland is cut off from the rest of Yorkshire by the Danes' Dyke, a double entrenchment which runs across the promontory from north to south, between the villages of Marton and Flamborough. It is not so many years ago that the folk who lived within the headland thus enclosed looked upon all people living across the "Dyke" as "foreigners," and it is certain that inter-marriage of families was as much the accepted rule as it still is in some of the remote dales on the western side of the county. It is supposed by military authorities that the "Dyke" was one of a series of entrenchments made by invaders, who constructed lines of defence the further they advanced into the country, and this theory is substantiated by the fact that similar earthworks are found at successive stages of a journey westward across the Wolds.

The village of Flamborough is essentially a village of fishing and fishermen, and its church is naturally dedicated to St. Oswald, the fisherman's patron saint. It was one of the many churches belonging to the Augustinian Canons of Bridlington, and contains a fine rood-screen and a brass in memory of Sir Marmaduke Constable, who fought at Flodden Field. Close by is an ancient watch-tower, the history of which is obscure. Beneath the cliffs are some fine caves—Robin Lythe's Hole, said to have been used by a smuggler of that name; and Kirk Hole, which is said—locally—to extend to a point exactly beneath the church. To some people the most noteworthy object on or about the Head will doubtless be the Lighthouse, perched 250 feet above the sea, and 85 feet high in itself, whose warning glare is seen far out at sea and far along the coast. To ascend to the top on a winter day, when the winds are

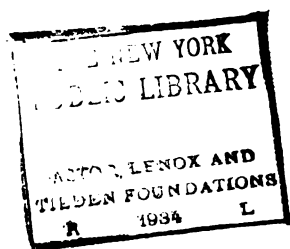
howling and the sea-birds screeching, and all Nature seems alive with storm and wreck, is an experience not soon to be forgotten.

The cliff scenery between Flamborough and Filey is the most striking on the Yorkshire Coast. A little beyond the northern outlet of the Danes' Dyke the cliffs rise to a height of nearly 450 feet, and are seen to the greatest advantage at Bempton and Speeton, where myriads of sea-birds nest in their ledges. From this point, however, they gradually drop away until Filey is reached, where they are little more than an overhanging bank above the beach. There is, indeed, very little that can be called "scenery" about Filey, which is an entirely modern watering-place, founded upon the site of an old-world fishing village, but it has a fine stretch of bay, a splendid and lengthy expanse of beach, with firm sands, and its old Transitional-Norman church (another of the many dedicated to St. Oswald) has several interesting features. The great "show place" of Filey is, of course, its famous "Brig," a low rocky promontory which runs out into the sea for about a mile. At the end of this curious ledge a bell is fixed which tolls perpetually in the most dismal and soul-depressing fashion.

There is a nice—and almost a humorous—gradation about the Yorkshire sea-side resorts. Of the principal four, Bridlington is popular and Bank Holidayish; Whitby is grave, literary, artistic and aristocratic; Filey is just the place for honeymooning couples, old maids, and families; Scarborough is Filey, Whitby and Bridlington all rolled into one. There is, in plain truth, no sea-side watering-place in England which can equal Scarborough in one particular quality—variety. It is quite true that innumerable "trip" trains roll into its station at unearthly hours almost every day in summer, but it is just as true that certain sections of its South Cliff are canopied over and curtained round with an atmosphere of the most exclusive and dignified quality. Scarborough, in short, is the compendium of the virtues and



Scarborough.



qualities desirable in a great English sea-side resort—it suits everybody, from the peer to the peasant. You can spend as much as you like in Scarborough : you can also spend just as much as you can afford. It is a resort of elastic capacities. And whether you spend much or little, you can always enjoy yourself in making the most out of a town which, without doubt, has the finest natural situation and scenery of any watering-place on our coasts.

To the real traveller—that is to say, to the man who really loves to know something of the places which he visits, and does not rely on the mere pleasure of the sight for his gratification—Scarborough is one of the most delightful towns in England. It is not merely the “Queen of Watering Places” (a title sometimes claimed for Brighton, but one to which that much-over-rated London-by-the-Sea has no right), but an ancient borough of historic associations, wherein the man of perception sees a good many things unseen by the unknowing. Quite naturally, the antiquary, the archæologist, and the man who knows next to nothing of either antiquities or archæology, but who loves to potter about old places, turns first of all at Scarborough to what is known as the Old Town—that delightful, delicious bit of queer old houses built in equally queer streets under the southern slope of the Castle Hill and overlooking the harbour. No one, of course, objects to anybody else spending his or her time on the Spa, but the lover of old-world matters will be found somewhere about Sandside, or Long West Gate, or Quay Street, or the grand old Parish Church high above, or in the Castle Yard—reconstructing the past. And that past goes back a long way. Looking into it one sees Harold Hardrada sailing into Scarborough in 1055, and fighting with the “borgarmen” who resisted him. One sees him and his men climbing to the top of the hill above the little town ; building up and setting light to a great pyre of straw, and throwing blazing masses of it down upon the roofs below. Later one sees the Norman castle, whose

keep is still a landmark to the country and the sea, arising on the rocky promontory on which Norseman and Dane had often gazed with awe as they drew near the English coast. Still later one sees Piers Gaveston, a foolish king's still more foolish favourite, starved into submission in that castle. Later yet one watches Thomas Stafford and his troop, disguised as countrymen, secure the castle by stratagem; still later, its sieges during the Civil War, its final surrender and its dismantling. And looking into one of its ruinous chambers in 1665 one sees the stout-hearted Quaker, George Fox, kept in imprisonment there for conscience' sake until a certain day whereon Charles II., convinced that there was no harm, but rather much good, in him, sent down an order of release. There is abundance of history in Scarborough—it gives a zest to everything else that Scarborough can show its visitors.

The man who visits Scarborough for mere pleasure would most likely be much surprised to know that the old place was of such importance seven centuries ago that it was then sending representatives to Parliament. But, as a matter of fact, Scarborough in mediæval times was one of the principal sea-ports of Yorkshire—possibly, on evidence, the most important. Like Hedon, it went down as Hull rose up, and by the seventeenth century its trade with the countries across the North Sea had dwindled to almost nothing. It was fortunate that a certain Mistress Farrow, described by Dr. Wittie in his *Scarborough Spaw* as a lady of sense and intelligence, discovered somewhere about the time that James I. was nearing his end a spring of "red-coloured water" (the spring at the north end of the Spa), which proved to possess such medicinal virtues that the "quality" from far and near came to try it. They came at first to drink this water; afterwards, having found that the Scarborough sands were firm and safe, they came to bathe. And little by little—and subsequently at a considerable rate of speed—Scarborough grew into what it is, a bustling,



View from Ravenscar.

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go-ahead seaside resort where all tastes are studied and can be suited, and wherein the charm of the old is delightfully mingled with the utility of the new. You can get everything at Scarborough that you can get in any seaside resort in Europe (except *rouge-et-noir*, *roulette*, and *petits-chevaux*), and you can also get something which no other English coast town can give you in equal measure—a blending of history, romance, legend and present-day interest.

It is impossible, within brief compass, to tell anyone what to see in Scarborough. But there is the Old Town itself, with its quaint streets and old houses; there is the Castle and its outer Ward, or Castle Green; there is the fine old Parish Church (in the churchyard of which Anne Brontë is buried); and there is Oliver's Mount, from the summit of which there are fine views in all directions. In the Museum there is stored a good collection of antiquities. The obvious things to see are easily seen. And in addition to the things which may be seen in Scarborough itself, the town as a seaside resort has a further attraction and value in the fact that it forms a very advantageous centre from which to explore the very diversified scenery in its neighbourhood, both on the coast (especially going northward) and on the moors which lie to the west and north. From it the fine coast scenery as far as Whitby, the western edge of the North York Moors, and the northern parts of the Yorkshire Wolds, may be visited with ease and celerity.

From Scarborough it is a very convenient matter to explore that stretch of the Yorkshire Derwent which passes through Forge Valley, and one may here remark with justice that tourists and holiday makers who neglect this delightful bit of country while visiting North-east Yorkshire make a very serious mistake. There is, it is true, nothing very inviting in the name "Forge Valley," but had it borne some romantic title it could scarcely have been prettier than it is in the neighbourhood of Everley and around Hackness, which is certainly one of the most charming

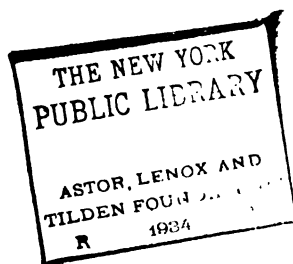
places in Yorkshire. The stream which intersects the valley runs beneath avenues of trees and through pastoral scenery of a very pleasing and refreshing nature, which eventually develops into an approach to the wild and mountainous. But it has more to show than the merely picturesque. Hackness and its ancient church form one of the oldest centres of Christianity in the north country. It goes back to the time of St. Hilda of Whitby, who established a religious house here in the year previous to her death in 680. The Venerable Bede tells in his history of those days that one Begu (the St. Bees of the calendar), being resident at Hackness at that period, saw on the night of Hilda's death her soul carried to heaven by angels. The house at Hackness was destroyed by a Norse marauding force about 870, and was rebuilt by the Prior of Whitby towards the end of the eleventh century. It was in existence at the time of the Dissolution, but had then only a few monks in residence. In the church here are several remains of the original Norman architecture, some Saxon fragments, and some inscriptions of a remarkable character (corresponding to the *Ogham* of Ireland), in memory of certain of the abbesses.

Northward of Hackness the moors rise high above the sea. They are covered with entrenchments and tumuli, and above Cloughton and between it and the eminence known as Three Howes there is a Druid's Circle which it is worth climbing the hills to see. At Ravenscar, now developing into a sea-side resort, and occupying a very remarkable position, one is over six hundred feet above sea-level. From the gardens at the head of the cliff there are extensive views of land and coast, and especially of the romantically-situated Robin Hood's Bay to the northward, which is reached from Scarborough by a line of railway which affords fine prospects of some of the most striking scenery in the North.

Robin Hood's Bay town is unique amongst English fishing villages, and whenever one visits it one feels



Robin Hood's Bay.



constrained to wish that nobody had ever discovered it but one's self. Since it was discovered the enterprising builder has been at work, and between it and Fylingthorpe has built a number of modern houses, villas and bungalows (so-called), at which no one should look as he makes his way down to the quaint and queer little cluster of cottages lying between two sister cliffs at the foot of the headlands. No one surely ever saw quite such a strangely built place as this! It is scarcely exaggeration to say that you can step off the threshold of one house on to the roof of another, or look out of your own window down your neighbour's chimney: it is certainly none to say that a good many houses were built so close upon the edge of the cliffs that they eventually fell over them. It is also recorded that upon one occasion a vessel being driven ashore poked its bowsprit into the window of the inn—an accident which might very easily occur again. A delightfully picturesque, quaint place this, and whether it ever was connected with that mysterious outlaw Robin Hood or not, it is a place wherein lovers of the ancient things, of the smell of the sea, and of stories thereof told by brown-faced gentlemen in blue jerseys, whose eyes are perpetually on the look-out, will enjoy quietude and beautiful air to their hearts' content.

In Whitby one finds one of the most strikingly-situated places in England, and a wealth of most interesting historical and literary associations. Here St. Hilda founded the great monastery which was destined to become the foremost house of learning in the north country. Here Caedmon, the cow-herd, father of English poetry, was moved to sing "the beginning of created things." Here, in the presence of kings and great dignitaries of the Church, was settled (once and for ever for the Christian Church in England) the exact date whereon Easter should be kept. These are in the far past. In more recent times there have been matters connected with Whitby of different but

not of less note, and not the least of them the fact that here were built the vessels with which Captain Cook set out on his first voyage round the world.

Originally called Streoneshalch (Streone's height), Whitby is not heard of in history before 657, when Hilda, who was at that time superior of a religious house at Hartlepool, founded a monastery here for men and women. She was superior until her death in 680, and during her reign had several monks under her rule who afterwards became famous in the Church—St. John of Beverley, Archbishop of York, amongst them. She was succeeded by the Princess Ælfleda, daughter of Oswin, King of Northumberland, who with Ælfleda herself, his Queen, and several members of his family, was buried here. Destroyed by the Norse in 867, the house was re-established as a Benedictine monastery for men only about the end of the eleventh or beginning of the twelfth century. It had a prosperous if somewhat uneventful existence, and at the time of the Dissolution was valued, according to Burton, at £437 2s. a year.

The situation of Whitby Abbey is bold and striking in a wonderful degree. Standing high above the river, the harbour, and the sea, on a wind-swept cliff of considerable height, it has no advantage of gentle streams and peaceful woods such as one finds about Fountains or Bolton. There is not a tree in its vicinity. On one side lies the grey North Sea ; on the other stretch miles and miles of lonely moorland. At the foot of the cliff, at its east end, is the old town of Whitby—"the Haven under the Hill," as Mary Linskill, the gifted Whitby novelist, who died all too soon, and to whom there is a monument in the old churchyard, called it—with its quaint houses, red roofs, smell of smoked herrings, and general atmosphere of salt and soil. It is a queer old place, and a most useful foil to the newer part of the town on the other side of the harbour, where there are all the modern features of the sea-side resort in the shape of hotels, boarding-houses, and pleasure places.



38.—RIGG MILL.

39.—WHITBY.

40.—WHITBY ABBEY.

41.—BEGGAR'S BRIDGE, GLAISDALE.

42.—WHITBY.

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One must confess that the East Cliff is preferable to the West, in that it possesses the remains of the Abbey, the queer old streets beneath, the stairway known as Church Steps (containing 199 steps), the Abbey Cross, erected on a point of the headland overlooking the sea, and the old Parish Church, an exceptionally interesting building, in the churchyard of which is another cross erected in memory of Caedmon, and unveiled by the present Poet-Laureate in 1898. One of the most interesting facts in connection with Whitby is that during the summer months the sun both rises and sets over the sea—a phenomenon which is singularly rare in these latitudes.

One of the great advantages of Whitby, apart from its situation and its historical associations, is that it forms a good and convenient centre for reaching various interesting places in its immediate vicinity. From Whitby one may easily explore Eskdale and the moorlands which stretch towards Guisborough. A little way along the coast is Sandsend, a quiet seaside village overhung by the woods of Mulgrave, the seat of the Marquis of Normanby, one of the most picturesque estates in this district of the county. There is very little of the original Mulgrave Castle left, but what remains is of great interest. Further along the coast one comes to Runswick, a fishing village which has a certain affinity to Robin Hood's Bay in the fact that most of its houses and cottages look as if they had been specially designed to fall upon each other. But even more remarkable is Staithes, a most curious little place which anyone journeying along the level of the headlands would never expect to find. A valley breaks the line of the cliffs at this point and is intersected by a stream, on either side of the bank of which the houses of the village are clustered. Two cliffs, one to the west, one to the east, named respectively Colburn Nab and Penny Nab, shut Staithes in from the sea, and it is thus almost entirely hidden from view. This may account for the "insularity" of its people, who are decided

"characters" of a sturdy type, very delightful to encounter. Here, as at Flamborough, inter-marriage between families is the rule, and there are as few different surnames as in a typical Welsh village. At Staithes, Captain Cook was apprenticed to a small tradesman, and it has long been a local legend—also for some considerable time disproved—that he ran away from his master's service with the contents of the till in his pocket. Between Staithes and Saltburn, a little distance inland, above Skinningrove, is Lofthouse (Loftus), one of several villages of the same name in Yorkshire, which is celebrated for its connection with a "laidly worme" legend. It is said that here was encountered and slain a poisonous dragon of fearsome size. A similar story is told of Sockburn on the Tees, and of Kellington on the Aire.

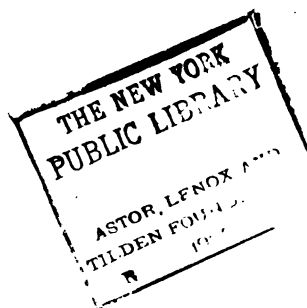
Saltburn, finely situated at some considerable height above the sea, is essentially modern. To some people its very new appearance might be objectionable, but it is in reality so healthily and well placed, and has so many natural advantages, that the newness of its brick and mortar can readily be overlooked. It stands above the outlet of two miniature valleys, each intersected by a stream; its cliffs are high, its beach of considerable extent and very firm and well adapted for bathing, and the accommodation for its visitors excellent. Facing almost due north, it is in winter one of those rare places where one can get an Arctic breeze—accompanied by an Arctic appetite. From here there are many pleasant excursions to be made inland. Guisborough is easily accessible, so are Skelton and Upleatham, and the country about Roseberry Topping. And inland, between Saltburn and Redcar, are two villages which no one should miss an opportunity of seeing—Marske and Kirkleatham. In the old churchyard of the first-named place Captain Cook's father is buried; in the village itself the Marquis of Zetland possesses a rather notable and picturesque country house, originally built by Sir William



42.—SANDESEND.

43.—SALTBURN.

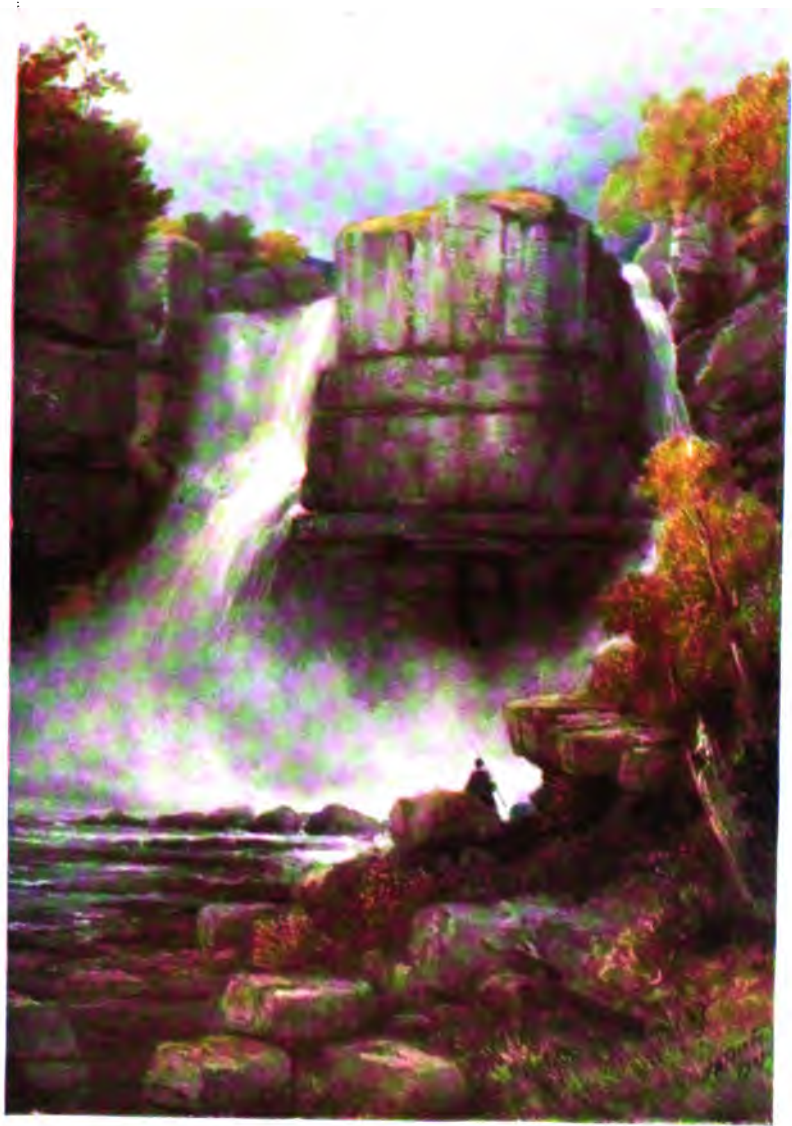
44.—STAITHES



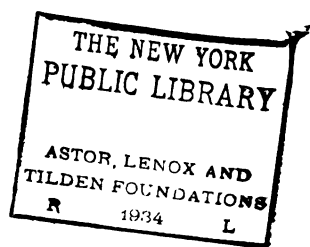
Pennyman in the days of Charles I. Kirkleatham is perhaps the most curiously interesting place in this particular district. Here is a Hospital, founded in the reign of Charles II. by Sir William Turner, Lord Mayor of London, and intended to accommodate forty inhabitants—ten old men, as many old women, as many boys and as many girls. There are several objects of note in this institution, its chapel, museum and library—some fine stained glass; two gilt chairs, presented by the Merry Monarch; a wonderful carving (from Spanish boxwood) of St. George and the Dragon; and a considerable number of books, amongst which is a copy of Walton's *Polyglot* which is believed to have belonged to Oliver Cromwell. The church of this village is chiefly remarkable for the fact that it was built by a native, one Robert Corney. It contains some good monuments and a fine brass of the seventeenth century.

From this point across country to Redcar the land is a dead level. Approaching it from the direction of Marton one sees it, long before Kirkleatham is reached, lying rolled out like the level stretch between Ostend and Bruges, but even flatter. Wherefore one may say at once that Redcar itself is a place of a monotonous flatness, and chiefly valuable, with its neighbour (or Siamese-twin-like sister, Coatham), for its contiguity to towns like Middlesbrough and mining villages like Eston. But it has one vast advantage—few sea-side resorts in England possess such a wonderful stretch of sand. From East Coatham, past Redcar, past Marske, right away to Saltburn, the beach forms a playground of firm, hard sand, on which a million children could comfortably disport themselves, and a thousand equestrians gallop without hurting the children. For that one fact Redcar is unique.

TEESDALE, WEARDALE, AND THE
DURHAM COAST.



High Force, Teesdale.





CHAPTER I.

Along the Tees.

I.—FROM MIDDLESBROUGH TO DARLINGTON.

IN spite of the fact that, whether seen from the summit of Roseberry Topping, miles away, or at close quarters, Middlesbrough is a smoke-canopied, toil-stained town, no one should explore whatever the River Tees has to show between its source and its outlet without seeing it. Essentially a modern hive of industry, one of the workshops of the world, Middlesbrough is in reality a very remarkable place, worth studying on the spot. No one need expect to find old castles, old churches or romantic scenes within its boundaries—where it stands to-day there was scarcely a house standing a hundred years ago. Indeed, to people of this hemisphere the rise of Middlesbrough since the year 1820 reads more like a fairy tale than a prosaic narrative—to Americans, of course, such a rapid creation of a great industrial centre would occasion no surprise. Yet one questions whether Middlesbrough, with its good and solid

buildings, its well-planned streets and well-laid-out park, its fine docks and magnificent works, forges and furnaces, would not bear away the palm from a mushroom city of the United States, whose principal buildings are generally of tin, and whose streets are often existent nowhere but on a map.

It was in 1829 that six enterprising gentlemen, all of them, it is said, members of the Society of Friends, bought five hundred acres of land on the south bank of the Tees, for as many pounds as there were acres. On that land Middlesbrough arose. The first trade was in coal, but in 1831 John Vaughan, a local man, discovered iron in the Cleveland Hills, and in company with his partner, H. W. Bolckow, established what is now one of the very largest steel factories in the world. And since then Middlesbrough, within a hundred years ago nothing but a dreary flat on the banks of an undredged river, has become a fine town with a hundred thousand inhabitants, scores of miles of streets, a port into which ships of magnitude can enter, and a record of enterprise and hard work of which its people are justly proud. One should see Middlesbrough if only to think of its blast furnaces, its rattle and roar, its ceaseless striving, when one gets to the sources of the Tees on the Westmorland borders, and remembers that the water which flows down from the fell-sides in such quiet surroundings will ere long sweep past this modern product of foresight and energy on its way to the North Sea.

On both sides of the Tees between Middlesbrough and Darlington there is much evidence of the prevailing industry of the district, and especially on the Durham side of the river. The line of the Tees, from the point where the river enters the North Sea as far as Croft Bridge, south of Darlington, exhibits some most extraordinary vagaries of direction, and twists and turns about, now north, now south, in truly whimsical fashion. It hurries southward from beneath Stockton—a typically busy coal-exporting

place—as if it meant to run far into Yorkshire ; further on, at Middleton St. George, it makes a still deeper cut into the county of broad acres, but at Sockburn incontinently changes its mind and turns almost due north again. Once free of the grimy and smoky districts it is rather a taking river in these, its last stretches, and there are some interesting places on its banks. Yarm, a queer little market town with a most curious main street, the paving of which is enough to puzzle any ordinary person, is worth seeing ; Sockburn, further along, is the scene of yet one more version of the brave knight and the foul dragon, a certain Sir John Conyers, it is said, having here slain “ a greate worme,” which doubtless had two heads and nine lives ; Croft is a miniature spa place, with a spring of sulphur and a very fine church, in which there are some notable features. Hereabouts the Tees begins to show promise of the rare beauty into which it develops further west.

Just as it is well worth anyone’s time to see Middlesbrough, so it is certainly advisable at this point to turn aside from Croft and see Darlington, not merely for the sake of a sight of the engine (“ No. 1 ”) which is on view at the station, and was driven by George Stephenson between Stockton and Darlington on September 27th, 1825, the auspicious day which saw the first public railroad in England opened, but for the chance of comparing another Tees-side town in its modernity with what it was in something like its infancy. Defoe, visiting Darlington in the early decades of the eighteenth century, had some uncomplimentary and some complimentary things to say of it : “ *Darlington*,” he writes, “ is remarkable for its dirty situation ; for a beautiful Church, with an high Spire rising up from the Midst of it ; and for a good long Stone Bridge, over very little or no Water. It is a large, considerable Market-town of great Resort, and well supplied. The market place is large and convenient. It is noted for the Linen Manufacture . . . it particularly excels in Hugga bags

of Ten Quarters wide, which are made nowhere else in *England*, and of which, as well as other Linen-Cloth, it sends up large quantities to *London*." The most interesting thing, however, which he found in Darlington was at the hostelry whereat he stayed with his retinue—the Fleece, which, be it noted, is still in existence. "A greater Rarity, I may mention in this Town," he goes on, "was our Landlord, at the Fleece Inn, by name Henry Lovell, who died in May, 1739, in the 93rd year of his Age, and had kept this Inn ever since 1688. He was never known to have one Hour's Sickness, nor even the Head-ach, tho' a free Toper of Ale, sometimes for Days and Nights successively, but had an Aversion to Drams of all kinds, and retained his Hearing, Sight and Memory to his last Moments. He never made use of Spectacles, nor ever lost a Tooth. He was esteemed in his Life and lamented at his Death, being of a humorous Temper, and had the Deportment of a Gentleman." Evidently a very nice Boniface to have known, and it is pleasant to recall his memory in connection with Darlington, where the traveller will still find the beautiful church with the high spire—and also a good many interesting things which were not there when the author of *Robinson Crusoe* visited the town.

II.—ROUND ABOUT GRETA BRIDGE.

Between Croft Spa and the meeting of the Tees with its fascinating little tributary, the Greta, just beneath the Mortham Tower at Rokeby, one travels through country which is perhaps more interesting for its associations than for its actual picturesqueness, though that, to be sure, is of no mean quality. Round about Piercebridge and Gainford there are Roman remains of some note. Piercebridge itself is on the line of the old Roman road which ran between Catterick and Binchester, on the Wear, and is also a point of some eminence on the modern main highway which runs under various names from London to Edinburgh. Further

TEESDALE



45.—ABBEY BRIDGE.



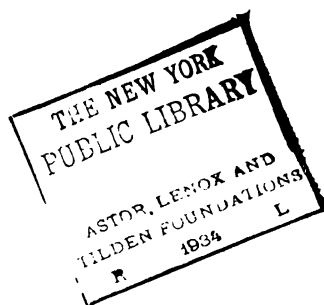
46.—CAULDRON SNOOT.



47.—COTTERSTONE OLD MILL.



48.—WINCH BRIDGE.



along the river, at Wycliffe, one not only finds a situation of considerable beauty, but an association with one of our most famous Englishmen—John Wyclif, or Wycliffe. In the Rectory here hangs a portrait of "the Morning Star of the Reformation," some of whose biographers, and notably Robert Vaughan, claim that he was actually born in this parish, in which there was without doubt a family of the name existent about his own time. Leland, whose statements were not always made from first-hand evidence, says that John Wycliffe, "the heretic," was born at Spreswell, a poor village near Richmond—he probably meant Higswell, a small place south of Easby Abbey. This is a controversy which will never be settled, but one may be forgiven if, in visiting Wycliffe, where there is something to see, one holds to Vaughan's, to Zouch's and to Birkbeck's opinion that "the heretic" really was born in the village which bears his name.

Round about Rokeby and Greta Bridge lies some of the most charming and beautiful country in the North of England. The meeting of the Greta with the Tees makes one of the finest "bits" of river scenery in the world, and has been painted by a hundred and one artists of more or less note, including the great J. M. W. Turner. Here the Greta comes tumbling down through a tree-canopied glen, over huge rocks and boulders, to join forces with the Tees, itself flowing over a stony bed. This is a place wherein to linger. On one side is Rokeby—romantic, sylvan, full of association with Sir Walter Scott; on the other is Greta Bridge, with its great, roomy, old-fashioned houses and its associations with Charles Dickens. Folk who love literary associations with a fine environment might spend a most delightful week at this point of the Tees with daily profit and pleasure.

Greta Bridge is nothing more to the eye than a few very large houses situated near the little river from which the place takes its name. On the old Roman road which ran

from Scotch Corner through Bowes and across Stainmore into Westmorland, it was of great importance as a posting-station in the coaching days. Here, on January 31st, 1838, came Charles Dickens and Hablot K. Browne, the artist, and put up at the New Inn (the house now known as Thorp Grange and used as a farmstead), whereat they interviewed a local farmer, who was made to serve as the original of John Browdie in *Nicholas Nickleby*. From Greta Bridge they proceeded, next day, to Barnard Castle, where, after tasting the good ale at the King's Head, of which poor Newman Noggs afterwards spoke so feelingly, Dickens interviewed a certain Mr. Humphrey, a clockmaker, who made periodical visits to the schools in the district for the purpose of winding up the clocks. Dickens persuaded Humphrey to take him with him as his assistant on one of these expeditions, and thereby got an insight into the working and actual conditions of one of those hells-upon-earth which he so mercilessly exposed under the name of Dotheboys Hall. It is usually held that the man whom Dickens had in mind in creating the character of Wackford Squeers was one William Shaw, who kept an "Academy" at Bowes, near Greta Bridge. Whether he was or not, it is certain that Shaw was one of a group of so-called "instructors of youths," who kept establishments in this remote region, whereat unfortunate boys were carefully kept out of the way of unnatural parents or unwilling guardians. What sort of "schools" these were may easily be gathered from the following advertisement, which appeared in the *Norfolk Chronicle* in 1775 :—

"A Boarding School at Stairforth, near Barnard Castle, Yorkshire. *Youths* are made proficient in the languages as well as sciences, by *Warcup Kirkebride* and assistants. The pupils are boarded, cloathed and supplied with all necessaries at Twelve Pounds per year each. For character and reputation and usage of the children, enquiry may be made of many genteel families in Norwich whose children are now educating, several of whose parents have been at the school in person."

Fed, clothed, lodged, and educated "in the languages as well as sciences" for twelve pounds a year! No wonder that *Nicholas Nickleby* resulted from Dickens's visit to this bit of Teesdale.

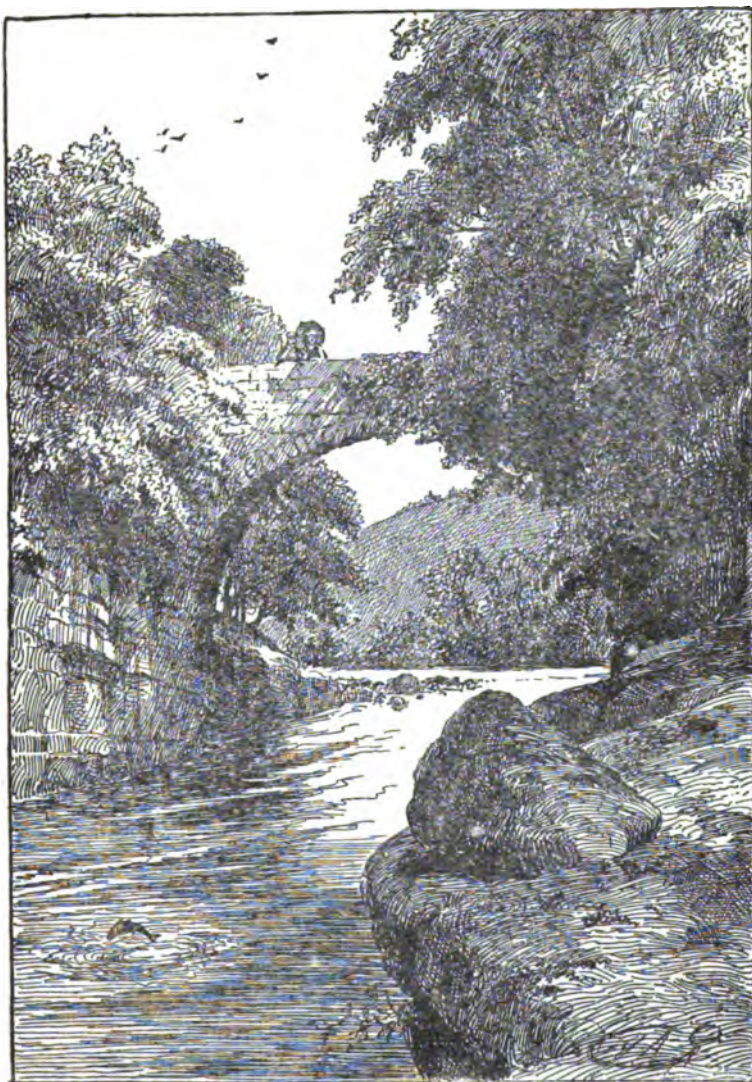
Fortunately Bowes has more to show than the remains and memories of the wretched child-torturing institutions of which it once had so many. It is not a particularly attractive place in itself, but it has historic and romantic associations. The ancient *Lavatrae* of the Roman occupation, it has some Roman remains, and its Norman castle, built by the Earl of Richmond, was erected on the site of the Roman stronghold. But Bowes, from the fact that important British remains (and notably six gold rings of some weight, discovered here in 1850) have been unearthed in it and its vicinity, was most probably a British settlement when the Romans arrived. At Rey Cross, just beyond the Westmorland border, on the Roman road which ran from Bowes to Brough, a battle is said to have been fought between Marius and one of the Pictish kings, and in this vicinity there are sufficient camps and settlements to show that it must have been well populated before the Romans penetrated into its stern wildness.

Apart from its associations with the Romans, the Normans, and Charles Dickens, Bowes has yet another—of the tenderly romantic kind. Here, in the churchyard, is the grave of Roger Wrightson and Martha Railton, two young people of the place, who were so passionately in love with each other that not even death could separate them. It is recorded in the parish register that he died of a fever, and that she, hearing the passing bell tolled for him, immediately exclaimed that her heart was broken, and herself expired within a few hours. This sad incident of Mallet's ballad, *Edwin and Emma*, is constantly quoted as an example of rare devotion.

Just as Charles Dickens is so closely associated with Greta Bridge, Bowes and Barnard Castle, so Sir Walter Scott

is with Rokeby, with the Mortham Tower close to the Greta, with Brignall Banks, and with the scenery around Eggleston Abbey. No one would class his poem *Rokeby* with *The Lay of the Last Minstrel*, or *The Lady of the Lake*, but it possesses a remarkable virtue in the wonderful fidelity which is exhibited in its descriptions of the scenery surrounding the domain from whence it derives its title. Never, perhaps, did the great "Magician of the North" take such pains to make himself thoroughly *au courant* with the characteristics of the scenes which he set himself to describe. Visiting Mr. Morritt at Rokeby for the first time in the summer of 1809, he seems to have fallen in love with the district at once. "It is," he says, writing to a friend, "one of the most enviable places I have ever seen, as it unites the richness and luxuriance of English vegetation with the romantic variety of glen, torrent and copse which dignifies our northern scenery." Sir Walter conceived the notion of writing a poem under the title of *Rokeby* two years later, and visited the place in 1812 in order to make further observations. He was not the only poet who admired Rokeby—it was a favourite haunt of William Mason's, the poet, and the biographer of Gray, who helped to plan a summer-house in the park, from whence there is a very fine view. In the house wherein these eminent men were entertained by a hospitable host there are some Roman remains and some art treasures, but the great treasure of all, the famous Venus of Velasquez, is now in the National Gallery, having been sold to the nation.

From Rokeby Park one may pass over the Dairy Bridge (under which, according to local tradition, the ghost of a headless lady, habited in floating silk, was once "in lonely durance pent" by ecclesiastical power until a flood partly swept the bridge away) to the high ground on the opposite side of the Greta, crowned by the square peel known as Mortham Tower, the name being that of a family which held these lands previous to the family of Rokeby. The



Dairy Bridge, Rokeby.

and yet striking in the very loneliness of its situation. Originally founded as a house of Premonstratensian Canons about the end of the twelfth century, scarcely anything is known of its history, and apart from its picturesque position and setting, its chief interest lies in its connection with *Rokeby*, wherein it figures as the scene of the death of Wilfrid in the last canto of Sir Walter Scott's poem. There are still, however, several tombstones in the ruins which are well worth seeing, and amongst them one which is marked with a hand grasping a crozier, and is probably that of one of the abbots.

III.—ROUND ABOUT BARNARD CASTLE.

The quaint old market town which forms a gateway to Upper Teesdale, and has grown up in the course of centuries around the formidable stronghold built early in the twelfth century by Barnard or Bernard, one of the family of Baliol, is often spoken of by its own inhabitants as "the last place God made," but for what reason it is difficult for the stranger to see. It occupies a remarkably fine position in the midst of a picturesque and healthy country; its castle is one of the most striking ruins in the North; it contains several ancient houses and historic places which one would not willingly miss; and it has several associations of an interesting nature. Approached either from Darlington by the Durham side of the Tees, or from Richmond by way of Greta Bridge on the Yorkshire side, it presents a romantic appearance which gives good promise of the various beauties of Teesdale which lie beyond. To the tourist who desires a good centre it provides excellent facilities for visiting Rokeby, Upper Teesdale and Raby, and has a direct service with the towns across the Westmorland border, which carries travellers through fine and bold scenery.

When the Baliol family foreswore allegiance to Edward I. at the end of the thirteenth century, Barnard Castle was

bestowed upon the Earls of Warwick, and in due time it passed into the hands of the Crown again by the marriage of Anne, daughter of Warwick, the king-maker, by her marriage to the much-discussed prince who was eventually Richard III. It was Crown property at the time of the Rising of the North, when it was besieged by the rebel Earls of Northumberland and Westmorland, and defended by Sir George Bowes. It underwent yet another siege during the Civil War, when Sir Henry Vane garrisoned it for the Royalists. That it must have been a formidable stronghold ere it fell upon evil days is evident from the remains and from their situation. It stands upon a rocky promontory, considerably over a hundred feet above the Tees; and on the north side was protected by the Percy Beck, and on the north and east by an artificial ditch. Mr. Clark, in his work on Mediæval Military Architecture, speaks of the keep as "one of the finest, though not largest, round towers in England." It was from the summit of this tower that Sir Walter Scott viewed the magnificent prospect which prompted one of the most famous of the many fine descriptions of scenery in Rokeby, and impelled him to bestow upon "proud Barnard's bannered walls" the title of "Sovereign of the lovely vale."

The parish church of Barnard Castle, though restored in modern times, contains some remains of the Norman and Perpendicular styles of architecture, and a stone figure of Robert of Mortham, Vicar of Gainford, a village on the Darlington road, in the fourteenth century. The oldest specimen of architecture in the town, next to church and castle, is the old house in the main street known as Blagroves, a quaint structure in which Oliver Cromwell is said to have lodged when he was in this district. Of a considerable antiquity, too, is the King's Head Inn, whereat Charles Dickens put himself up in 1838, when he came down to the North on his crusade against the Yorkshire schools. Though he only stayed in the house two nights—February



Barnard Castle.



1st and 2nd—he made good use of his time, not only getting the material he wanted, but making the acquaintance of the man whose name he afterwards used in the title of *Master Humphrey's Clock*. He must also have carried away very pleasant and cheerful recollections of the ale at the King's Head—readers of Dickens will remember the pathetic passage in which poor Newman Noggs takes farewell of Nicholas Nickleby, when the latter is starting out with Wackford Squeers and his unhappy cargo of shivering childhood from the Saracen's Head Inn, and of his counselling him if he should ever be in Barnard Castle to call in at the King's Head and taste the ale. They won't charge him for it, he adds, if Nicholas mentions his name—he was a gentleman once.

Two modern buildings of considerable size, and of some architectural pretensions, confront the ancient things in Barnard Castle—one, the North Eastern County School, an educational establishment of much importance; the other, the Bowes Museum, presented to the town by the Countess of Montalbo and her husband, Mr. John Bowes, of Streatlam Castle. This, a building in the style of the French Renaissance, forms a prominent landmark from several points on the Yorkshire side of the Tees. It houses several excellent examples of the art of such old masters as Murillo, Fra Angelico and Velasquez, with many of the modern English and Dutch schools, together with some fine Dresden and Sevres china, and a good collection of objects of vertu.

Two places of much interest lying to the north-east of the Tees at this point should certainly be visited while the traveller is at Barnard Castle—one Raby Castle, the seat of Lord Barnard; the other, Staindrop Church. It is odd that Defoe, in his account of his journeyings through England, should speak of Raby as being “nothing remarkable,” for it was then and had been for a few centuries one of the finest places in the North. The home of the Nevilles (who held it on condition of paying the Prince

Bishop of Durham £5, together with a stag, on September 18th, St. Cuthbert's Day, every year), it was a good example of the old feudal house. It is said that seven hundred knights, all retainers of the Nevilles, used to dine together in the great hall, and it is matter of history that in that hall one of the meetings of the disaffected Catholics was held—1569—whereat the complaints were ventilated which speedily resulted in the Rising of the North. That rising cost the Nevilles their castle and lands, and some of them their heads, and it is well known that within forty years of that time certain descendants of the family were in want. Lands and castle were eventually bought by the Vanes, one of whom, Sir Henry, entertained Charles I. here, and was rewarded in several ways by that monarch, only to be deprived, like the Nevilles, of everything, when he sided with the Parliament against Strafford. It was not until the reign of William III. that the Vanes were firmly settled here, and the then head of the family created Lord Barnard. There are still associations at Raby with the Nevilles, for some of the tenants on the estate can trace an unbroken line of occupancy through father to son for several centuries, and in Staindrop Church, just outside the park, the chief objects of interest are the Neville monuments.

IV.—FROM BARNARD CASTLE TO THE WESTMORLAND BORDER.

North-west of Barnard Castle the scenery which surrounds the Tees becomes wilder and more varied in character. The Tees itself is in its higher stretches found hemmed in by rocky walls of fantastic shape, and at last falling in awe-striking sublimity over great shelves of limestone. Beyond Middleton-in-Teesdale the land becomes something of a solitude, rising into high moors and fells which, as one nears the border, approximate to mountainous heights. The railway crosses Bowes Moor and Stainmore on its way

to Kirkby Stephen, westward from Barnard Castle, and there is a line as far as Middleton from the same point, but when one is once out of the beaten track of road or rail in the wilds and on the heights of Lune Forest or Cronkley Fell one is practically in a desert land, with nothing but an occasional shepherd or a startled group of mountain sheep for company. There is a good story told hereabouts of a Southerner who, happening to find himself in these solitudes in company with a farmer, enquired of him how many sheep it was customary thereabouts to allow to an acre. "Eh! mon," replied the farmer, "thoo begins at t' wrang end—thoo shouldst ask hoo many acres gans ti a sheep!"—a reply which well characterises the heathery and limestone-y aspect of the land on these far-off heights.

However, before drawing too near to the border there are certain Tees-side villages which should be seen on the way between Barnard Castle and Middleton-in-Teesdale. There is Lartington (a most convenient place from whence to see the two remarkable viaducts by which the railway is carried, one over the Tees—730 feet long, 140 high—the other over Deepdale—the same length, but 20 feet higher), where there is picturesque scenery and a mansion, Lartington Hall, which contains an excellent geological museum and some fine pictures. Then there is Cotherstone, at the junction of the Balder with the Tees, where there was a small castle, some fragments of which remain on a knoll above the rivers. There are several things of note about Cotherstone. It is one of the places where the body of St. Cuthbert is reputed to have rested before it finally settled once and for all at Durham; its people are nearly all of the persuasion of William Penn and George Fox; and it is famous, if not all over the world, at any rate as far as London, for the excellence of the cheese which is manufactured in the dairies of its farmhouses. On the moor above the village is a stone, called the Butterstone, whereat a market was once held during a time of plague, and near



High Force, Teesdale.

it is a farmstead, once a school whereat Richard Cobden was at one time a pupil. It is said of this village that once upon a time the folk were so irreverent and Godless as to christen calves in open contempt of the sacrament of baptism, and that hence sprang up a derisive saying—"Cotherstone, where they christen calves, hopple louns and kneeband spiders." "To hopple a loup" means to tie the legs of a flea together; "to kneeband a spider" is not so easy of explanation. There are things to see and hear at Romaldkirk, a neighbouring village, of a different sort. Its old church, the most notable on the Yorkshire bank of the Tees, contains some of the most remarkable ecclesiastical features in the county, and is the *only* church in England dedicated to St. Romald. The village itself is exceedingly pretty, and is one of the few remaining in the North wherein one finds an old village green with its characteristic features.

Middleton-in-Teesdale, where the line ends and the traveller enters the solitudes on foot—if he really means to go into the heart of things—is a mining town, the centre of the lead-mining industry. It is chiefly notable to the traveller as the point from whence he must make his way to the famous waterfall of High Force, a few miles further along the valley. The most convenient road to High Force (where, it may well be pointed out, there is an hotel) is on the Durham side of the river, which from this point onwards is perpetually falling into miniature cataracts and over shelvings of its rocky bed. It grows wilder and more turbulent in character as High Force is reached, and long before this really fine and impressive waterfall comes in sight its roar becomes stupendous. Few English scenes of the same character impress one so much as this when it is finally revealed to the eye in all its grandeur. Here, rushing between high walls of frowning rock, the Tees flings itself with thunderous sound in a vast mass of foaming water some seventy feet into a deep basin worn out of the limestone below. It is a sight to watch with awe and

fascination, and its surroundings are as remarkable as the fall itself.

Beyond this point westward all is river, crag, moor and fell. One can get ponies at the hotel at High Force, or at the little inn at Langdon, near which the three counties of Yorkshire, Durham and Westmorland meet. On these or on Shanks's mare one can explore Mickelfell, visit Cauldron Snout, and make acquaintance with Cronkley Scarr and High Cup Nick—all belonging to the Grand Things of Nature. But let it be remembered that they all lie out of the Beaten Tracks, and should be visited with as much Discrimination and Forethought as with Anticipation and Enthusiasm.



CHAPTER II.

The Wear, from Chester-le-Street to its Source.

THOSE unfortunate people whose only knowledge of the historic County of Durham (once a County Palatine under the governance of an ecclesiastical prince whose rule was little short of regal) is gained from the windows of a swift railway train, whirling its way from South to North, or North to South, can form little idea of what it really can show in the way of beauty. True, they get a glimpse of Durham and its glorious cathedral as they sweep past the ancient city in which St. Cuthbert's bones are enshrined, and are doubtless minded to linger there at the next opportunity. But most of the journey from Darlington to the northern border of the county lies through a region made dreary by coal pits, long, dismal rows of colliers' houses, much smoke and more dirt, together with an atmosphere, physical and mental, which suggests the worst features of modern industrialism. No greater mistake, however, could be made than to suppose that the county has nothing to show in the way of ancient ruins, fine river scenery and heath-clad moor. Away from the coal-field districts it has

abundance of each, and even on the edge of the industrial area there are places and scenes of great interest in various ways. It is emphatically a county to be visited and explored.

No better way of seeing what one may call the heart of Durham can be found than by commencing a tour of the River Wear in the neighbourhood of Chester-le-Street, following it southward to the cathedral city from which the county takes its name, thence southward still to Bishop Auckland, and from that point westward through Weardale to the sources of the river under Kilhope Law in the wild country of the Cumberland border. Such an expedition leads the traveller past storied castles, churches and ancient houses, through St. Cuthbert's city itself, by pastoral stretches which make pleasant comparison with the slag heaps of the mining districts a few miles away, and finally through moorland scenery which increases in wildness until the mountains are reached. It has the advantage—all-important to the tourist—of infinite variety.

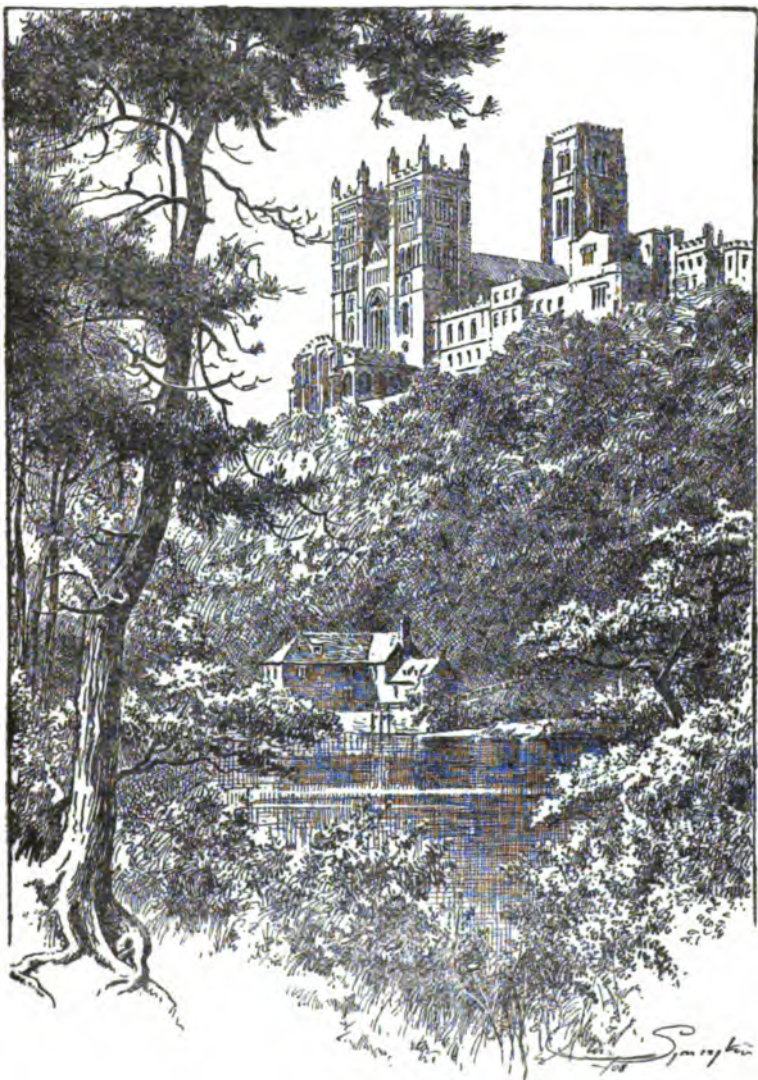
At Chester-le-Street one is immediately in touch with the long-dead days. As its name implies it was a Roman station, a half-way house, as it were, between *Vinorium* (Binchester) and *Pons Ælii* (Newcastle). It was a place of importance then, and still a place of importance in Saxon days. To the shelter of its cathedral the monks of Lindisfarne brought the body of St. Cuthbert when they fled before the marauding Danes, and here that much-carried-about body rested until another Danish attack necessitated its removal to Ripon. That early cathedral church was of wood; on its site a stone church was begun about the middle of the twelfth century; the present church has considerable portions of it—what is not of it was added during the next three centuries. It is one of the most interesting churches in the county, remarkable for its antiquity and for its monuments, amongst which is an effigy of St. Cuthbert, said to have at one time surmounted his tomb.

From Chester-le-Street two of the principal country houses in Durham may easily be visited—Lumley Castle, the seat of the Earl of Scarbrough, and Lambton Castle, the seat of the Earl of Durham. Lumley Castle is well placed above the Wear, and has been modernized, but it presents a somewhat mediæval appearance because of the style of its architecture. Here, in the great hall, a noble apartment of considerable size, with a gallery for minstrels at its west end, is a striking series of portraits of the Lumleys and a statue of their ancestor, Lyulph, mounted on a red charger. The Lumley family goes back into the very mists of ages, and there is a good story told in connection with the castle and King James I., who, visiting the Lumley of that day in his ancestral halls, was so bored by an account of the family pedigree that he begged the narrator to stop, remarking with his usual dry humour that "by his saul" he had not till then known that Adam was a Lumley.

At Lambton Castle (where there are some good examples of Sir Joshua Reynolds and Sir Thomas Lawrence) one finds a situation somewhat similar to that of Lumley, and a modernized house occupying the site of an ancient one which fell into decay chiefly through the falling in of a neighbouring coal-pit. Here one comes across another of the "worm" or "serpent" tales which are not uncommon in the North of England. According to the chroniclers, one of the Lambtons of bygone years was wicked enough to make a practice of fishing on Sundays, and on one occasion, following his naughty pursuits in the Wear, he hooked a worm, which, being too small fish for him, he carelessly threw aside into a well. Here the worm grew and fattened exceedingly until the well became too small for it, whereupon it forsook its quarters and took to the Wear, where it spent most of the day coiled around a certain outstanding rock, spending the rest similarly coiled around the eminence now known as Worm Hill. It naturally became the terror of the countryside, and levied heavy toll on human life.

But meanwhile the youthful Lambton, having repented himself of his naughtiness and gone to the Holy Wars to purge his offence, came home and decided to slay the monster which he had drawn from the Wear. Consulting a certain wise woman of the neighbourhood, she promised him victory over the worm on condition that he would slay the first living thing he met thereafter. Accepting this condition, he covered himself with mail harness wherein was set sharp blades, and repaired to the rock where the worm lay coiled. The worm immediately transferred its embraces to him and cut itself to pieces through their warmth. Unfortunately, the first person Lambton met after this sanguinary encounter was his own father, and rather than slay him he once more repaired to the wise woman, who let him off his original condition, but prophesied that as a result of his breaking it, no head of the Lambton family would die in his bed for nine generations. As the Lambtons of that day were much more inclined to die out of their beds than in them this terrible threat had no terrors for either father or son, who doubtless went home laughing in their sleeves. A very neat fable of the ancient sort this—and no doubt intended for the edification of youths who showed an inclination to go a-fishing on forbidden days.

There is more legend of the good old monkish sort associated with Finchale Priory, the ruins of which are most romantically situated in a wooded valley in a bend of the Wear, a few miles north of Durham. Hither, about the beginning of the twelfth century, came one Godric, a monk of Lindisfarne, who was minded, being a man of most austere spirit, to live apart in the desert. Like most men who do such things he had sore trials. He was, of course, tempted by evil spirits. Then he found the valley swarming with serpents, whom he, no doubt thinking of the example of the blessed St. Patrick, exorcised and made to flee. After that wolves came down upon him, but went away, probably considering there was nothing on him beyond



Durham Cathedral.

the skin which covered his weary bones. Then he fell into what his monkish chroniclers call *lacus bitumenalis*, which one may reasonably suppose to have been some disused coal-mine. Persevering in spite of all these misfortunes he was visited by the Blessed Virgin and St. Mary Magdalen, who brought him that divine canticle, the words and music of which are preserved to this very day. And here, having cleared out the serpents, and frightened certain predatory Scots by drowning one of their band in the river, he built himself, forty years after his first coming, a church, which in time was greatly enlarged and became the centre of a priory, which in its day gave two bishops to the see of Durham. But one wonders what St. Godric would have said of the last prior of Finchale? For he, William Bennet, being relieved of his monastic duties at the time of the Dissolution, incontinently took unto himself a wife, and thereby set an example which, it is said, the monks formerly under his charge were not slow to follow.

It is, of course, as impossible to speak fully of Durham and its magnificent cathedral within circumscribed limits as of York, or Ripon, or Beverley. Of each, of all of these four places, as of all towns and cities overshadowed by one of our great English minsters, whole volumes have been written without exhausting the subject—all that one can do in a few words is to endeavour to give those who have never visited such cities or towns some reason why they should do so. Durham, in a certain sense, is unique amongst English cathedral cities. Situated in a most romantic position in the centre of a district which on its south and east sides is chiefly smoke-blackened and monotonous of aspect, it presents itself as an oasis in a desert, a gem sparkling in the midst of a bed of dull pebbles. It is impossible to describe in mere words the beauty of Durham Cathedral as seen from the opposite side of the river near the Prebends' Bridge. There is no other scene in England of its exact class—the brown river; the high, richly-wooded

cliff; the solemn, magnificent masses of gabled and towered masonry rising high above river and rock and tree; the shifting lights and shadows playing about the fortress-like grandeur of the west end, and changing its colour from an ashen-grey to a rich red gold; the air of sanctity, of antiquity, of that curious and ineffable peace which is never found anywhere as it is around and over our great cathedrals—these things make Durham a dream of delight.

Like many another fair city in England, Durham owes all its fame to its ecclesiastical influence. The city itself is of no importance as a manufacturing or a business centre; its value amongst English towns rests in the noble pile of buildings on the bold promontory which the Wear almost surrounds, and in which are comprised the Castle, the Cathedral and the University. One must go back to the generally received monastic traditions as to how this promontory came to be so dignified. In the seventh century there was resident in the monastery of Lindisfarne a monk named Cuthbert, a man of such piety and well-ordered life that he attained high ecclesiastical rank and became bishop, though only under extreme pressure from the great folk of those parts. He was buried at Lindisfarne, and when, in 875, the Danes landed on the Northumbrian coast on one of their many marauding expeditions, and the monks had to flee before them, they carried his body with them, and set out on what was destined to be one of the most remarkable wanderings ever chronicled. Always bearing the holy man's body, the devoted company traversed strange solitudes. One hears of them endeavouring to find a port from whence they might embark for Ireland; one hears of them at Melrose, in Scotland; still later, at Crayke, in Yorkshire. At Chester-le-Street the body found peace for a time, but the Danes again appeared, and the monks who had it in charge (all those who originally carried it away were dead and gone by this time) fled with it to Ripon. This was in 995, when Ripon itself was in no very secure

state, and one hears of the monks of Chester-le-Street soon retracing their steps towards the North, and wondering, doubtless, where they were going to find a home for themselves and a lasting shrine for the holy body which they carried with them. This question St. Cuthbert settled for them. Coming in their journey to "a high place," now believed to be Warden Law, the bier or coffin in which the remains lay became immovable—"no human power could lift it." For three days and nights the poor monks fasted and prayed, seeking for guidance, at the end of which period it was revealed to one of their number, Eadmar, that the saint must be buried once and for all at the place called Dunholme. However, they were no wiser, for not a man amongst them had ever heard of such a place. But at that time they encountered a woman who was asking of such as she met if they had seen aught of her cow, which had strayed, and heard one answer her that it had been seen at Dunholme. And following the woman to this place—the saint's body being now agreeable to further progress—they deposited their precious burden on the heights above the winding Wear, and hastened to build a church over it. That first church was of wattled boughs, but the body was soon removed to one of stone, over which as the centuries wore on rose the magnificent structure which men may see from all the land around.

And what a church it is, this great poem in stone, rising so proudly above the brown Wear! And how impossible to speak in a word or two of the glories which it contains—of its magnificent Norman nave, the finest in England; of the Galilee, which seems to overhang the brawling river far beneath; of the choir, with its magnificent altar-screen; of the Feretory, beneath which St. Cuthbert's bones lie under the spot where formerly his shrine, once the most ornate in the kingdom, stood; of the chapel of the Nine Altars, wherein lie buried two of the most famous mediæval bishops of Durham—Richard de Bury, Lord High Chancellor

of England and author of *The Love of Books*, and Anthony Beck, who was also Patriarch of Jerusalem and King of the Isle of Man; and of all the thousand and one details of architecture, "storied windows richly dight," and monuments to the illustrious dead which crowd upon one in nave and choir and transepts. Many of our great English cathedrals have not over much to show; Durham is a veritable mine of richness, from the grotesque Sanctuary knocker at the north doorway to the last of the rare manuscripts in the library.

It is just as impossible to describe in limited space the enormous power which the prince bishops of this see exercised from their castle-palace in the old days. That commanding edifice, occupied by the bishops until 1833, when it was given up to the University of Durham, just then founded, was in reality the seat of government of all the land 'twixt Tees and Tyne, which district, in contradistinction to all other English counties, was not known as a county, but as the Bishopric of Durham. Within this widespread area all successive occupants of the see held temporal power (gradually shorn of its glories from 1530 to 1836, when it was abolished) in the matter of law; their spiritual power spread still further, extending over Northumberland, until the bishopric of Newcastle was created in 1881. In mediæval days the temporal power was naturally at its height—one reads of Anthony Beck going to the wars in Scotland followed by 140 knights, 26 standard bearers, 500 horse and 1,000 foot, all marching under the banner of the blessed St. Cuthbert. And at the battle of Flodden Field it was the army of the Prince Bishop who fought in the van of the English forces. One occupant of the see there was to whom, one would have thought, such a chance of wielding a sceptre scarcely less powerful than a king's would have appealed with peculiar force—Thomas Wolsey. It is one of the many strange problems of this strange man's strange life that during the six years of his

occupancy (or, rather, his enjoyment of the revenues) of the see, he never even crossed its borders.

In and about the quiet courtyards and cloistered shades of the castle and the cathedral, and along the banks of the river which winds at the foot of the great promontory which they crown, one quickly forgets that within a very short distance the surrounding land is honeycombed with coal-mines and grey with smoke. To stand on the Prebends' Bridge on an afternoon of early summer, to watch the shadows in the dreaming Wear, to see the sunlight gild the towers high above the tall trees on the slopes which descend from the Galilee, is to catch glimpses of an earthly paradise. It is a pity that the whole of the City of Durham is not as beautiful as the immediate surroundings of its cathedral, but those surroundings are so perfect in themselves and so unique of their kind that they form sufficient recollection of the place for ever, encouraging a desire at the same time to return again—and again. For Durham and the Wear, given a blue sky and bright sunshine, make a dream of beauty.

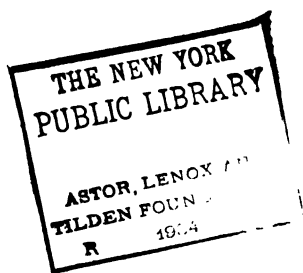
Southward from Durham, going towards Bishop Auckland, the Wear will be found traversing a district in which, although the unsightly coal-mines and colliery villages are somewhat in evidence in it, there is much to see that is picturesque and interesting. There is Brancepeth Castle, another of the Neville strongholds, from whence the recusant army set out upon that ill-fated expedition, the Rising of the North. Near it is the very old church of St. Brandon, full of remarkable features, and notable for a beautifully carved choir-screen of the fifteenth century, and an oak register chest of the fourteenth. Here are the effigies, carved in black oak and placed before the altar, of Ralph, second Earl of Westmorland, and his wife. Somewhat southward of Brancepeth is Whitworth, the seat of the family of Shafto, of one of whom, the Bonnie Bobbie Shafto of the ballad, there is here preserved a portrait, which shows



49.—STANHOPE.

50.—DURHAM CASTLE AND CATHEDRAL.

51.—BURTREE WATERFALL, WEARHEAD.



him to have been both "bright and fair," and to have had the "yellow hair" of which that famous rhyme tells. There are several other interesting facts in connection with the country hereabouts. At Old Park, Gray, the author of the famous *Elegy*, used to visit his friend Dr. Wharton; at Binchester, the *Vinorium* of the Roman itinerary, there are still some remains in excellent preservation; at Escomb is a most remarkable little church, which very much resembles some of the earliest churches in Ireland, and seems to date from, at nearest, the eighth century; and at Pollard's Lands, an outlying part of Bishop Auckland, one comes across another variation of the "worm" legend. It is said that here one Pollard slew a venomous serpent or dragon, and that the then bishop rewarded him with a gift of as much land as he could ride around while his lordship dined.

There is little to see in Bishop Auckland, but in close proximity to it stands Auckland Castle, the modern residence of the Bishops of Durham (and the only one left to them of the fourteen houses and castles which they once possessed), a finely situated structure, occupying a commanding position in a park of considerable dimensions. It was originally one of the quietest of the many rural retreats which the prelates possessed, and did not come into prominence as an episcopal residence until after the Restoration, when Bishop Cosin (1660-1672), famous as a restorer, rebuilt it almost entirely. Parts of it, however, go back to Norman times. Its great feature is its chapel, a fine structure in which several bishops are buried, but the drawing-room is interesting in scarcely less degree because of its gallery of portraits of the occupants of the see from some centuries back.

In the neighbourhood of Bishop Auckland the Wear is found descending from the north-west, and as one follows it towards its source one finds oneself escaping from the coal-mining districts, though there are certainly lead mines and stone quarries in evidence. But the valley begins to be well wooded and the scenery more striking as one

advances westward. Several of the places on the river are interesting. At Witton-le-Wear was an ancient castle of the Eures; at Wolsingham, St. Godric of Finchale (tired, no doubt, of his serpents) once spent three years in company with a hermit who was surrounded by wolves; at Stanhope one finds oneself in the capital of the district and in Wear-dale proper. Stanhope is a place of note; it has had at least two famous churchmen as rectors—Butler, author of the *Analogy*, and Bishop Phillpotts ("Henry of Exeter")—and the annual value of the living was at one time £8,000. North of the town, ranging over the wide stretch of moorland now called Stanhope Common, was the great hunting park of the bishops of Durham, wherein they rode forth with hawk or hound. This stretch of land is nowadays little less of a solitude than in their time. Although there are now railway facilities as far as Wearhead, the dale is as wild and solitary as those of the west of Yorkshire. But whoever cares to follow it, and to climb to the high ground above the sources of the Wear, will be amply compensated by the wide stretches of scenery spread out before him. ✓



CHAPTER III.

The Durham Coast.

THE coast line between Tees and Tyne is much more interesting than it is beautiful, though it is by no means without its charms, which, like those of a capricious mistress, are often betrayed when they are least expected. For a considerable part of its somewhat lengthy extent it is very flat—flat as Holderness and quite as monotonous, but just as Holderness is redeemed by certain qualities, so the Durham coast is saved from dulness at its southern extremity by the denes—miniature valleys—which run into it, each intersected by its stream; by the various watering-places, all very modern, which occur at intervals; by the near neighbourhood, inland, of some interesting place or ancient house; and—chiefly—by the presence of its seaports, all of considerable importance. It is, in short, a coast-line which gives itself much more to industry than to pleasure, and the man who has a *penchant* for studying the rise of such towns as Hartlepool, Sunderland and South Shields, will derive more enjoyment from his acquaintance with it than the mere seeker after amusement will. At the same time, it must be remembered that, like some of the uninviting stretches of the Yorkshire and Lincolnshire coasts, it presents a full front to the ozone-permeated breezes of

the North Sea, and makes up by its health-giving properties what it may lack to one person in interest and to another in beauty.

The country which lies immediately above the mouth of the Tees, north of Port Clarence, is chiefly remarkable for the fact that it is usually canopied over by the smoke which pours out of the great iron and steel works which make this modern centre of industry a worthy cousin to Middlesbrough across the river. There is nothing on the coast at this stretch, and little in the agricultural land which runs down to it, to attract anybody—indeed, there is scarcely anything to look at except the distant Cleveland Hills, rising refreshingly to the southward. Inland, however, at Greatham, there is something for the archæologist to see in the ancient hospital founded by Robert Stichill, Bishop of Durham (1260-1274), in 1272, and dedicated by him to Almighty God, St. Mary and St. Cuthbert. It was originally intended to accommodate five poor priests, two clerks and forty poor lay-brothers, but during the reign of James I. it was reconstituted as a hospital for thirteen poor unmarried men. There are some interesting remnants in the chapel, and amongst them the tomb of Dr. Sparke, the only bishop who ever took his title from the town of Berwick-upon-Tweed.

At Seaton Carew one encounters the first of the Durham seaside resorts—a quaint little place, rather unique of its sort, seeing that it differs from most modern watering-places in the fact that it is a village of antiquity, built around an undoubted village green, one side of which is left open to the sea. Here one is really at the northern point of the mouth of the Tees, and from the promontory called Seaton Snook, southward of Seaton Carew, projects a huge breakwater, which runs out into the sea towards that projecting from the Yorkshire bank north of Redcar. Between the two shores lie vast sandbanks, which for centuries have been rich in cockles, in gathering which the coast-folk have

always found a steady occupation. There is a story told by Surtees in his History of the County Palatinate of Durham, of a poor man of Greatham who, pursuing this calling, was, one evening, unexpectedly surrounded by the tide upon a narrow sandbank. "He selected the highest spot," says the narrator, "on which he placed his *leap* (a wicker-basket carried on the shoulder in shrimping), and fixing his shrimping pole, with the net downwards, to give the pole as sure a purchase as he could, he mounted his basket and held by the pole. The tide soon covered his feet, and gradually flowed as high as his middle. After three hours he thought he saw the water begin to fall; but in a few minutes a breeze sprang up, and the tide flowed again six or seven inches. The tide, however, was falling, and he remained on his sandbank till he was relieved by the fishing boats in the morning. His situation . . . was two miles from the Durham coast and three from Yorkshire . . . with the wide ocean full in front. . . . He said it was an awful sight to look over the waters. . . ."

The Hartlepoons—Hartlepool and West Hartlepool—are interesting as being in certain respects the very antithesis of each other. Hartlepool is as old as the hills; West Hartlepool is in a class with Middlesbrough and Goole as regards what some unthinking and unfeeling people would call mushroom growth. Hartlepool was a place of at any rate some importance when William the Conqueror came into these parts; West Hartlepool had no importance within the memory of living men. What it lacked sixty years ago, however, it has made up for since with all the insistence and vigour of a healthy infant which means to lose no time in growing up. No one who looks around West Hartlepool to-day, with its great docks, its immense trade in coal and timber, its mighty warehouses bursting with grain and provisions, would ever believe that in 1845 it consisted of nothing more than a few cottages. Yet, as the Americans would say, that is so—and that it is so is

one more striking example of what human foresight and human perseverance can accomplish. In this particular case the foresight came from the late Mr. R. W. Jackson, who seems to have had something of the eye of a seer. He planned and brought into being a harbour and a dock (1847), which were followed by other docks in 1852, 1853, and 1855. In eight years, then, what had been sand and meadow was transformed into a bustling seaport. What has been done since then during a busy half-century a superficial examination of the town will show. The best commentary on the progress of the place lies in the fact that it received its charter of incorporation just forty years after the first dock was opened—an honour for which many a town has waited for centuries.

Hartlepool, or, as it is often called, East Hartlepool, to distinguish it from its bustling young neighbour, is naturally of much more interest to the archæologist and to the student of history, as well as to lovers of the picturesque, than West Hartlepool can ever pretend to be—at any rate for several centuries. Standing on a small promontory which juts out decisively into the North Sea, it occupies the finest position on the Durham coast, and the hook-like shape of the promontory, as it inclines southward, serves to form a natural harbour which was no doubt taken advantage of in times of which we have lost all record. As regards the derivation of the name of the town there has been much controversy. The arms of the town show a hart standing in a pool of water, and that there must have been at some pre-historic time a mighty forest here, inhabited by deer of great size, is proved by the frequent discoveries in the neighbourhood of large fossil trees and antlers of more than ordinary dimensions. But inland, at a short distance, is a small town—now no more than a village—called Hart, which was at one time the mother-parish of Hartlepool, and from this circumstance it seems probable that the town (whose name as we know it is first heard of in the twelfth century)

derived its name from it, being originally Hart-on-the-water or Hart-by-the-sea, or, as there is a lake here, Hart-on-the-lake, or mere, or pool. In Bede's chronicles it is spoken of as Heart-ea (Hornsea on the Holderness coast is certainly Horns-ea, not Horn-sea), which would seem to prove that in his time it was looked upon as *Hart-super-mare*.

The history of Hartlepool, from the time it comes into prominence under the name by which we know it, is full of life and movement. It appears to have been known as a port during the twelfth century, and it was in such harbourage as it then afforded that Hugh Pudsey, the ambitious and warlike Bishop of Durham, fitted out the magnificent ship in which he meant to accompany Richard Cœur de Lion to the Holy Wars. It received its first charter of privileges from King John, who bestowed upon its burgesses the right to hold a market. During the thirteenth century, Robert Bruce (to whose ancestor William the Conqueror had given it as part of the manor of Hart, and who at this time was laying claim to the Scottish Crown, afterwards worn by his son) fortified the town and made a harbour. During the next three centuries Hartlepool saw some strange changes in its ownership, but it remained chiefly in the hands of the Cliffords of Skipton, who, being always mixed up in some broil or other, were alternately deprived and dispossessed. The last Clifford to hold it was the famous George Clifford, third Earl of Cumberland, who spent so much of his fortune in furthering the interests of Queen Elizabeth at sea (he went nine voyages on her behalf, every one at his own expense), that he was obliged to sell many of his estates. Coming then into the possession of the Lumleys, of Lumley Castle, it remained in their holding for nearly two hundred years. It was held by the Scots for three years during the Civil War, and, according to the account which its historian, Gibson, gives of its defences, was doubtless left pretty much alone. The circuit of the wall (presumably that of Robert Bruce, further

improved during the centuries which had intervened) was strengthened by bastions, a breast wall and parapet, and there were ten towers to defend the haven. The great land-gate was probably defended by a moat and drawbridge; the other gateways and sallyports were strengthened as was usual in the military architecture of the period, and defended by turrets. All these defences were built of the magnesian limestone of the locality, and the wall was faced on each side by smooth squared stones. Of these fortifications the south wall is still in excellent preservation.

The finest monument of antiquity in Hartlepool is also one of the finest in the County of Durham—the church of St. Hilda, which occupies a bold position on an eminence above the town. Unfortunately, like many great churches of its class, it has suffered many vicissitudes. Originally a structure of great size and dignity of the style of the Transitional period, its chancel during the two centuries succeeding the Reformation was neglected and allowed to become ruinous, with the result that it was found necessary to dismantle it entirely in 1724. There now remains a nave, with aisles, a small part of the original chancel, and a tower at the west end, nearly eighty feet in height. There are some interesting effigies, brasses and monuments in the church, and in the wind-swept churchyard outside are several of those sea-flavoured epitaphs which one invariably meets in most seaside churchyards anywhere between Dover and Berwick.

Hartlepool in its pre-Norman days was associated with the epoch-making life of St. Hilda. Here, according to the Venerable Bede, there was founded about the middle of the seventh century a monastery called Hereteu (? Hart-ea), which was presided over by Bega, an Irishwoman who had taken the vows under the guidance of St. Aidan, and had already established religious houses at St. Bees in Cumberland and at Monkwearmouth. To her Hilda succeeded, and from Hereteu she set out in 658 with certain of her nuns



Marsden Rocks, South Shields.

to found the great abbey at Whitby which still bears her name, and is associated with so many great facts of English history. The monastery of Hereteu came to a tragic end during one of the frequent Danish forays, probably about the end of the ninth century. Over a thousand years later, workmen, preparing the foundations of modern houses in Hartlepool, chanced upon what was undoubtedly the graveyard of this Saxon monastery, and found the bones of Bega's and Hilda's nuns lying in rows, with their memorial stones above them, inscribed in Saxon or Runic characters. So easily does the kindly earth—a mere surface of it!—help men to bridge time over!

According to Sharp's History of Hartlepool, which was published in 1816, there used to be some curious customs in the old town, many of which, alas! have either fallen, or are rapidly falling, into disuse. Many of them bear a remarkable affinity to the customs of other places—some seem to have been peculiar to Hartlepool itself. Of the first class, the eating of fried peas ("carlings") on "Carling" Sunday; the wearing of palms on "Palm" Sunday; the burning of the Yule-log at Christmas; and the carrying of garlands of flowers before the coffins of young maidens, are common to several parts of England still; of the second, the ceremony of the "Stot" plough, in which an anchor is drawn by the fisher-folk through the town (on the Monday after the Feast of the Epiphany), and used to plough up the gardens of such as do not make gifts of money to the drawers, seems a purely local custom, as does also the method of selling fish on the beach, wherein the wares offered are set up at a price far exceeding their value and gradually lowered until some person cries "Het!" (obviously a diminutive of "I'll ha'e 't!") and secures them. Among the fisher-folk of Hartlepool until recent times—and no doubt in a certain degree to the present day—there existed—or exist—certain superstitions *only* common to people like themselves (*i.e.*, people who are brought *daily* into contact

with the elements in their most appalling forms, such as dwellers by the sea, amongst the mountains, or in similarly lonely situations), such as the seeing of apparitions before death, the hearing of voices in the wind or rain, and the belief that a dead man must be watched until he is finally committed to the tomb.

Hartlepool is certainly the most interesting place on the coast of Durham, and one feels the truth of this statement all the more when one comes to investigate the coast between it and Seaham (now served by a recently constructed extension of railway), which would be flat and featureless were it not for the many "denes" and "burns," most of them pleasantly watered and wooded, which run into it. But he is a lazy man who, traversing a coast like this (and one should never be little any coast, for there is always the eternal charm and witchery of the sea at its edge), cannot turn inland a mile or two to look at an old house, an ancient church, or a quaintly-situated village. Between Hartlepool and Seaham, all easily approached by rail or road, there are several places well worth visiting, and all within a few miles of each other and of the coast. There is Castle Eden, with its remains of a Saxon village, its beautiful "Dene," and its legend of the Devil and Gunner's Pool. There is Horden Hall, a fine example of later domestic architecture, with a wonderful chimney-piece and a grand old staircase. There is Easington, one of those delightful villages built round about a green, with an old church of which the famous Bernard Gilpin was once rector. And indeed, a little inland from the coast, there are a great many places and spots which are worth seeing, not forgetting the historic Warden Law, whereon the body of the blessed St. Cuthbert became immovable.

Seaham is chiefly remarkable for the fact that it is a remarkably busy manufacturing town and seaport, and that Lord Byron was married to Anne Isabella Milbanke in the drawing-room of her father's house there in 1815. The

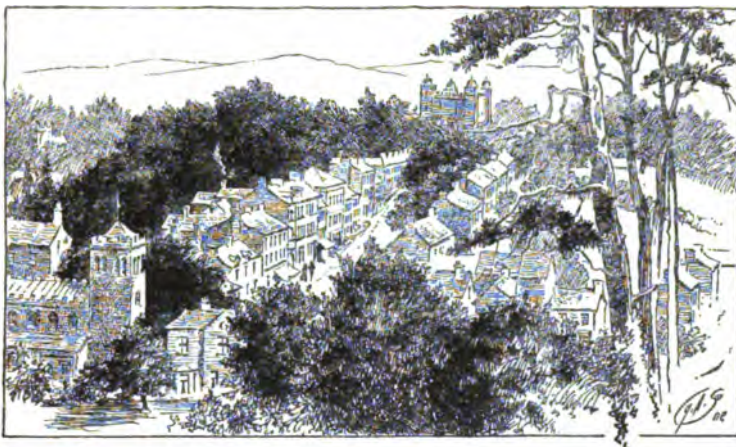
railway runs all along the coast from this point to Sunderland, where one comes once more into a confusing admixture of ancient and modern history. In Bishopwearmouth, Monkwearmouth and Sunderland, which between them (parts of the two first being here reckoned as wholes, after a convenient fashion) make up what is now commonly known as Sunderland, one hears the litanies of saints mingling with the crash of Royalist and Parliamentary cannon and with the perpetual shooting of coal into the ever-yawning holds of insatiable ships. Sunderland, in short, is one of those many products of this age—a precocious and very modern child with an ancient and somewhat lichen pedegree. There are ghosts of monks on the banks of the Wear at this, its outlet to the sea, but they are frowned upon by the great bridge which rises so high above the river that—seen from the river—it seems to touch the clouds. And yet, where all the toil and bustle of modern Sunderland hums in the ears of its people, there was once the quietude of the cloister; and where there are now somewhat mean and undistinguished streets (for it is not a beautiful town), the monks of Monkwearmouth looked from across the river upon the peaceful meadows fringed by the turbulent North Sea.

The story of the founding of the monastery of Monkwearmouth by St. Benedict Biscop is full of charm and even of romance, but much too lengthy and full of detail to be written of within narrow limits. All that one can say here is that its church was one of the first of *stone* structures in the North; that it was built by workmen specially brought over from France; that it was rich in stained glass; and that its decorations and ornaments were brought from as far afield as Rome itself. It must have been a source of great wonder and delight to the folk of its first days, who until then had known little of ecclesiastical architecture. Of its remains there still exist the west porch and west wall, and (in the vestry of the restored edifice) a

stone which is held on good authority to be the actual monument of the founder. These remnants of the seventh century are all that Monkwearmouth can show that is not glaringly modern. Nor is there anything striking to see in Sunderland, nor many associations connected with it, except that it figured somewhat in the Civil War. There are certain interesting features in the parish church of Bishopwearmouth, but this district is now entirely given over to industrialism, and has become one of the most important trading centres in the kingdom.

The last stretch of the Durham coast-line, though flanking a country in which the coal-mine is still very much in evidence, is somewhat more interesting than the first, because it is more broken up and diversified. There is an absence of the "denes" which are so conspicuous further south, but at Marsden Rocks one comes across the nearest approach to cliff scenery which the coast can show. Here is one rock, nearly a hundred yards from the foot of the cliffs, of a formation something similar to those at Flamborough Head, arched sufficiently to allow of a boat passing through it at high water, and there are deep caverns in the cliffs above. Along this is the highest ground along the Durham coast—Cleadow Hill. From its heights, looking northward, one sees the mouth of the Tyne, the northern boundary of the county, lying, as the Tees does on the south, under a canopy of grey, curling smoke.

IN
WESTMORLAND AND CUMBERLAND.



CHAPTER I.

The River Eden and its Tributaries.

THE River Eden, which rises on the wild, mountainous heights that separate Westmorland from Yorkshire, and not very far from the sources of the River Ure, transects some of the finest landscape in the North of England as it winds northward to its outlet in Solway Frith. Not only is its course directed through beautiful country, well-wooded and pastoral, and overhung by hills of pleasing form and considerable height, but also past some of the most historic of north-country towns, some of the most romantic of ancient towers and castles, and some of the finest of our country seats. By following the Eden from source to sea, and by making a digression here and there along its principal tributaries, one may make acquaintance with Appleby, with Penrith, with Carlisle; with the old castles of Pendragon and Brougham, and the modern ones of Lowther and Corby; with pre-historic remains such as Long Meg and her Daughters; and, in the valley of the Croglin, with river

scenery of an unrivalled nature. Few English rivers of similar length have so much charming scenery in close proximity to their banks as this, as Wordsworth confesses in a sonnet written soon after he made a proper acquaintance with the river :—

"Eden! till now thy beauty had I viewed
By glimpses only, and confess with shame
That verse of mine, whate'er its varying mood,
Repeats but once the sound of thy sweet name :
Yet fetched from Paradise that honour came,
Rightfully borne : for Nature gives thee flowers
That have no rival among British bowers,
And thy bold rocks are worthy of their fame.
Measuring thy course, fair Stream! at length I pay
To my life's neighbour dues of neighbourhood ;
But I have traced thee on thy winding way,
With pleasure sometimes by this thought restrained,
For things far off we toil, while many a good
Not sought, because too near, is never gained."

The romance and mystery which is attached to much of the country and to many of the places on both banks of the Eden begins soon after the river flows from its sources east of Wildboar Fell. Pendragon Castle, a romantic ruin rising on a knoll above the river, is said to have been built by Uther Pendragon, a contemporary of King Arthur, and the glamour of the Arthurian legends still seems to hang about it. This was one of the many castles which the famous Anne Clifford, Countess of Pembroke, Dorset and Montgomery, who owned the Clifford estates between Carlisle and Skipton, and was High Sheriff of Westmorland by inheritance, put in proper repair during her proprietorship. Its gateway at one time bore the inscription which the Countess invariably caused to be placed on all the buildings which she restored. Slighter and of less interest are the remains of Lammerside Castle in this neighbourhood, but Wharton Hall, near Kirkby Stephen, is deeply interesting as having at one time been the residence of the family of Wharton, of whom the most famous member was Philip, Duke of Wharton, the greatest profligate and perhaps the

cleverest man of his day, who in this or another of the Westmorland dwellings of the family used to hold orgies which were remembered for many a year by the dalesmen. There are several mementoes of the Wharton family in the church of Kirkby Stephen, which also possesses a curious wooden clock made in the sixteenth century.

The little town of Brough, famous all over the North Country for its great horse and cattle fair on September 30th and October 1st, stands on a tributary of the Eden, the Hellbeck, and is well worth visiting. The remains of the castle, crowning a bold eminence, are very fine. This stronghold, like that of Pendragon, was the property of the Countess of Pembroke, and was restored by her; like Pendragon, too, it suffered at the hands of the Earl of Thanet in 1695, who used material from both castles in repairing the more important one of Appleby. There are several interesting matters in the church here—a stone with an inscription in Greek hexameters; some fine carved oak; a Norman doorway; and an old carved stone pulpit. There is a pleasant legend concerning the bells of Brough Church, which Southey wove into one of his best ballads:—There was a farmer on Stainmoor, in the very furthest part of the parish of Brough, who, hearing his bull bellowing, one summer eve, asked a neighbour if he thought that if all the cattle “cruned” (bellowed) together their united voices might not be heard all the way from Brough. On the neighbour replying in the affirmative, the farmer replied “Why, then, they *shall* all crune together”; and a little later sold them all, and with the proceeds bought a peal of bells, which he gave to Brough Church.

Appleby, as the county town of Westmorland, merits exceptional notice from the careful observer because of its dignity, but in point of fact it is much more picturesque than dignified. Scarcely more than a village in size, delightfully situated on the Eden, presenting itself as a little, old-fashioned north-country town, lying amidst a great wealth of trees

at the foot of a low hill, crowned by one of the oldest and most romantic castles of the North, it is just the place to catch the eye of the artist and the poet, and it is something of a wonder, considering its situation, its nearness to so many places of interest and to so much beautiful scenery, that it has not become a resort for tourists in a greater degree than it has. Its one great show place is, of course, the castle, which was probably built by William the Conqueror's lieutenant, Randolph de Meschines. Its history is chiefly bound up with that of the Cliffords, and notably with Anne Clifford, Countess of Pembroke, who resided in it a good deal, and garrisoned it for Charles I. at great cost. It was demolished "almost to the ground" in 1648, but the intrepid Royalist lady promptly rebuilt it, saying that so long as a shilling remained to her she would continue to set up what Cromwell threw down. There is a fine portrait of the Countess in the modern part of the castle, and an altar-tomb to her memory in the church.

Across country from Appleby, in the direction of Ullswater, stands Lowther Castle, the principal seat of the Earls of Lonsdale, and one of the most notable country houses in England. Situated on the right bank of the Lowther, a river which joins the Eamont a few miles away, near the junction of the latter with the Eden, it occupies a magnificent position, and from its famous terrace-walk, always eagerly enquired for by tourists, there is one of the finest views in Europe. Everything here is on the grandest scale—a house which may challenge comparison with palaces, splendid grounds, a great park, wood, river, lake and mountain. The art-treasures of the house alone would occupy a discerning critic some considerable time, and it is a sad pity that the collection was some years ago largely reduced by a disastrous fire. Here, too, is the finest collection of statuary and antiquities which any private owner in the country possesses. Defoe, visiting Lowther in the early part of the eighteenth century, had to record a

recent fire and the loss of "fine Pictures and Furniture." He was chiefly struck while here by the stables, which, he says, "were the Wonder of England, being esteemed the largest and finest that any Nobleman or Gentleman in Britain is Master of." He would be able to write just as eloquently upon this point if he were able to visit Lowther at the present time, when everything is on the same scale as in the days when Wordsworth apostrophized it :—

"Lowther ! in thy majestic pile are seen
Cathedral pomp and grace, in apt accord
With the baronial castle's sterner mien."

At Brougham Castle, on the Eamont, a little way out of Penrith, one is once more in touch with the great Clifford family and its indefatigable and irrepressible seventeenth-century representative, the Countess of Pembroke. The remains here are more considerable than is generally the case, and form a rare example of the strength of the greater border strongholds. Originally built soon after the Norman Conquest by Hugh de Albinois, the castle was considerably enlarged and strengthened by the Cliffords, and after the Civil War thoroughly repaired by the Countess of Pembroke, who spent most of the latter part of her eventful life here, and raised in its vicinity a high obelisk known as the Countess's Pillar, in memory of her mother, whom she saw for the last time on the spot thus distinguished. There are several interesting scenes and places in close proximity to Brougham. Close to the castle is the site of the Roman station of *Brovoniacum*; a little distance away is Brougham Hall, once the home of the famous Lord Chancellor and Edinburgh Review-er, of whom some memorials are here retained; beyond its grounds are two ancient circles, one known as King Arthur's Round Table, the other as Mayborough, both of considerable size. Westward of these, on the further bank of the Eamont, is Yanwath Hall, perhaps the best example of a peel castle in these parts.

Penrith, the *Petriana* of the Romans, gains a picturesque appearance from its colour. It is a town of red sandstone, backed by a green hill, and dominated by the ruins, slight but impressive, of its castle, wherein Richard III. lived for some time previous to his accession, in a truly feudal style, dispensing great hospitality, and becoming highly popular, just as he did under precisely similar circumstances at Middleham Castle, in Wensleydale. Penrith Castle came into existence through somewhat unusual causes—unusual even under the savage life of the early Middle Ages. During the reign of Edward III. a vast army of Scots poured into Cumberland and laid waste most of the country round Penrith, and not content with this, nor with burning the town itself, carried off all the able-bodied people into Scotland, and there sold them as slaves. Upon this, Edward III. granted leave to fortify the town, and the castle was probably built at this period, and was subsequently enlarged by Richard III. There is little to see in the church of Penrith, except an inscription which records a visitation of the plague in 1598, wherein over 2,000 of the townsfolk perished, but in the churchyard are two very remarkable crosses, nearly twelve feet in height, with apparently Runic characters, which are said to mark the grave of a local giant who cleared the surrounding country of wild animals.

Near the junction of the Eamont with the Eden stands Eden Hall, the seat of the ancient family of Musgrave, and one of the most delightfully situated country houses in the North, well meriting the encomium of Sandford, the topographer, who, writing of it in the eighteenth century, called it a "fair, fine and beautiful palace." Here is a wide-spreading park, delightful gardens, and an excellent collection of pictures, amongst which are several family portraits by such masters as Sir Peter Lely, Sir Joshua Reynolds, and Sir Godfrey Kneller. But the most interesting thing here is the world-famous drinking-glass, which is known as the

Luck of Edenhall. How this unique object ever came into possession of the family is not known. According to the accepted version of the legend which tells of its acquisition, the butler went one day to St. Cuthbert's Well, in the adjacent park, in order to draw water, and suddenly surprised a party of fairies who were dancing round it. The fairies fled on seeing him, but left a curious drinking vessel behind them, which the butler promptly seized upon. They, finding that he had no intention of restoring their property, vanished, singing this couplet :—

“ If that glass should break or fall,
Farewell, the Luck of Edenhall ! ”

Whether the legend gave rise to the superstition, or the superstition to the legend, it is certain that the glass has been treasured for centuries with a care which could not have been greater had it been the most sacred of relics. Of its great age there is no question. Formerly thought to be a rare specimen of the best art of the Venetian glass-makers, it is now held to be an almost unique example of Eastern workmanship. Needless to say more than one poet has indulged his fancy upon it, and it is somewhat curious that the best known of these productions is the ballad of the German, Uhland, who in it brings the Luck and the family fortunes to disaster :—

“ As the goblet ringing flies apart,
Suddenly cracks the vaulted hall ;
And through the rift the wild flames start ;
The guests in dust are covered all
With the breaking Luck of Edenhall.
In storms the foe, with fire and sword ;
He in the night had scaled the wall ;
Slain by the sword lies the youthful Lord,
But holds in his hand the crystal tall,
The shreds of the Luck of Edenhall.
On the morrow the butler gropes alone,
The greyhound in the desert hall,
He seeks his lord's burnt skeleton,
He seeks in the dismal ruin's fall
The shreds of the Luck of Edenhall.”

It is true that the wild Duke of Wharton used, when warmed by over much wine, to amuse himself by tossing the Luck into the air and catching it in its descent, but it survived this rude treatment, and is still intact in its ancient casket, which itself is at least five hundred years old.

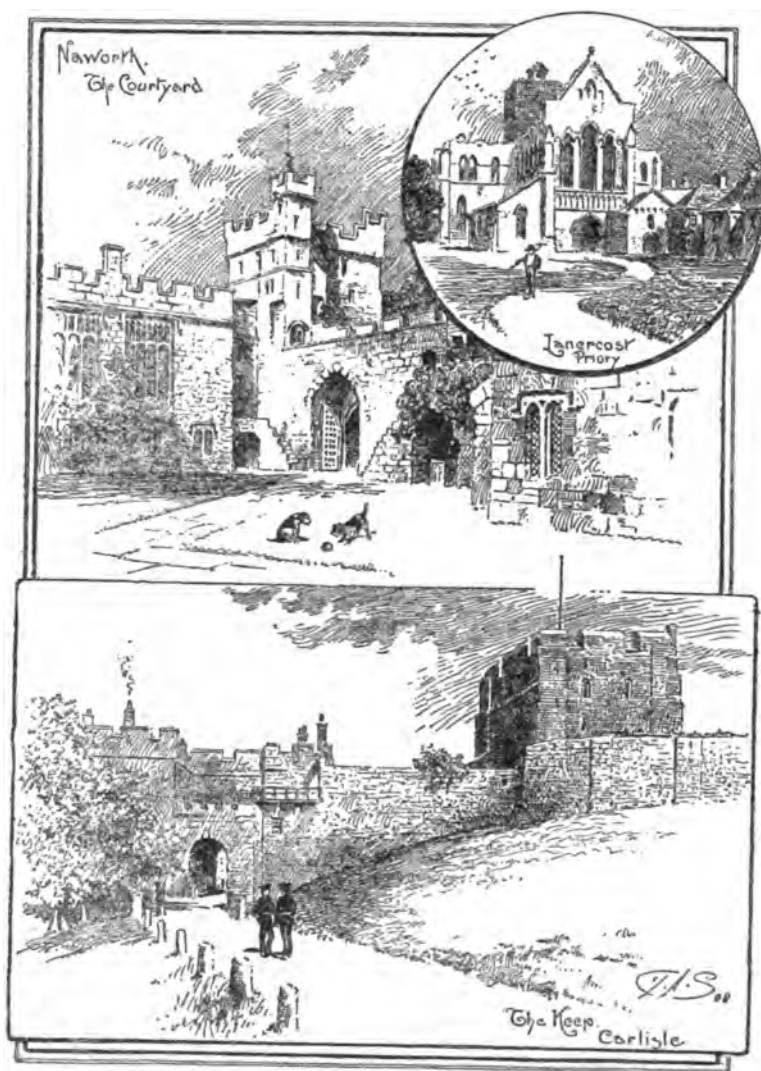
North-east of Eden Hall, on the east bank of the Eden, is a stretch of delightful country full of interesting places and remarkable scenery. Just beyond the village of Langwathby is the famous stone circle known as Long Meg and her Daughters (the subject of one of Wordsworth's many topographical sonnets), which bears comparison in some degree with the more famous Stonehenge. Here are sixty-nine vast masses of stone, all unhewn, of which about thirty are still in an erect position. The principal stone, Long Meg, which presents a face to all four points of the compass, is twelve feet in height and fourteen feet in girth, and is, as Wordsworth observes,

". pre-eminent, and placed
Apart to overlook the circle vast."

There is a local tradition to the effect that these stones are witches, who were petrified through the prayers of some saint or hermit, and that no human being can ever compute their numbers correctly. Northward of them stands all that remains of the once formidable castle of Kirkoswald, a stronghold of the Dacres; still further north, at the junction of the Eden and the Croglin, are the slighter ruins of a house of Benedictine nuns, founded by William II. Here no one who loves wild scenery should omit to turn aside for the purpose of viewing the magnificent rocks through which

"Croglin, the stately Eden's tributary,"

sweeps on its way to join the main stream. Dark and mysterious as this gorge is, it constitutes one of the finest stretches of river scenery in the North.



There is much that is interesting to see around Wetheral and Corby. The church of Wetheral contains the celebrated monument to a lady of the Howard family which inspired Wordsworth to a sonnet, and some monuments of the once famous family of Salkeld, one of whom, Sir Richard, Captain and Keeper of Carlisle, is here commemorated in a rhymed epitaph. There are now very few remains of the old Benedictine Priory of this place, but on the banks of the Eden, cut into the precipitous rock known by the name of Wetheral Safeguard, are three cunningly-devised hiding-places wherein the monks probably hid themselves and their valuables when attacked by foraging parties from across the Border. Corby Castle, the old house of the Salkelds, overhangs the Eden in the midst of fine woods. Hereabouts the river scenery is particularly beautiful; it becomes tamer as one draws nearer to the famous Border city of Carlisle.

It is impossible, within circumscribed limits, to say more of Carlisle than what most people are already aware of—that it is one of the most historic and most deeply interesting towns in England. Its history goes back into the mists. It was certainly occupied by the Romans; it was in it that King Arthur held his court. It has seen more Border warfare than any town in the North. How many famous personages have passed through it, remained captive or beleaguered in it, suffered death in it, it would be a hard task to say. If its city gates ere they were dismantled could have spoken they could have given a long list of the heads that had been exposed upon them. For century after century the folk of "Merry Carlisle" seem to have had little reason for laughter, for their streets were always resounding to the clang of arms, and their gutters not seldom running blood. Yet they seem always to have had a cheerful spirit—probably from long acquaintance with adversity—for one hears of them laughing at each other during the siege in 1644-45, when, after living on dogs and rats, and being destitute of bread and salt, "their clothes

hung upon them as upon men on gibbets." But much of the "merry" spirit of Carlisle may be attributed to its situation. Rising high above the Eden and its tributary the Calder, the old city commands a fine view over the surrounding country, and still stands sentinel-like, facing the Scottish mountains.

Modernized as it has necessarily become, Carlisle is still an old-world place, and will always delight lovers of antiquity. The cathedral, though small (it consists, in fact, of no more than the choir and transepts of the original church), is full of interesting memorials, inscriptions and remains, and its great east window is commonly held to be the finest in England. Within these walls Robert Bruce, after he had seized the throne of Scotland, was formally excommunicated, with all the dread ceremonies of the mediæval church, by the Papal Legate, in the presence of Edward I. and the English Parliament, and here (possibly a much more interesting fact) is the grave of Dr. Paley, who wrote his *Hora Paulina* and the better-known *Evidences of Christianity* when he was a Canon of the cathedral. There are several interesting places within the castle—the room in which Macdonald of Keppoch, the original of Sir Walter Scott's "Fergus McIvor," was confined in 1745; a Roman well of great depth; and the arms of Richard III. over the gateway, carved, no doubt, during the time that he was Governor of Carlisle. The castle is now the headquarters of the Border Regiment, but watch and ward is no longer kept upon its walls in anxious look-out for the coming of the Scots.



CHAPTER II.

The River Irthing.

A FEW miles eastward of Carlisle the Eden is joined by the Irthing, a river of some volume and length, which rises on the high ground above Spadeadam Waste on the Northumbrian border, and passes through some exceedingly interesting country on its way towards Carlisle. The scenes and places by which the Irthing runs may be very easily reached from Carlisle by means of the railway line which runs from that city to Hexham and Newcastle. Alongside the river this line runs for some distance, and from its various stations all the interesting places of the neighbourhood may be visited. It is not a matter of difficulty either, when river and railway finally separate, to make use of the latter for visiting such places as Mumps Ha', Birdoswald and Bewcastle, the last-named of which, situate in a very lonely and wild district and ten miles from a station, should certainly be visited. In addition to all these places of interest, and to such well-known show-places as Naworth Castle and Lanercost Priory, the Irthing has plenty of fine river and pastoral scenery throughout the whole of its course, and from most of the villages on its banks in its western stretches it is easy to visit the Roman Wall, which is seen at its best in the neighbourhood of Gilsland.

Near the junction of the Irthing with the Eden there is a little village named Warwick, on the road from Carlisle to Brampton, which possesses a Norman church of great interest. It is very small, but very remarkable because of its apse, which has thirteen narrow niches reaching from top to bottom of the walls. Each of these originally contained a small window near the top, but all but three have now been filled up. The west doorway has a fine Norman arch. North-east of Warwick, between the river and the railway, is Brampton, lying in the heart of a small and picturesque valley. Overlooking the town is an eminence called the Mote Hill, which appears to be of artificial formation, and was probably the base of a Saxon stockade. There was a Roman station here, the site of which was close to the present church, and on the banks of the neighbouring stream, Hellbeck, there is an inscription carved on a rock, but now hard to decipher, which shows that the 2nd Legion quarried for stone in the vicinity during the third century.

The principal objects of interest along the Irthing stand in close proximity—Naworth Castle and Lanercost Priory—one on the south, the other on the north of the river. Naworth, the ancient Border stronghold of the great mediæval family of Dacre, was built by them in the fourteenth century, and was specially designed for resisting the too-frequent incursions of the Scots. Erected upon an eminence, strongly battlemented, and surrounded by a double moat, it proved not only an impregnable fortress, but a very menacing centre of activity against the marauders and moss-troopers who used to keep the countryside in a perpetual state of fear and anxiety. Its most interesting days, full of picturesqueness and stirring life, were during its occupancy by Lord William Howard, the "Belted Will" of Sir Walter Scott's *Lay of the Last Minstrel*, who, as Lord Warden of the Marches, ruled the country under his care with a firm and resolute hand from 1605 to 1640. He came into possession

of the castle by his marriage with the Lady Elizabeth, one of the two co-heiresses of the Baronies of Gilsland and Greystock, and added largely to what had been built by his wife's ancestors. In the great hall of the castle, over the door, are portraits of Belted Will and his lady; here, too, are many family pictures and some portraits of great figures of the seventeenth century, including one of Charles I. by Vandyck. The rooms specially reserved for his own use by Lord William Howard have been kept in their original condition, and there are many relics of him in them. He was one of the greatest students of his time and a great reader, and Camden, who visited him at Naworth, found him well versed in the matters which he himself was most interested in. From Lord William Howard, himself the son of the fourth Duke of Norfolk, sprang that branch of the family now represented by the Earls of Carlisle, the earldom being granted to his grandson, Charles, soon after the Restoration.

Lanercost Priory, the principal monastic ruin in Cumberland, stands in a well-wooded valley of very pleasing and picturesque character, between the Irthing and the Roman Wall, the stone of which was laid under heavy contribution when church and cloisters were built. Founded as a house of Augustinian Canons by Robert de Vallibus in 1169, Lanercost soon became a priory of importance, and upon three occasions lodged and entertained Edward I. and his court, his first wife, Queen Eleanor, accompanying him in 1280, and his second wife, Queen Margaret, in 1306. Like some other monastic houses, Lanercost, at an early stage, gained a certain notoriety for laxity, and as the result of a visitation about the middle of the fourteenth century, the Prior was warned to abstain from hunting in public and to cut down his pack of hounds. Considering that theirs was a house of note, and that they were presumably possessed of some means, the monks of Lanercost came off very well at the hands of the Scots, who only pillaged

them upon one occasion. After the dissolution the monastic estates fell into the hands of the Dacres, who turned a part of the cloisters into a residence, and made some additions to them. Of these or the original buildings little remains, but the nave of the church has been restored for modern use and is in very fine condition. Here, amongst the tombs of the Dacre family, is one which is supposed to be that of Lord William Howard, but the inscription is illegible. Here, too, is a fine collection of Roman antiquities, discovered in the neighbourhood, and now deposited in the ancient crypt.

In Gilsland and round about it there is much to see. The Spa, a miniature Harrogate, the medicinal waters of which are much esteemed, is associated with the names of Burns and Scott, the former visiting it in 1787, and the latter ten years later. There is a spot pointed out here on the riverside at which, it is said, Sir Walter Scott proposed marriage to Miss Carpenter, and near the bridge over the Irthing is the house called Mumps Ha', or Beggars' Hall, which he introduced in *Guy Mannering* as the scene of the meeting between Meg Merrilees and Dandie Dinmont. This place was formerly a roadside inn kept by a woman named Meg Carrick, of whom it was said in the neighbourhood that she used to drug, rob and murder such customers as seemed to have money upon them, afterwards throwing the bodies into a neighbouring pond, over which a strange light is still said to play. At Burdoswald, the site of the Roman *Amboglana*, the largest of the stations along the Roman Wall, a considerable number of Roman remains have been found, and the traces of the original foundations cleared. Between Gilsland and Alston those who are interested in lead-mining or in geology will find abundant scope for indulging their hobbies, while the romantically-minded will meet at Triermain Castle, west of Gilsland, another of the many old strongholds around which Sir Walter Scott's fancy and imagination loved to play.

It is a wild and semi-mountainous country which lies between Gilsland and Bewcastle, but this part of Northumberland should certainly not be neglected by the antiquarian nor by those who love old places without knowing much about them. Apart from the situation of Bewcastle itself, it possesses two matters of great interest—the remains of a castle which is believed to have been originally built for the accommodation of the company of the 2nd Legion during the time of the building of the Roman Wall, and, in the churchyard, an ancient cross which the most competent authorities have pronounced, after careful and thorough examination, to be Anglo-Saxon work of the ninth century. All around this lonely place, too, are ancient British villages, securely perched on the tops of the hills, whereon our ancestors loved to fix their habitations rather than expose themselves to the dangers of the valleys below, infested in their days with savage animals which we have never seen except in the collections of zoological societies. No one who cares for evidences of a long-dead age will regret crossing these moors, into which no railway runs and through which few roads pass.



CHAPTER III.

The Charm of the English Lakes.

IT seems something uncommonly like a work of supererogation to write anything about that part of Westmorland and Cumberland which is now famous all the world over under its comparatively modern name of the English Lake District. It has been written about so much, and in such different fashions—from the solemn and stately prose of Wordsworth to the not so stately rhymings of the late Poet Close. There is scarcely a series of latter-day guide books in most European languages which does not include some description of its beauties, associations, history; in our own language it has a literature of its own, which makes a formidable library in itself. There are people—and very sensible and wise they are—who think it the height of folly and almost of impiety to carry into the Lake District anything beyond a reliable map, and a little book of bare, bald statistics. The reason—a good one—for this opinion is that once you are within the charmed circle of this district, you become a part of it. You must *live* it; it is an atmosphere into which you must be absorbed; you must breathe it, *feel* it, rather than read about it. In such a

fairly-like land as this, where every mountain is a ladder to Heaven, every lake a mirror of eternity, mere words are as nothing when compared with the subtle, wordless, voiceless fashion in which Nature here teaches, prompts, suggests, permeates. Some such thought as this is surely akin to that which Wordsworth voiced one spring morning in the very heart of this earthly paradise :—

One impulse from a vernal wood
May teach you more of Man,
Of moral evil and of good,
Than all the sages can.

Yet to write of the enchantment of the North of England and to leave out all mention of the Lake District were to speak of Italy and to omit all reference to Rome. And—yet again—no one, not even Wordsworth himself—has ever written of this particular (and judged by mere measurement very small and insignificant) corner of England in adequate fashion—and that for the simple reason that no one has yet been able to put on paper the subtle charm which seizes on the human being who strays amidst the mountains and by the lakes and the silent burns. Wordsworth comes nearest to putting that charm into words in lines that suddenly flash upon one out of their context with a lightning-like sense of illumination—such lines, for example, as :

One morning thus by Esthwaite Lake,
When Life was sweet, I knew not why,

which, whatever the scoffer may say, brings up with a poet's unerring skill the sense of placid waters, green hill-sides, blue skies with fleecy white clouds trailing across them, of Life's glad morning, of Youth's bubbling and effervescent Hope ; or again, in such simple, yet such pregnant lines as :

It is the first mild day of March,
Each minute sweeter than before ;
The Redbreast sings from the tall Larch
That stands beside our door,*

which crystallizes Springtide in Lakeland into a subtlety of feeling which must be felt. In that feeling the charm of

* These lines were written at Coleorton, but breathe Wordsworth's true "Lakeland" spirit.

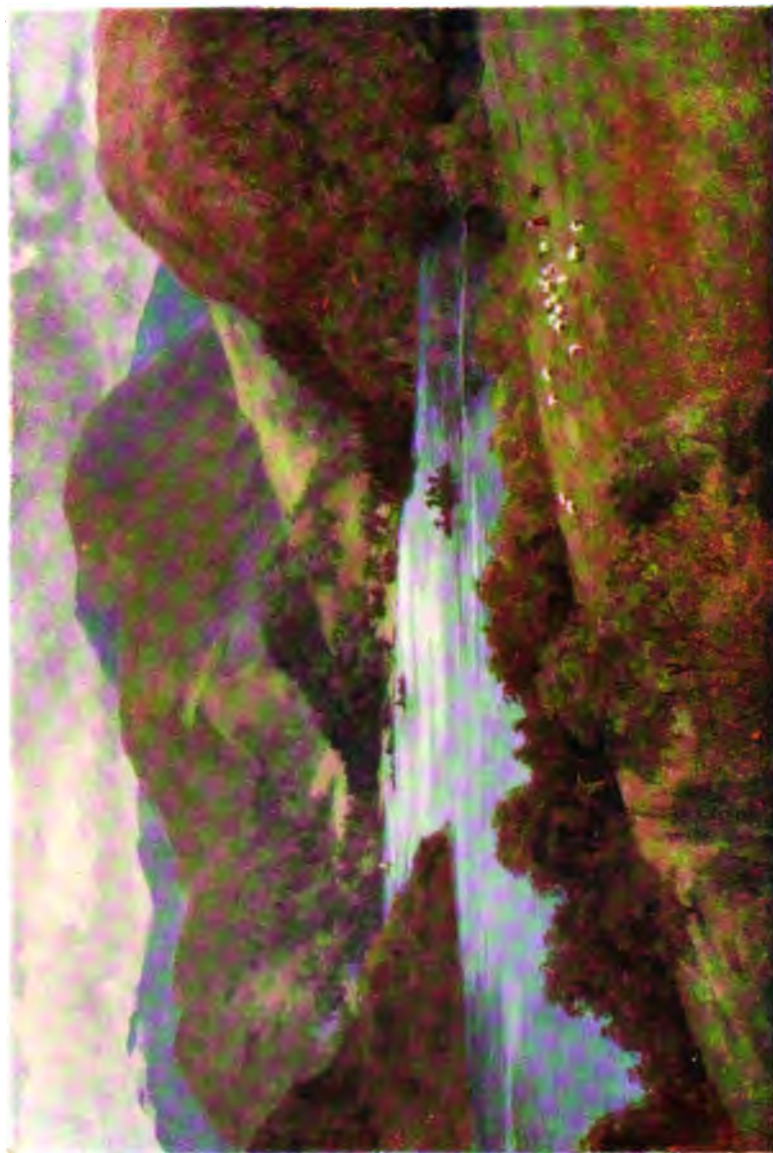
the lakes and mountains is found—but only by true worshippers.

This district was to all intents and purposes, and in strict fact for that matter, the gift of the gods to the nineteenth century. For anything we know to the contrary, Sca Fell has been looking down on Wastwater for some thousands of centuries, and the Langdale pikes have confronted Bow Fell for quite as long, and in just the same attitude as that which they assume to-day. Windermere, Derwentwater, Ullswater cannot have changed very much during that very brief period which we term the historic as distinct from the pre-historic age. We do not find, however, that any of our more immediate predecessors were so enamoured of these beauties as our great-grandfathers began to be about a hundred years ago. The folk who went to the Bath in Somersetshire, or to the Wells in Kent, even to Harrogate in far-off Yorkshire, would as soon have thought of journeying into the Libyan Desert as of exploring those "terrible and unpassable Hills, whose Tops, covered with Snow," says Daniel Defoe, "seemed to tell us that all the pleasant Part of *England* was at an End." Then, of course, the author of *Robinson Crusoe* puts into words what most of his fellow-creatures of the early Georgian days thought—that amidst lakes and hills, valleys and lonely moorlands, there could be naught but horrors. And in spite of the fact that there were people living in the Lake District before Wordsworth "discovered" it, the outside world was in blissful ignorance of their existence.

There are abundant evidences in the Lake District that it was known to the Romans, and that they had a road which ran direct from Ravenglass to Ambleside, and was defended by a strong camp at Hardknott, at the head of Eskdale. It was further known to the Normans, and until 1157 was alternately under Scottish and English jurisdiction, definitely becoming part of England in that year. Nothing of any particular note ever happened in its subsequent

history. The tides of war sometimes rolled up to its very gates—and rolled away again. Its people, generation after generation, century after century, lived quiet and peaceful pastoral lives, scarcely ever journeying beyond their natural ramparts, scarcely ever seeing a stranger within them. Probably the first person of any importance to visit the Lake District was Thomas Gray, the author of the celebrated *Elegy*, who passed through much of it in 1769, and praised its beauties in a letter to his friend, Dr. Wharton. At that time Ambleside must have been a very primitive place, for the poet speaks of the best bed-chamber being "as dark as a cellar," and so damp that he journeyed forward to Kendal, where, to tell truth, the accommodation was not much better. Nine years after Gray's visit, one West published a *Guide to the Lakes*, which shows that there was some demand for such a work. But it was not until the appearance of Wordsworth's modest book on the same subject that people began to visit the finest scenery in England in any number.

Wordsworth is of the true atmosphere of the Lake District. It is impossible—impossible, that is, for any lover of his poetry—to traverse these valleys, dream beside these stretches of shining water, or climb the hills and mountains which stand in silent ward and watch over them, without feeling his influence. No other English poet is so associated with a particular district of England as Wordsworth is with this. With the exception of brief residences in such widely-differing places as Cambridge, London and Coleorton, and of his Continental and Scottish journeys, his life was lived amongst the lakes and hills, and from 1813 to the time of his death in 1850 he rarely went southward. Naturally, therefore, the district (which, after all, lies in very circumscribed compass) is full of Wordsworth shrines. The enthusiast may begin a pilgrimage of devotion to those shrines in the cobble-stone paved Main Street of Cocker-mouth, where still stands the house in which the poet was



Ullswater.

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born in 1770, and while in that somewhat bleak and gray-tinted town may inspect the entry of Wordsworth's baptism in the register of All Saints' Church.

"William, son of Mr. John Wordsworth, 14 Janry.

Attorney at Law, aged 1 year 9 months and 11 days."

Thence he may journey to Hawkshead, where Wordsworth was educated, and of which he had many memories, always lovingly remembered in his poetry : thence to Dove Cottage, Grasmere, most interesting of all the shrines, where he and his family spent an ideal existence from December, 1799, to May, 1808, and to which he brought his bride, Mary Hutchinson, from her Yorkshire home in 1802 ; thence to Allan Bank, on the other side of the village, his home after leaving the little cottage at Townend, until in 1813 he removed to the more pretentious house, Rydal Mount, which overlooks the lake of that name. Finally, but a most fitting shrine of all, he may stand by Wordsworth's grave in Grasmere Churchyard, and hear the ripple of the River Rotha as it swirls past the good poet's last resting-place in the shadow of the hills he loved.

Perhaps no district in England—not even Warwickshire—has so many literary associations as this slice of turbulent mountain and shining lake, which keeps itself even yet in a sort of proud aloofness from its own counties of Westmorland and Cumberland. After the Wordsworths left Dove Cottage, it was the home for more than twenty years of Thomas de Quincey. At Nab Cottage, facing Rydal Water, Hartley Coleridge lived a long time ; in Grasmere Churchyard, near Wordsworth's grave, he lies buried. With the memory of his more famous father, Samuel Taylor Coleridge, the whole neighbourhood is connected. For a long time Coleridge lived at Greta Hall, near Keswick ; there, in 1803, he was joined by Robert Southey, who eventually became tenant of Greta, and lived there until his death in 1843. Many celebrated men of the time visited Wordsworth at Dove Cottage—Coleridge, Southey, de Quincey were virtually

of the family ; there, too, to enjoy marvellous talks, to revel in the grand scenery, the pure air, came Sir Walter Scott, Sir Humphrey Davy, Professor Wilson (" Christopher North "), Charles Lamb, Charles Lloyd, and later Thomas Arnold, who, during his headmastership at Rugby, set up a residence at Rydal. But beyond these there are many names of the great associated with the Lake District. Frightened of the threatening aspect of Borrowdale and Walne Scar though he was, Gray was much in love with the scenery of the neighbourhood ; so was Samuel Rogers ; so was John Keats. Shelley and his first wife, Harriet, lived in a cottage near Keswick for some little time ; Tennyson made more than one visit to the neighbourhood ; Mrs. Hemans spent several years at Dove's Nest, overlooking Windermere ; Harriet Martineau was a resident of Ambleside for thirty years. The first meeting between Charlotte Bronte and Mrs. Gaskell, afterwards her biographer, took place in the district ; there, too, on various memorable occasions were found Carlyle, Emerson, Canning, and the two great Abolitionists, Clarkson and Wilberforce. Nor will those who cherish the memory of the best in Victorian literature forget that the splendid sunset of John Ruskin's great life was spent on the shores of Coniston Water, or that he sleeps in Coniston Churchyard.

There is no lack of interest in the English Lake District. True, it has certain faults. It is miserably devoid of certain things which your true lounge about landscapes looks for—especially if he be a bit of an archæologist. It has no old castles, no ruinous priories, no ancient churches. There are plenty of castles, in more or less dilapidated condition, just outside its boundaries, but none within. Furness Abbey, fine though it is, is not within the district, though it is easily accessible, nor can Calder Abbey be said to belong to it. No—the lakes are dependent upon themselves for charm. A spring morning by Windermere, or Derwentwater, or Ullswater brings its own glory with it : not less full of

satisfaction to eye and mind is an autumn afternoon by these same waters, when the glory of russet and yellow is reflected in their clear depths. As for the mountains, they are always instinct with the witchery, the compellingness, the appeal, the awe-giving which is the eternal prerogative of the world's high towers of silence. Moreover, in spite of the fact that vast numbers of people now visit the Lake District, coming there not merely from the adjoining counties and from England generally, but from all parts of the world, it has not yet (and, pray God, never will !) become cheap or suggestive of what is known—somewhat fatuously—as a holiday resort. The air of dignity has been well maintained. It is on record that a gentleman day-tripper from Manchester once stated that he was much surprised and hurt to find that there was neither a swing-boat nor a shooting gallery about Windermere, and that Belle Vue, in his native city, was in his opinion a place much better worth visiting—but one may excuse that. After all, it was not such an unfortunate remark as that made by the apparently superior person who, chancing to meet Wordsworth, with the mere knowledge of him that he had published his Guide to the Lakes, asked him—let us trust with a charming *naivete*—if he had written anything else !

Folk who journey to the Lake District and intend to wander about it for some time should bear in mind that these hills and valleys have a distinct climate of their own. If there is little of archæological interest, there is abundance of occupation for the geologist and the botanist, and far more for the literary man and the artist, but it is all out-of-door work, and there you must make yourself agreeable to the weather, for it will most certainly not make itself agreeable to you. In Lakeland one gets the purest air and the heaviest rains. No Englishman—and possibly no European—has much idea of what a real rainfall is until he has spent a few rainy days in, say, the immediate neighbourhood of the Lodore Hotel. But such downpours are

worth travelling a thousand miles to see. And it is worth travelling all the way from Melbourne or San Francisco or Mandalay to see a springtide morning shower on the shores of Windermere or Bassenthwaite, with the sudden burst of springtide sunlight following upon it, to the accompaniment of the music to which Wordsworth surely listened—

I heard a thousand woodland notes,
As in a grove I lay reclined.

Weather or no weather, the Lake District is the nearest approach to the ideal Earthly Paradise which England knows. It must be spoken of with bated breath, in hushed syllables; written of with a reticence which betrays the respectful but deep and unswerving love and enthusiasm of a devotee. And what one says of the countryside one must say of the people of the countryside. No more hospitable, kindly, frank, manly and womanly men and women are to be found in the three kingdoms than those whom one meets in the Lake District. There are big hotels in it, with electric lighting and every modern convenience—there are also dear old places where the farmer, or landlord, with his servants and guests makes common cause at one table, and wherein everybody gathers round the common fire at night, to hear tales and legends and old ballads and genial talk of sheep and dogs and such-like pleasant things. It is no bad thing to stay in a first-class hotel; it is a good deal better to sleep out amongst the heather and the ling on a warm summer night, feeling the gorgeous purple of the sky wrap one over with soft touches as from a gold-hearted mother's fingers; it is still better to see the peat-flames leap on some humble hearth to whose warmth the stranger has been made right welcome.

The Lake District of England is unique—unique in its scenery, its novel atmosphere, its people. Wordsworth represents it in all its moods, and achieves his own greatness thereby. So those who desire to enter into its charms—its

undeniable, weird, compelling, and often-times-elusive-yet-ever-seductive charms, these separate thoughts of his, mystical perhaps to those who do not know the secrets, but who shall know them if they will, may be commended—for each enshrines within its crystal cabinet the eternal spirit of the awful mating of Nature with Humanity, fashioned by Wordsworth into a message from the land he loved to all people who, through him, may come to love it.

If thou indeed derive thy light from Heaven,
Shine, Poet, in thy place, and be content !
The star that from the zenith darts its beams,
Visible though it be to half the Earth,
Though half a sphere be conscious of its brightness,
Is yet of no diviner origin,
No purer essence, than the One that burns,
Like an untended watch-fire, on the ridge
Of some dark mountain ; or than those which seem
Humbly to hang, like twinkling winter lamps,
Among the branches of the leafless trees.

And—

Love had he found in huts where poor men lie ;
His daily teachers had been woods and rills,
The silence that is in the starry sky,
The sheep that is amongst the lonely hills.

And—most illuminating of all, and most suggestive of the inner meaning, the almost Impossible-to-voice Message of these hills and lakes—

My heart leaps up when I behold
A Rainbow in the sky :
So was it when my life began ;
So is it now I am a Man ;
So be it when I shall grow old,
Or let me die !
The Child is Father of the Man ;
And I could wish my days to be
Bound each to each by natural piety.

In the two last lines Wordsworth sums up, once for all, the influence of his surroundings upon himself, one of the greatest and sweetest souls this world has ever known,

who has pointed out, unerringly, surely, those compelling forces of Nature which, hearkened to, impressed by, would transform the conditions of Life to an Unknowableness which we can scarcely imagine.

That is why the Lake District of England is to the poet and the seeker after Moral and National Righteousness what his own particular Holy of Holies is to every devotee.

IN NORTHUMBERLAND.



Tynedale—Meeting of the Waters.

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CHAPTER I.

The River Tyne.

TO those people who have only seen the River Tyne from the three great bridges which connect Gateshead with Newcastle, its very name can be suggestive of nothing but grinding industrialism, carried on in a prevailing atmosphere of gloom and grime. Ever since the age of steam and steel dawned upon us the Tyne and Newcastle as names have been synonymous with prodigious efforts in the way of human enterprise, human perseverance, human achievement. When one speaks of the Tyne one thinks instinctively of such men as George Stephenson, of such workshops as Elswick, of such busy receiving and distributing coal-centres as Jarrow. It seems impossible to conceive of the Tyne as being anywhere a river of beauty, a stream by which to wander. But in point of fact it is one of the most attractive rivers in England, and traverses some exceedingly interesting country, as anyone may discover for himself who follows it from its outlet into the North Sea to its sources on the western hills. Its course lies amongst country which is wild and romantic, pastoral and picturesque, past ancient castles and houses, and through more than one old town

of historic association. The Tyne is, in brief, one of our *great* rivers, with the dignity and importance of the Thames, the Severn and the Ouse, and whoever explores it will know more, at first hand, of the history and legends of the North Country than he ever knew before.

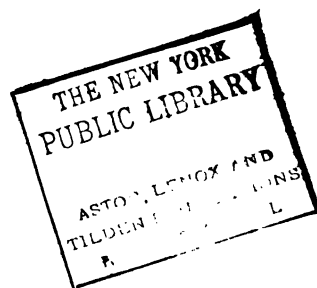
At the very mouth of the Tyne stands one of its greatest historical monuments, the ancient Priory of St. Mary and St. Oswyn, a magnificent ruin which overlooks the grey waters of the North Sea, and forms the principal object of attraction in the modern seaside town of Tynemouth, now a favourite resort of the teeming population of busy Newcastle. Few of the religious houses of the North are so finely placed as Tynemouth Priory, which, standing high and isolated upon the edge of a bold promontory, seems to act as sentinel to the country which the Tyne itself opens up. That this promontory was always regarded as an important strategic position may be gathered from the fact that it has been fortified from a very early date. There was a station here during the time of the Roman occupation, and a castle was built upon its site soon after the Norman Conquest. This, falling into the hands of the Scots during the Civil War, was by them partially demolished, but the position was considered to be so important that the Parliament took the very unusual course of rebuilding and strengthening it. Long before this stronghold had its first beginnings, Edwin, first Christian King of Northumbria, built a wooden church on the site of the priory, which was subsequently replaced by one of his successors, Oswald, with a church of stone, to which in 651 was brought the body of St. Oswyn, King of Deira, over whose tomb the priory gradually arose. It was more than once burnt or pulled down by the marauding Danes, and in the eleventh century it was found necessary to remove St. Oswyn's remains to Jarrow, where they were kept in safety for nearly a hundred years, but after the Norman Conquest it enjoyed a peaceful and prosperous existence. The remains show that in its best



52.—CULLERCOATS.

53.—WHITLEY BAY.

54.—TYNEMOUTH.



days it must have been one of the finest religious houses in the North.

Jarrow, to the shelter of whose ancient Saxon monastery the relics of St. Oswyn were brought, is now one of the busiest and blackest of the Tyneside towns wherein industry is always to the fore. It is devoted to coal and chemicals, and at first no one would think that it was anything but a very modern town indeed. It is, however, one of the most ancient centres of ecclesiasticism in England, and famous all over Christendom as having been the almost life-long home of the Venerable Bede. Removed to Jarrow after completing his education at Monkwearmouth, he spent the remainder of his life in the seclusion of its cloisters, and there died in 735, after a career as remarkable for its patient and strenuous labours as for its goodness and piety. Here he wrote his famous *Ecclesiastical History* and his *Lives of the Saints*; here he educated several men who afterwards attained high position in the Church; from hence his reputation as a scholar spread throughout Europe. Here, in the church which still stands, a hoary witness of the past, amidst the squalid streets of modern Jarrow, his body lay for three centuries, then to be removed to Durham, where it first rested in the tomb of St. Cuthbert, and was subsequently interred in a gold and silver shrine in the Galilee.

It must have been a very different Tyne upon which the monks of Jarrow were wont to look to that which one sees nowadays between Jarrow and Newcastle. Shipping of all sorts and sizes, steam, smoke, the vapours of chemical works, the reek of glass furnaces, the thousand and one odours which come from manufactories and workshops; a perpetual canopy of dun-coloured atmosphere overhanging and dominating all; the clank, clatter and clang of steam-hammers, coal-shoots, and iron beating on iron; the air of ant-like activity on all hands—these are the things which strike eye and ear on this stretch of the river. At night,

when furnaces and chimneys belch forth flame and smoke made lurid by flame, the imaginative man might well fancy himself to be in the midst of an Inferno as he sees the black waters of the river reflecting the glare above.

Yet the Tyne hereabouts is full of live, human interest. Modern hive of industry that it is, there are few of the great manufacturing towns of England so well worth visiting as Newcastle. It is not merely that it is interesting as a centre of industry, nor because of its great position in the world of trade, but that it is an exceedingly well-built, handsome city, with fine streets, splendid buildings, some historic monuments, and a general go-ahead air which is as contagious as a draught of ozone, and as exhilarating. No one who has ever wandered about Newcastle, keeping eyes and ears on the alert, can wonder that Newcastle folk are proud of their town, or that they themselves have a very good opinion of their own importance in the scheme of Providence. Thoroughfares like Grey Street and buildings like the Central Exchange and the Museum are worthy of any city in the world, and Newcastle men are as much "hustlers" as the most pushing Yankee. But the city has more to show than the merely modern. Its old Norman keep still stands sentinel over the Tyne; its ancient parish church of St. Nicholas (since 1882 the cathedral of the Bishops of Newcastle); the Black Gate, and the old streets in the neighbourhood of the river, are all memorials of the days when Newcastle was to all intents and purposes a border town and always mixed up in some form of brawling and fighting.

Modern as it looks now in its newer parts, Newcastle is in reality a very ancient town. Here Hadrian built a bridge over the Tyne early in the second century, wherefrom the place took its Roman name, *Pons Ælii*. There was a religious house established here during Saxon times, and the town was then and for some time afterwards called Monks-chester. The castle, like many another in the North, owed

its inception to the direct command of William the Conqueror, who, after laying waste the then existing town, caused it to be built on the most commanding site, and placed in it a strong garrison. From this, the new castle, the town which gradually sprang up around it took its name. From its mere geographical position on the very threshold of Scotland, it was only natural that Newcastle should know the perpetual clash of arms. The castle was besieged in 1342 by the Scots under King David ; again in 1388 by the Earl of Douglas, and by the Scottish forces during the Civil War. It saw some fighting during the rising of 1715, and was the headquarters of the Hanoverians in the '45. Since then the history of Newcastle has been more concerned with the things of peace than of war, though it has proved itself one of the busiest workshops in the world for turning out the necessities of modern warfare in the shape of armoured warships and mighty guns. It has also concerned itself not a little with literature and politics, and rightly claims to be one of the centres of light and leading in the country. Of late it has loomed large in the annals of the ship-building trade, and from its banks went forth the Mauretania to astonish the world by its size and speed.

The most interesting of the old things in Newcastle is the parish church, which is now elevated to the dignity of a cathedral. There are some remains of the original Norman church incorporated in its architecture, but it is for the most part of the Decorated and Perpendicular styles. Its most distinctive exterior feature is its spire, two hundred feet in height, which is of uncommon architecture and great elegance, and has always been one of the "prides of the place" to the inhabitants of Newcastle. There are several notable monuments in the church, and various interesting stories told of it. Here John Knox preached one of his most violent sermons against Papistry. Here Charles I. attended a service conducted by a rabid Presbyterian, who had the unblushing effrontery to give out the rhymed (Scottish)

version of the 52nd Psalm, "Why dost thou, tyrant, boast thyself, Thy wicked works to praise?" whereupon the King rose and gave out the 56th Psalm of the same version, "Have mercy, Lord, on me, I pray; for men do me devour," which, to the lasting credit of the Newcastle folk of that time, they sang with great fervour, to the discomfiture of the fanatic in the pulpit. There are some ancient remains in some of the other churches of the town, notably in St. Andrew's, in the churchyard of which are fragments of the walls which formerly closed Newcastle in.

§ The castle itself, now under the care of the local antiquarian society, is chiefly remarkable for the keep, a typical Norman structure of great strength, the entrance to which is on the third storey—a somewhat unusual feature. There are several apartments in the keep which are still in excellent preservation. In the Great Hall, a chamber of considerable size, John Baliol, King of Scotland, did homage to Edward I. in December, 1292; the King's Chamber was the lodging of Charles I. when he was kept here as a prisoner. Here and at the museum in the Black Gate there are numerous Roman remains, found from time to time in the town and neighbourhood. There are many more antiquities in Newcastle which any lover of old things will find pleasure in discovering for himself, but a great many landmarks of the past were swept away in rebuilding the centre of the city. Nor is Newcastle entirely without its beauty spots—Jesmond Dene, in spite of the fact that it lies in the midst of a countryside given up to industrialism, is one of the most inviting of tree-clad glens, intersected by a rippling burn.

No one should forget (it would perhaps be impossible to do so considering that there is so much evidence hereabouts of the vast powers of steam, steel and iron) that the Tyne-side country immediately beyond Newcastle on the western side is closely associated with the life and labours of George Stephenson. Devout admirers of that great man may make

a very enjoyable pilgrimage around the places connected with him from Newburn, itself a place of much historic interest, though it is now pretty much in the same relation to Newcastle which Leland said Hedon was to Hull in his day, in that it has decayed while Newcastle has risen. On the edge of the village of North Wylam stands the very humble dwelling—a plain two-storied cottage by the roadside—in which Stephenson was born in 1781. Immediately in front of the cottage a wooden tramroad ran, along which waggons of coal were dragged by horses, and it was one of the future engineer's first cares to see that his younger brothers and sisters were kept off it. At Walbottle, a village on the road between Newcastle and Heddon, he had his first lessons in reading and spelling from one Robin Cowens; arithmetic and writing he learnt in a night-school at Newburn, kept by a Scotchman named Andrew Robertson. His first years of work were spent at various places in this district. He was employed at the colliery at Black Callerton to drive the "Gin," and afterwards as brakesman at Dolly Pit Colliery. In 1802 he was married in Newburn Church, where his signature is still to be seen in the register, and from the church door he carried his wife away on horseback, she sitting behind him, to his home at Willington Quay. He was then twenty-one, and there were twenty more years of thought and labour before him ere he induced Edward Pease, the Quaker, to consider the merits of his steam engine.

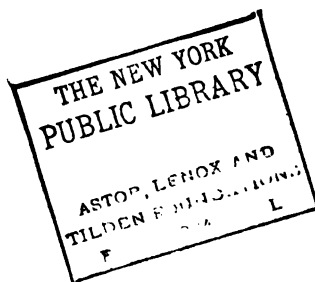
On both sides of the Tyne in the stretch between Newburn and Corbridge there are several places of interest. Newburn itself has been the scene of various encounters between Scotch and English; Prudhoe Castle, one of the strongholds of the Percy family, and previously of the Umfravilles, is an extremely picturesque and interesting ruin. Cherryburn, close by, was the birthplace of Thomas Bewick, the famous engraver, who is buried in the churchyard of Ovingham, across the river, where also lies George

Stephenson's mother, Mabel Carr, whose family had lived in Ovingham for centuries. There are remains of ancient castles at Nafferton and at Bywell, and at the latter place are two old churches, one of which, known as the White Church, was in possession of the Augustinian Canons of Blanchland, and the other, commonly called the Black Church, is that of the Benedictines of St. Mary and St. Oswyn's Priory at Tynemouth. Here the Tyne assumes much picturesqueness, and one begins to forget the smoke of Newcastle and the mephitic odours of Jarrow.

Like Newburn, Corbridge, now a small town, was once a place of considerable importance, possessing four churches and a monastery, and sending representatives to Parliament. Here, at the junction of the Tyne and the Cor, a tiny stream which descends from the hills on the Durham border and winds past the site of the battle of Newbiggen (1463), was the Roman station of *Corstopitum*, where Watling Street crossed the Tyne, and where numerous interesting remains have been unearthed at various times. The church of St. Andrew in Corbridge (the only one now remaining of the four already referred to) was built out of the remains of *Corstopitum*, and is exceptionally notable as containing a considerable amount of architecture dating from long before the Norman Conquest. There is here in the market-square a very good example of a peel-tower. In the neighbourhood there are several places of interest—Aydon Castle, a fine example of the domestic architecture of the thirteenth century; Matfen Hall, the largest country house in Northumberland; Halton Castle, a square tower of the Norman keep style, but with turrets at its four angles; and Dilston, a place in which one might linger for an indefinite period, seeing that it is not only picturesque and romantic in the highest degree, but also possesses special interest because of its associations with the ill-fated Lord Derwentwater, the ghost of whose countess is said to haunt the ruins of the house to which, after his execution on Tower Hill, in February, 1716, she brought the headless body for burial.



Dilston Castle, Corbridge.



Hexham, delightfully situated on a plateau above the river and commanding widespread views of Tynedale as the country opens out westward, has no longer the importance which it possessed in the days when it was capital of a shire to which it gave a name, and the principal ecclesiastical centre of a widespread district. But it yearly grows in a new importance as a place of resort for tourists who love antiquities. It is full of interest in itself; it forms a convenient centre from which to explore the two branches of the Tyne, and from it one may easily make acquaintance with a considerable stretch of the Roman Wall. Of the antiquity of the town one is speedily convinced by a mere cursory inspection. Its Abbey goes back to Saxon times, and its history, both as the seat of a bishopric and as a borough, is full of incident. It is linked, in common with the cathedrals of York and Ripon, to the name of St. Wilfrith, and to Beverley Minster through the association of St. John of Beverley, who was at one time Bishop of Hexham. St. Wilfrith founded a church and monastery here towards the end of the seventh century, during his reign as Archbishop at York, and became first bishop of a diocese formed here in 680. He was twice deposed by the Northumbrian kings, but in each case made a successful appeal to Rome, and was in occupancy of the see when he died in 709. With the death of Bishop Tidferth, in 821, the bishopric lapsed through non-appointment, and sixty years later was merged in that of Durham, from whence it was subsequently taken away during the occupancy of that see by Ralph Flambard (1099-1128), and given to the archdiocese of York, in which it remained as a "peculiar" until 1837, when it was restored to Durham. During the reign of the Saxon bishops it exercised great influence in ecclesiastical matters in Northumbria, and was considered the most important church centre north of York.

The magnificent Abbey Church of Hexham, the great pride and glory of the town and district, is one of the finest

examples of the Early English style of architecture in the country, and exceeds in size more than one of our cathedrals. In spite of the fact that it and the surrounding town were sorely maltreated by the Danes and Scots, there are several remains of the original church incorporated in it, and the crypt is undoubtedly work of the time of St. Wilfrith, who appears to have quarried for his material amongst the Roman remains at *Corstopium*. Early in the twelfth century Archbishop Thomas II. of York caused the church to be completely restored, and from that time onward both church and monastery flourished exceedingly in the hands of the Augustinian Canons. There are now but small remains of the monastic buildings, but the church itself (with the exception of the east end, which is modern and has been "restored" not too wisely) is in a fine state of preservation, and of the deepest interest to lovers of great architecture. The features of special interest are many. The rood-screen is the only wooden screen with a loft which we have in this country, and is particularly noticeable for a series of sixteen panel paintings of the Saxon bishops of Hexham. Here, as at Beverley, and at Sprotborough, near Doncaster, is a *frith-stol*, or seat of peace, the final refuge of those who claimed refuge within the boundary of "St. Wilfrith's Peace," which extended for one mile in all directions from it. In the north transept is a very fine Roman monument, which represents a mounted soldier riding over a fallen opponent, with an inscription showing that it originally covered or marked the grave of one Flavinus, standard-bearer of the troop of Candidus. Other features of the church are the curious roofing of the ancient crypt, the night-stair, by which the monks came to service from the dormitory, and the series of gravestones of the thirteenth century which covered the tombs of various members of the order. Few churches in the North of England possess so much interest, or so much architectural beauty.

Hexham itself, though modernized in considerable degree, possesses many features of old-world life. In the picturesque

market-square there are some quaint houses, a covered market with piazzas after the Italian fashion, and an ancient tower with a gateway, beyond which, through Hallsgarth, stands another tower, similar in style, but larger. These towers, known respectively as the Moot Hall and the Manor Office, date from the fourteenth century, and were originally the court-house and prison of the Archbishops of York, who were Lords of the Manor. The remains of the double archway known as St. Wilfrid's Gate were part of the monastic buildings attached to the church. According to Daniel Defoe, it was in Hexham that the first blood was spilt at the beginning of the Civil War. "West from Newcastle," he says in his *Tour through Great Britain*, "lies the Bailiwick-Town of Hexham (the *Axelodunum* of the Romans), a Pass upon the Tyne, famous, or rather infamous, for having the first blood drawn near it in the Civil War; and where a Detachment of English, though advantageously posted, were scandalously defeated by the Scots, who gain'd the Pass, fought thro' the River, and killed about 400 Men, the rest basely running away." This appears to be an exaggerated statement; a much more serious affair occurred at Hexham in 1671, when an attempt to force men to join the Militia led to a riot in which forty-five persons were killed and over three hundred seriously wounded.

A little to the north-west of Hexham the traveller finds the Tyne divided into two branches, one, known as the North Tyne, coming from the neighbourhood of Peel Fell on the Scotch border; the other, the South Tyne, from the slopes of Cross Fell. Both these branches should be followed, and both lead past scenes of interest and beauty. The North Tyne, moreover, crosses the line of the Roman Wall at a point whence it may be explored with profit. Between its junction with the South Tyne at Warden and its source near Peel Fell there are several notable places. At Chollerford one is in touch with the Roman Wall, the Roman

Cilurnum—one of the most perfect remains of a Roman station in the country—and with the ancient battlefield of Hevenfeld or Hefenfelth, whereon St. Oswald, Christian King of Northumbria, gained a great victory over the heathen Britons in 635. Near Barrasford, on an eminence overlooking the river, is Haughton Castle, one of the most picturesquely-situated and most ancient places in the county; a little further on is Simonburn, the centre of what was once one of the largest parishes in the country. There was a castle here at one time, but the villagers formed a notion that it contained much buried treasure, and pulled it down in a vain attempt to satisfy their cupidity. There are more castles at Chipchase and at Tarsset, and the former is particularly interesting; and at Thorneyburn is Greystone Bower, the home of the famous freebooting family of Charlton, who, from the various chronicles written of them, appear to have had a sincere belief in the old adage that might makes right. All the way along the North Tyne the scenery is delightful and the associations deeply interesting, and a fitting conclusion to a journey along it can be found at the Girdle Stone, a great pillar of rock, which stands exactly on the line which separates England from Scotland.

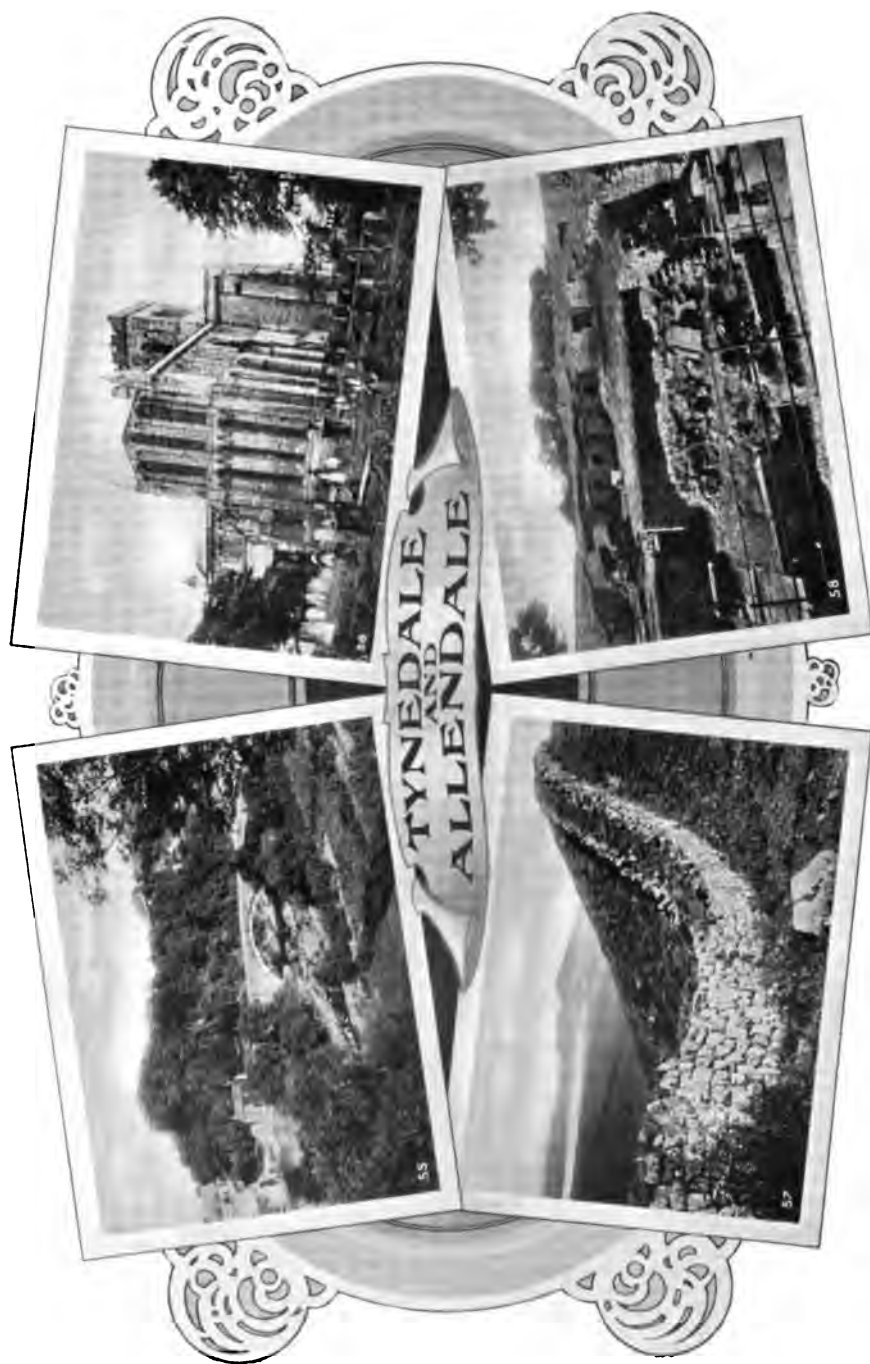
No one should leave this part of Northumberland without making at any rate some examination of the Roman Wall, which, as has already been pointed out, crosses the North Tyne near Chollerford. Chollerford is often recommended as a centre for such an exploration, and forms a very convenient centre where good hotel accommodation can be obtained. The remains of *Cilurnum* are close to Chollerford, in the grounds attached to the country seat called Chesters. They are singularly interesting, and have yielded a quantity of Roman remains which are carefully preserved here in a museum situate in the grounds. From Chollerford, too, there is a road running alongside the wall for several miles and leading to Housesteads, the *Borcovicus* of the Romans, so that anyone following it for this distance will obtain an

excellent idea of this remarkable piece of military engineering. Those who expect to see a stupendous wall will be disappointed, but it must be remembered that for close upon two thousand years—and especially in the middle ages—any man in the neighbourhood who wanted to build a house, a byre, or a sheepfold, helped himself freely to the stones which the Romans had hewn and dressed, the ancient fortification being looked upon as a mere quarry wherein all might delve. The wall is most impressive at points like Whinshields Crag, where it commands widespreading views of sea and mountain, moor and lake, and whence one sees it winding away over hill and dale for miles. When one considers that it stretched practically across England, from Walisend, east of Newcastle, to Bowness, on Solway Frith, a distance of well over seventy miles, one must needs wonder at the vast amount of labour put into its construction. It may be said by those who examine parts of it for the first time that it is hard to see what use it could have been as a defence. But it must be borne in mind that we only see it in a fragmentary condition, and that, considering the period in which it was made and the state of military prowess then, it must needs have presented difficulties to invaders from the North which we can scarcely conceive of. In effect it was a very-finely-conceived defence. First of all was a stone wall, made of prepared stones, carefully shaped and cemented together, and of a height of twelve feet, with a ditch or dry moat in front of it. About seventy yards behind this wall was another, built of turf and earth, and between the two walls ran a military road. At intervals of a Roman mile (equal to seven furlongs of our reckoning) were castles, four-square, of about fifty feet in each direction; between these, again, were small watch-towers. At a distance of every four miles was a stationary camp, in each of which a cohort was stationed. Constant watch was kept, and it would have been difficult for the Picts to have crossed a line of defence so well devised and so closely guarded.

South of the junction of the North Tyne with the South Tyne there are two districts which should be visited by all who journey to Hexham, from whence they can each be reached—Allendale by rail, Blanchland by road. Blanchland is a long way from anywhere, but the roads to it, which lie across solitary expanses of moorland, are such as the ardent pedestrian who loves loneliness and wild surroundings will rejoice in. Blanchland itself lies in the valley of the Derwent, a quaint, out-of-the-way village, so completely hidden from the surrounding country that it is said that a body of Scottish freebooters, coming there to ransack the house of Premonstratensian Canons, which existed there from the twelfth century, could not find it until they were guided to it by the ringing of the church bells. There are still some remains of this house existent. The church has evidently been of considerable proportions, and contains some finely carved gravestones, one of which seems to have been that of an abbot. The ancient refectory was appropriately enough converted into an inn; the gateway admits to a village green, around which the village is built. This is a truly Arcadian spot, far away from anywhere—a veritable home of peace. Allendale is scarcely so out-of-the-way; it is in fact a valley in which lead mining is carried on somewhat extensively, and is more or less in touch with the world. Langley Castle, dating back from the reign of Edward III., is now restored as a modern mansion, and south of the town of Allendale there is a stretch of hill and moorland country, pierced by no railway and little road, in which those who love solitude can find it in plenty.

The country through which the South Tyne flows, if not so interesting as that which is intersected by the North Tyne, has still plenty to show the observant traveller. A few miles beyond the junction of the two rivers (whereat the church and bridge of Warden should be noted) the stream called Allen Water runs past

Fair Ridley on the silver Tyne,



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to join the southern branch of the river. Hereabouts the scenery is particularly lovely. Deep woods, the finest in the whole of Northumberland, overhang the bank of the Tyne for miles, and are intersected by woodland paths which lead to points from whence delightful views are obtained. At Willimoteswick is one of the towers, four-square, which our forefathers of these parts were obliged to build in defence of their cattle; eastward of it, embowered amongst woods, is Unthank, where Bishop Ridley, the martyr, is said to have been born, and where there is shown a chamber called the Bishop's Room. There are a good many memorials of the Ridleys hereabouts—they were lords of the manor of Willimoteswick, and lost their lands through allegiance to the Stuarts. One is reminded of them at Haltwhistle, where they and the Armstrongs had more than one encounter which ended in loss of life. In fact, all this country southwards to Alston and westward to the Border was in the old days continually witnessing some brawl or other amongst Ridleys, Armstrongs, Featherstonhaughs, and similar stout lads. It was then, as it is now, a land of romance and poetry, and one gets a better idea of it from the old country ballads than from dry facts and plain statistics. The worst of it nowadays is that its folk have become modernized, and no longer go cattle-lifting or running away with their neighbours' daughters.



CHAPTER II.

The Northumberland Coast.

MUCH more interesting in point of association and of physical beauty than that of Durham, the Northumberland coast-line has certain characteristics in common with its more southerly neighbour, in respect of the fact that it is often tame and monotonous, and in the neighbourhood of the Tyne given up, like the first stretches of the Durham coast, to industrialism. Between Tynemouth and Blyth the coal-field comes down to the very edge of the sea, with the result that chimneys and shaftings obtrude themselves where in other counties one would look for the towers and spires of village churches, the ruins of old castles, or the sails of a windmill. Yet this stretch of the coast is not without its associations nor its places of interest. Human interest, indeed, is strong enough amongst these sea-coast colliery places, and is not seldom as tragic as any tale of the sea. At Hartley Colliery, almost on the coast, there occurred in 1862 one of the most terrible catastrophes ever recorded in the history of British coal-mining—over two

hundred lives being lost. Most of the men and boys who thus perished are buried in the churchyard of Earsdon, south of Seaton Delaval, an oasis of green in the midst of the grey and black of the collieries. Here one finds one of the finest specimens of the art of Sir John Vanbrugh in the house which he built for Admiral Delaval, whose family had been connected with this part of the county from a period antecedent to the Conquest, and whose immediate successors were greatly noted during the middle of the eighteenth century for their love of practical joking. It was from the kitchen of Seaton Delaval that a monk of Tynemouth Priory purloined a boar's head. At Monk-seaton, a little distance away, there still remains a broken cross which was set up to record the fact that the thief, dying from the effects of a sound beating, which he received at the hands of the owner of the delicacy, the latter did penance by setting up the cross and making over certain lands to the community which thus lost a brother. There is little of interest between this point and Morpeth; inland, the country is given up to coal-mining, and on the sea-coast few features of interest occur.

At Morpeth one finds historic association pleasantly mingled with a picturesque situation. Lying some seven miles from the sea, for the most part on the north bank of the River Wansbeck, which here describes almost a semi-circle, and girt about with trees, it amply justifies the motto which appears on its coat-of-arms, *Inter sylvas at flumina habitans*. Historically, the town goes back a long way, and though there are no definite particulars of its origin, its castle was in all probability built soon after the Norman Conquest by William de Merley, to whose successor, Roger, King John granted the right to hold a market and a fair. This was in 1199, and there is a tradition that the town was destroyed by fire seventeen years later, but whether that was so or not it is certain that by the middle of the fourteenth century it had become a borough by prescription,

and was in a flourishing state. It had seven companies or guilds of tradesmen, from which a corporation was formed, over whose deliberations the lord of the manor presided, and from the records preserved it must have been one of the most prosperous and enterprising places in the North. Under the de Merleys, the Greystocks and the Dacres, it saw a good deal of the events which help to make history. Various sovereigns visited it, and it witnessed several passages-at-arms between the building of the castle and its surrender to the Royalists under the Marquis of Montrose in 1644. But its chief history lies in its importance as a market town, in which capacity it distinguished itself in old days over most of its neighbours. Vast quantities of cattle were brought here from a very early period, and from the enumeration of the various trades followed it would appear that Morpeth from the fourteenth century was a flourishing centre of commerce.

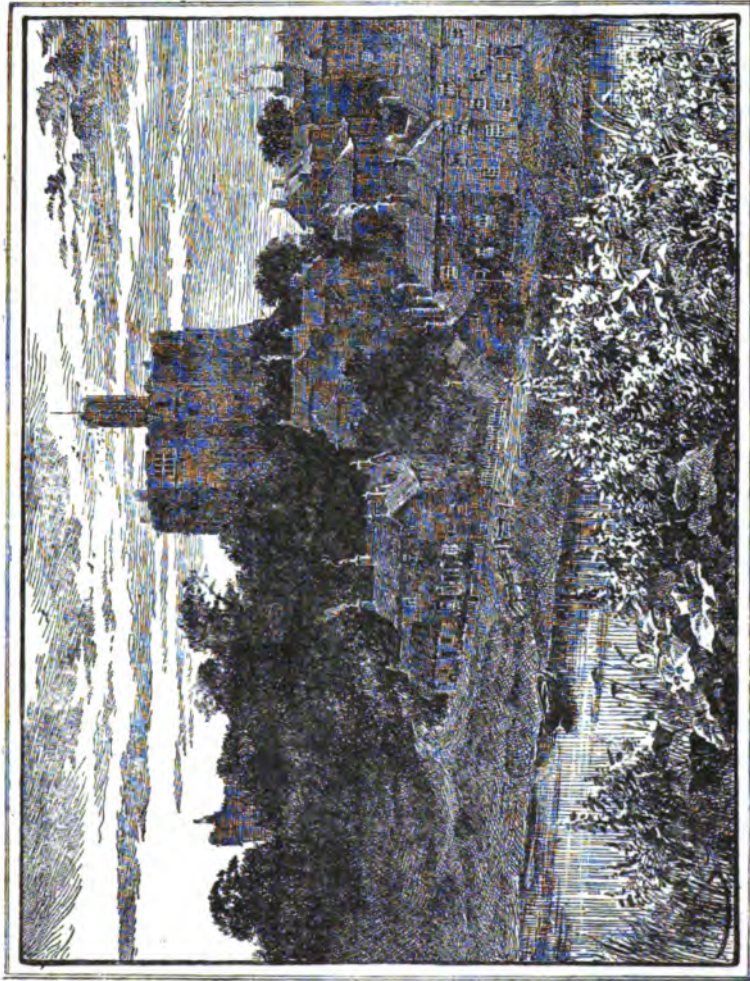
Of the ancient landmarks in Morpeth there are many which are of much interest. Little remains of the castle beyond the gateway, which is remarkable for its peaked roof, an uncommon feature. The fourteenth-century church of St. Mary contains a Jesse window, some fine old glass, and a curious Latin inscription on the gravestone of one Henry Guy, 1597, who in it is made to record the progress of his love for his wife, Mary Widdington. These two were born on the same day, baptised on the same day, and being wedded had two couples of boy-twins and three girls. There is in the churchyard here a watch-tower which was built during the body-snatching panic of a century ago, and nightly occupied by a watchman. On the banks of the river, near the site of an ancient bridge pulled down seventy years ago, is an old building in which the monks levied toll on all who crossed by the bridge, and was at one time used as a chantry chapel. The market house in the square is old and quaint; over against it is a square tower from which the curfew bell is rung every night.

There are several places in the immediate neighbourhood of Morpeth which are well deserving of a visit. To the westward, in a meadow near the banks of the Wansbeck, stands all that is left of the once famous and powerful Abbey of Newminster, founded for the benefit of the Cistercians by Ranulph de Merley, who endowed it richly. There is little left now beyond an arch, but the ground plan can easily be traced. At Mitford, once a market town which disputed pride of place with Morpeth, is an ancient church with a Norman nave, an Early English chancel and some interesting monuments; here, too, are the remains of the Norman castle of the Bertrams. The river scenery here is delightful, and was held by William Howitt to be the loveliest of its kind in England. Indeed, most people who begin an exploration of the Wansbeck west of Morpeth will be tempted to continue it indefinitely, for it certainly leads into a most beautiful country, especially about Bothal, where there are more memorials of the Bertrams in the remains of the castle and in the church which lies beneath its walls.

Between Morpeth and Warkworth, either on the coast or a little way inland, are several places of interest. At Cresswell there is an old peel-tower, which is said to be haunted by the ghost of a lady who had a Danish lover who, on one of his periodic visits to her, was slain by her brothers on the shore beneath, she watching from the tower at the time. North of Cresswell, but further inland, is Widdrington, the seat of the ancient family of that name, who, having a great loyalty to the Stuarts, here entertained James I. in royal fashion on his way from Edinburgh to London, fought valiantly for Charles I., and finally lost everything but bare life in supporting the Old Pretender. Still further north, at Chibburn, are the remains of a preceptory of Knights Templars; still further, across the Coquet, one of the most charming of the smaller rivers of Northumberland (and one justly celebrated amongst the

disciples of Izaak Walton), is the church of Guyzance, a deeply interesting ruin of a Transitional-Norman edifice, which formerly belonged to the Premonstratensian Canons of Alnwick. From beneath Guyzance the Coquet winds through a richly-wooded glen to Warkworth, seated proudly above the river and the sea, and leads the traveller to one of the most striking "bits" of the Northumbrian coast.

Warkworth, like its neighbour of Alnwick, is closely identified with the history and the fortunes of the great family of Percy. Its castle, which rises high upon a peninsula formed by the windings of the Coquet, was one of the most formidable in the North. It was built soon after the Norman Conquest, probably by a Fitz-Richard, a family which became extinct during the reign of Edward III., who, thus becoming possessed of the estate, gave it to the second Lord Percy, in the hands of whose family it has ever since remained, with the exception of certain intervals wherein the then holders were lying under attainder. Though now inferior to its neighbour of Alnwick, the chief seat of the Dukes of Northumberland since their creation in 1766, Warkworth is a most imposing structure, and the high tower above its keep is a prominent landmark all over the surrounding country and for miles out at sea. It is naturally associated with many stirring historical events. It was besieged and taken by Henry IV. in 1405; it was the scene (if Shakespeare's history is to be trusted) of the passage between Harry Hotspur and his wife Kate, in which he was called to make choice between love and duty; at its gates Lord Widdrington and General Forster proclaimed the Old Pretender in 1715. Suffered to fall into decay after the Civil War, and stripped of its lead by a servant of the Percy family, it has survived the depredations of time more successfully than most structures of its sort, and anyone gazing at it from the banks of the Coquet would imagine that it was as formidable and in as good a state of preservation as ever.



Warkworth.

There are several ancient and picturesque things to see in the town of Warkworth, and notably the church of St. Andrew, where there are remains of the original Saxon edifice, and a good deal of Norman architecture of the twelfth century. The great attraction at Warkworth, however, to most people, and especially to lovers of the romantic, is the Hermitage, wherein one of the Bertrams of Bothal is said to have lived the life of a recluse for many years. The story forms the subject of one of the best known of the Percy Ballads, and may be thus briefly summarised: Sir Bertram of Bothal fell in love with Isabel, daughter of the then Lord of Widdrington, who, while loving him in return, was minded to put him to some test, and accordingly sent him a helmet which she bade him wear and prove ere rewarding him with her hand. This being delivered to him as he sat at meat with Lord Percy at Alnwick Castle, he immediately besought his host to arrange a foray against the Scots, which was speedily brought about, with the result that Sir Bertram, though covering himself with glory, was grievously wounded. In this state he was taken to Wark Castle (not the Wark on the North Tyne, but that on the border, near Coldstream), whereunto Isabel, hearing of his mishap, straightway repaired to nurse him back to life. She and her attendants, however, fell in with a Scottish chief, who slew the latter and carried the lady away. Sir Bertram, recovering from the effect of his wounds, set out in company with his brother to rescue her. Separating, it so chanced that the brother was the first to come upon Isabel's prison, from which he had just released her when Sir Bertram arrived. He, not recognising his brother, and taking him for the enemy, fell upon and slew him, and Isabel, intervening, was also accidentally slain by her lover ere she could point out his mistake. This terrible *contre-temps* so affected Sir Bertram's mind that he immediately gave all he had to the poor, and begging from Lord Percy a quiet retreat on the banks of the Coquet, retired there

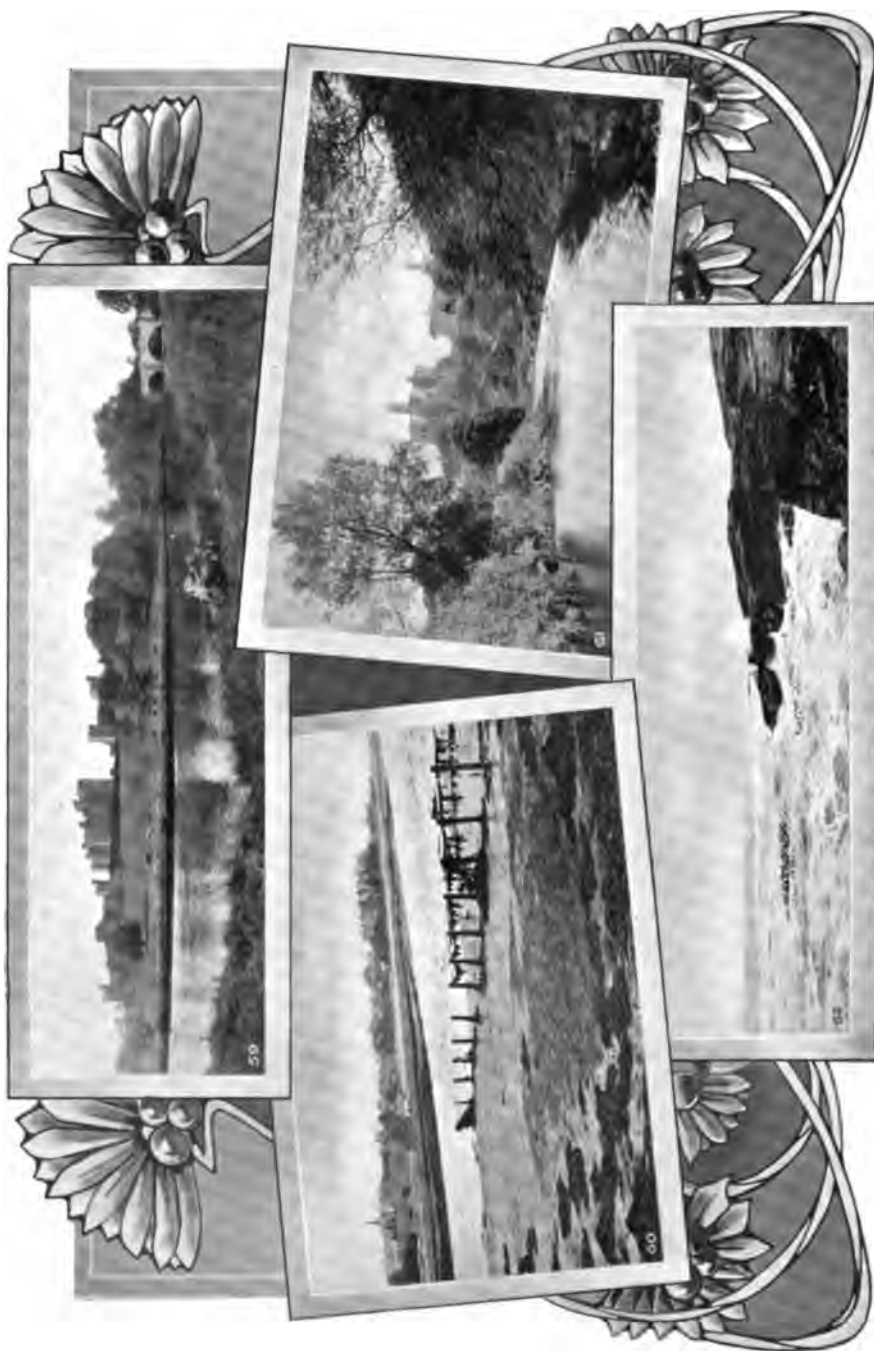
to make himself a cell wherein he could pass the rest of his life in prayer and penance.

The Hermitage, little changed from the days when its occupant at last found his vigils at an end, is accurately described in the famous ballad. A flight of steps leads up to it from the edge of the river. An outer cell or vestibule, built against a rock, communicates by means of another flight of steps with a cell which, according to tradition, the hermit excavated with his own hands out of the solid freestone. This, the principal scene of his expiation, is eighteen feet in length, seven feet in height, and seven feet in breadth. The roof is groined and springs from two semi-hexagonal pillars. At the further end is an altar with two steps. On the right is an altar-tomb, on which is a female figure. At the foot of this, carved on the wall, is the figure of a man kneeling in prayer. An inner apartment is pierced by a slit so contrived as to command a view of the altar-tomb, and from a recess in it, presumably the hermit's sleeping place, the same object of affection and veneration could be seen. Outside the excavation is a sort of cloister, overlooking the Coquet, and above it, reached by a winding stairway, was the garden. According to Dr. Percy, the memory of Sir Bertram was held in such veneration by the Percy family, that they maintained a chantry-priest in the Hermitage after his death, who lived there and said Mass once a day for his soul and for the souls of those he had slain, and the same authority affirms that this endowment was kept up until the Dissolution of the Monasteries in the sixteenth century.

Off the mouth of the Coquet is the small island which bears its name. It is of very limited extent, and was formerly in the occupancy of the Benedictines of Tynemouth, who maintained a cell here, near the site of which now stands a lighthouse, of which Grace Darling's brother was at one time the keeper. There is little to see along the coast between here and Alnmouth, a place of some note in

Saxon days, and now a seaside resort, with an excellent golf course, which should please people who love quietude and bracing air. Here, in 684, on an eminence called Church Hill, now almost washed away by the sea, St. Cuthbert was elected Bishop of Lindisfarne at a Synod presided over by Archbishop Theodore, and attended by Egfrid, King of Northumbria. On this eminence a Saxon church is supposed to have replaced a heathen temple dedicated to Woden.

From Alnmouth one may follow the River Aln to Alnwick and to its castle, the seat of the Percys, whose modern representatives, the Dukes of Northumberland, are here housed in almost royal state. Alnwick itself is a place of great interest in many ways. It was once the most important town in Northumberland, next to Newcastle, and figured largely in the perpetual wars which went on between English and Scotch. Nowadays it still presents the appearance of an old-world town, and though its walls have almost entirely disappeared, and the inevitable evidences of modernity have crept into it, it possesses a good many relics of mediævalism. Naturally the influence of the Percys is seen everywhere. The Percy Lion is on the last of the old gates, Bondgate; on the great pillar erected in 1876 in memory of the second Duke of Northumberland; on the altar-tomb of the third Duke in the modern church of St. Andrew. There were formerly some quaint ceremonies held in the town with respect of admission to the body of Freemen, one of which necessitated a plunge into a pool called the Freemen's Well, wherein King John fell when hunting, but they have been discontinued, much to the loss of picturesqueness. The burgesses, however, still keep up the custom of doing service to the Duke of Northumberland by mounting guard over the town from twilight to midnight on one night in the year—the Sunday preceding the great fair in July—and thus excuse themselves from the payment of certain ancient dues.

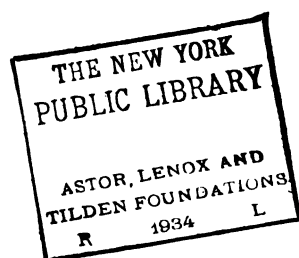


59.—ALNWICK CASTLE.

60.—ALNMOUTH.

61.—WARKWORTH CASTLE.

62.—FAIRY ROCKS, NEWBIGGIN



It is impossible within circumscribed limits to do more than give a brief outline of the history of such a family as that of Percy, or of the great castle which rises above the town and the river. When it is borne in mind that the banner of the Duke of Northumberland bears close upon nine hundred armorial ensigns and that the ducal house has been connected at various periods with our own royal family and with those of France and Spain, it will be recognised that it would be a serious task to tell its story from beginning to end. Yet Alnwick Castle and the Percys have not always been mixed up together. Alnwick was built by the de Vescis, and the first Percy who became possessed of it, Henry de Percy, was a Yorkshire baron, whose principal seats until then (1309) were at Spofforth and Topcliffe. But since then, with the exception of the brief intervals during which they were under attainder, the Percys and Alnwick have been fused in common interest. The record of the various heads of the house as given in the history of the nation is too well known to need reference; as warriors and statesmen they have always made some considerable mark, and have occupied the highest offices. Under their hands, naturally, the castle originally built by William de Vesci and his successor grew in size and strength. But that it is what it is now, a magnificent pile which outvies anything in the North which is at once old and new, is due to the enterprise of the fifth Duke of Northumberland, who, during his occupancy of the estates, spent enormous sums in building and restoration. He is said to have expended £250,000 in building the Prudhoe Tower, which forms such a prominent feature of the castle, and in making other improvements, but his outlay upon the castle itself was probably nothing to the amount he spent upon matters which more closely affected the folk who lived on his land. According to an obituary article in the *Times* newspaper, he laid out over £300,000 in building cottages, £176,000 in drainage, £40,000 in making roads and bridges, and £100,000

in building churches. He built and endowed sailors' homes, established schools, set up lifeboats and lifeboat stations, gave in the most liberal fashion to charities, and spent large sums in keeping up the Roman Wall and in excavating the many British remains in the north of the county.

The castle, which owes so much to this modern benefactor, covers a vast area of ground, and requires some time for exploration. As restored by the fifth Duke of Northumberland it presents itself as an example of the Italian palatial style of architecture, and Italian architects were employed in its construction. Quite apart from its magnificence as a structure and its splendid position above the Aln, it is a veritable treasure house of art, and contains one of the finest collections of pictures in the country, including the famous Italian collection made by the brothers Pietro and Vincenzo Camuccini, together with examples of the work of most of the great masters. In the Recorder's Tower is housed a large collection of Egyptian antiquities; in Constable's Tower an armoury of ancient and modern weapons; and in the Postern Tower a museum of British and Roman remains, which is of special interest because most of its contents have been unearthed in Northumberland. There are equally interesting things and places to see outside the castle, especially in the widespreading park, wherein are the ancient Carmelite Monastery of Hulne; Brislee Tower, which commands a magnificent view, extending from the Cheviots to the sea; a British Cist, and a great block of sandstone which marks the spot whereat William the Lion, King of Scotland, was captured by Bernard Baliol in 1174. Either in or about the castle, or in the gardens or park, one might spend many days with much pleasure and profit.

Between Alnwick and the coast there is another country house which is remarkable for its art treasures and its rose garden. Howick Hall, the seat of Earl Grey, occupies a picturesque position on the edge of a thickly-wooded "dene," which runs into a narrow cove near Sandylands. The pictures

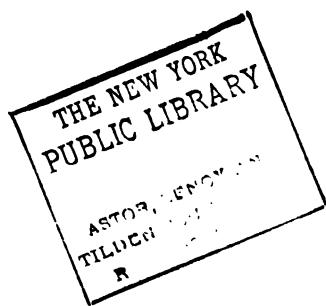


63.—DUNSTANBOROUGH CASTLE.

64.—SUNSET—HOLY ISLAND SANDS.

65.—LINDISFARNE ABBEY.

66.—PINNACLE ROCKS.

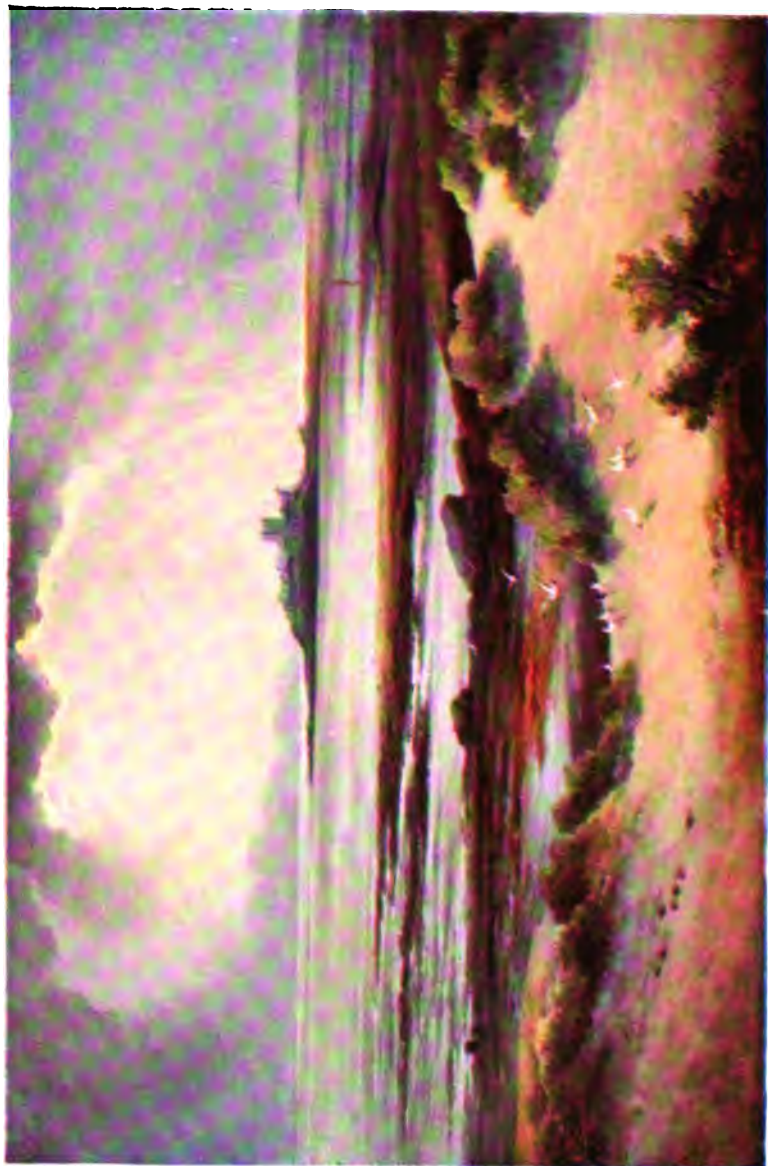


here are chiefly of the English school, and there are several examples of the work of Sir Thomas Lawrence. In the church is a fine monument under a Gothic canopy in memory of the second Earl Grey, Prime Minister, under whose administration (1830-1834) the Reform Act of 1832 was carried through Parliament. The house is modern, but stands on the site of an ancient stronghold. A little to the north of it and nearer the sea is Craster Tower, modernized from an old castellated dwelling wherein a family of this very uncommon name is said to have dwelt since before the Norman Conquest.

At Dunstanborough Castle, a lonely pile set high above the sea, the Northumberland coast enters upon its most picturesque and romantic stretch. From this point northward, as far as Berwick-upon-Tweed, the traveller will find abundance to please his eye and inform his mind on the edge of the sea, without the necessity of turning inland. There is very little left of the actual ruins of Dunstanborough Castle, but the promontory on which it stands is certainly one of the most fascinating bits of scenery on the east coast. Originally a British stronghold and afterwards a Roman camp, Dunstanborough in the fourteenth century was in the hands of the great Thomas, Earl of Lancaster, most powerful of English nobles of his time, but not powerful enough to prevent the loss of his own head in sight of his own castle of Pontefract. He castellated his house here in 1315, but it only existed as a fortress for two centuries, being destroyed soon after the battle of Hexham, after it had been garrisoned for Queen Margaret, who is said to have taken refuge in it for some days, and to have set sail from Embleton Bay for Scotland. It was at this time dismantled, and has never since been in any way restored, but it may plainly be seen that its area was of considerable extent. Two towers—Queen Margaret's and Lilburn's—remain, and from the latter there is a magnificent view which embraces the Cheviots on the north-west, and on the east a vast stretch of the North Sea, whose waves in stormy weather beat high above the promontory.

Dunstanborough Castle, like many another ancient ruin, has its legend. Once upon a time a certain Sir Guy (the story has been told in verse by "Monk" Lewis), who, being caught in a great storm while riding in the neighbourhood, made for Dunstanborough, and was astonished on his arrival to find nothing but ruins. Getting what shelter he could in a gateway, he was approached by a wizard, who told him that a fair lady was lying captive in the castle, and asked if the knight was inclined to attempt her rescue. Sir Guy, being a *preux chevalier*, eagerly assented, and was conducted up a winding stair, and through doors of brass, guarded by a dragon, into a great hall where a hundred marble knights slept by a hundred marble horses. At the end of this hall Sir Guy saw the lady, a person of great charm, who was imprisoned in a crystal casket which was guarded by two enormous skeletons. The wizard now offered the knight a horn and a sword, at the same time informing him that upon his discretion depended the fair captive's fate. Sir Guy, quickly making up his mind, sounded the horn—with terrible results. The lady shrieked; the knights sprang to their feet; the horses pranced; and Sir Guy swooned—and only recovered to find himself shivering in the gateway. It is said that he still haunts the castle, seeking for the magic sword. There is something of a resemblance between this legend and that of Potter Thompson at Richmond.

Few people, one would imagine, would care to pass by the Farne Islands, which lie off the coast north-east of North Sunderland and Bamborough, especially as there is a spice of danger attaching to an expedition to them in the fact that if rough weather should happen to spring up after visitors are landed on them, a stay of some days under the most primitive conditions may be necessitated. Of these islands, some twenty in number, the largest, called Horne Island, is intimately connected with the history of St. Cuthbert, who retired here in 676 from Lindisfarne (Holy Island), where he was then prior, in order to live a life of greater



Bamborough Castle

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austerity. Here, amidst the shrieking of the winds, the roaring of the waves, the crying of the sea-birds, who then, as now, inhabited the islands in myriads, he lived for several years, and here he would probably have remained for ever if King Egfrid and Bishop Trumwin had not visited him with an humble entreaty to return to the mainland and become Bishop of Hexham. There is a stone coffin on this island which is said to have held St. Cuthbert's bones, but it is not clear how that could be unless the coffin was brought here from some other place. All over these islands are birds—birds in countless numbers—puffins, guillemots, kittiwakes, terns, gulls, cormorants, sheldrakes, and several other kinds of sea-fowl. Here, too, appropriately enough, is the bird sacred to St. Cuthbert—the eider-down.

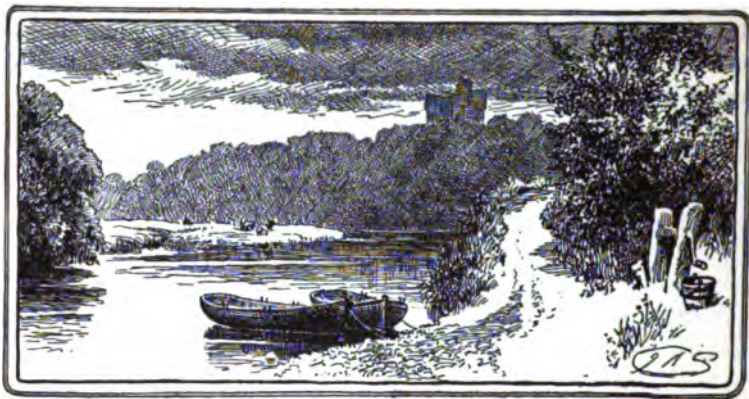
The Longstone, on the east of the Farne Islands, is the scene of one of the most heroic actions which this world has ever known. From it on September 6th, 1838, Grace Darling, daughter of William Darling, keeper of the lighthouse which stands upon it, set out in a small boat in company with her father to rescue the survivors of the "Forfarshire," a steamer which on its way from Hull to Dundee had been dashed upon the Hawker Rocks. All the world knows of this intrepid action and of the simple and retiring character of the brave girl who in achieving it did what she herself felt to be no more than her plain duty—it is sufficient to say here that those who wish to worship at the shrine of a modern saint will find her tomb in the churchyard at Bamborough, where it overlooks the wild waves over which she triumphed.

Of all English sea-coast castles that of Bamborough is perhaps the most imposing. It stands on a mighty rock of black basalt; its walls and towers cover a vast area of ground; its great keep is seen for many a long mile over sea and land; its very aspect, seen from either land or sea, is majestic and awe-inspiring. One gets a long, long way back into history at Bamborough—it is said that Agricola

had a fortress here ; it is certain that Ida, King of Northumbria, built the first castle here in the sixth century. From that time until 1715 Bamborough looms huge in the chronicles of battle and bloodshed. It was besieged more times than one can give an account of—notably by Penda in the seventh century, by William Rufus in 1095, and by the adherents of the White Rose in 1463, at which time it was so much knocked about that it was never afterwards used as a fortress, though it figured in the risings in support of the Old Pretender, which were here largely supported by its then owners, the Forsters. It passed from them into the hands of Lord Crewe, Bishop of Oxford, whose trustees spent large amounts in restoring the building. Although it has now little of the pomp and circumstance which must have surrounded it in mediæval times, it is the finest monument of antiquity on the coast from Dover to Berwick.

Just as no one should travel northward without seeing the Farne Islands, so no one should pass Holy Island (or Lindisfarne) without spending as much time as can be spared. It can be reached on foot or by vehicle from Beal, and as it possesses hotels, wise folk will stay in it for at least a night to see all that remains of a place packed with history. Here in 634 came Aidan, a monk of Iona, preaching Christianity, and here he built the first rude church, which developed into the great priory whose ruins still remain overlooking the sea. Here St. Cuthbert lived, toiled and was buried ; here his relics were brought back at least once after the monks had carried them away in fear of the Danes ; here, after the Norman Conquest, the Benedictines set up one of their most powerful houses. Small as the island is, it contains the ruins of a castle, a cathedral and a priory. Its folk are true islanders—farmers and fishermen all, with the sturdy independence of dwellers by the sea. Here the artist and the poet may indulge their fancies to the fullest extent, the one with his pencil, the other with his pen. The mainland, it is true, is but four miles away—

but it might be a million when one looks at the blue waves of the North Sea and hears the sea-birds calling over the acres once trodden by the Saxon saints.



CHAPTER III.

The Cheviots and the Tweed.

THE wild and mountainous country on the north-west side of Northumberland is difficult of access by those who are dependent upon the railway train for getting to any given spot. Between the line which runs from Newcastle across the border to Hawick and that which connects Alnwick with the junction at Cornhill on the Tweed, there is a considerable tract of land, almost entirely given up to hill, moor, dale and stream, in which even ordinary by-roads are few. Fortunately there runs through the heart of this district the great high road from Scotland, which crosses the Cheviots between Caster Fell and Fairwood Fell, and runs south-east towards Corbridge, passing on its way such historic spots as Rochester, the *Bremenium* of the Roman occupation, and Otterburn, the supposed and generally accepted site of the famous battle of Chevy Chase (1388), the sole history of which, however, is entirely dependent upon the version given in the well-known ballad. Folk who can do without railways, then, can reach these places by walking or riding a few miles, and by taking advantage of a

line of railway as far as Rothbury they may explore in the same fashion the dales and valleys and the high moorlands which surround the upper stretches of the Coquet. There is much of interest and much of natural beauty to be seen in these districts, but they are preserves for those who can rough matters a little, and their exploration necessitates a certain amount of endurance.

The country lying between Alnwick and Kelso, and between Kelso and Berwick—that is, along the north-eastern edge of the Cheviots and along the most interesting stretch of the Tweed—is easily accessible by the railway which connects Alnwick and the line which runs alongside the border river. In this country are situated some of the most notable scenes and places in Northumberland—Chillingham, Wooler, Flodden Field, Norham Castle—and it is as beautiful as it is interesting. Its attractions begin at once after leaving Alnwick. Edlingham, crowning a narrow dale on the west of Aydon Forest, possesses the remains of a fine old castle, and the reputation of having been the home of a veritable witch, or wise-woman, Margaret Stothard, who lived about the end of the seventeenth century. There is a legend that Callaly Castle, west of Edlingham, was intended by its founder to have been built on a hill close by its present situation, and that he was deterred by spirits who warned him to build it “down i’ th’ shepherd’s haugh.” There is nothing now remaining of it but a tower, which shows the original structure to have been a border fortress. A fourteenth-century tower of the same sort stands at Whittingham, where there was until the middle of the last century one of the best examples of Saxon ecclesiastical architecture in England. It was then, however, barbarously “restored,” and there are few traces left of work which must have been of the deepest interest. Northward of Whittingham, in the valley of the Breamish, there is some wild scenery, some interesting British and Roman remains, and a fine waterfall called Linhope Spout.

Near Hedgeley there are several places on each side of the railway line which should be seen. Percy's Leap—two stones set apart at a distance of nine yards—is supposed to commemorate a jump made by Sir Ralph Percy, just before he expired of a wound received here during a brush between Yorkists and Lancastrians in 1463. Near it is a pillar which also celebrates his death. To the north-west of the hill called the Rigg is Roddam, a manor given to the family of that name by King Athelstan, whose gift remains recorded in the pedigree. Here is a picturesque inland "dene," remarkable for its trees and flowers. Beyond this point the land stretches away over wild country to the edge of the Cheviots. On the other side of the line, going eastward, there is much [that is interesting in Bewick, where the archaeologist will find a church which has undergone strange vicissitudes. Originally of Saxon architecture, the main body of the structure was built by the Prior of Tynemouth in the twelfth century. During the Civil War General Lesley stabled his horses and housed his men in it, and it was at that time despoiled, and so remained for fifty years, when it underwent restoration, only to relapse into a ruinous state again within the last century. It has since been once more restored, and still retains much of its Saxon and Norman architecture. Here, too, there is a fine bridge over the Till (a continuation of the Breamish), the traces of a camp on the high ground above the church, and, on Bewick Moor, a cave which is believed to have been the resort of Scottish freebooters.

Westward of Ilderton Station, on the line from Edlingham to Cornhill Junction, are the two principal heights of the Cheviot Hills—the Cheviot itself, and Hedgethorpe, a little on its south side; the first 2,680 feet in height, the second thirty feet less. Travellers who are fond of scaling mountains may ascend either from Langley, a village lying between them, but if a wide view is desired Hedgethorpe is the more to be preferred. There are a good many interesting

associations connected with Cheviot—Daniel Defoe ascended it in 1726, and speaks of it, with his characteristic exaggeration, as being more than two miles high, whereas, as a simple calculation will show, it is but half a mile in height; near it Sir Walter Scott spent some months in 1791, and from it visited many of the places which he afterwards commemorated in verse or prose; of it many a lilting old border ballad has been written. Needless to say, it has its share of legendary lore. On its western side there is a cavity called the Henhole, into which, pretty much as the Pied Piper of Hamelin led away the children, a party of huntsmen was led away by incredibly sweet music, and with the same result.

It would seem something like leaving Rome without seeing St. Peter's to leave this part of Northumberland without seeing Chillingham, with all its historical associations: its ancient castle with its four great towers and its delightful park and gardens, its fine pictures and its numerous curiosities; and its world-famous wild cattle, the last of their race—and that of such antiquity that one would have to turn up pre-historic records, if they were available, to make a proper pedigree of them. The castle, going back in its architecture to the twelfth century, is one of the most imposing and remarkable structures in the North of England. But to most people who visit Chillingham the great attraction is, naturally, the wild cattle—beasts of great beauty which have several peculiarities not shared in by the familiar breeds. Of a pure white, with a black muzzle, and white horns with black tips, these creatures, seen in numbers, present a most engrossing spectacle, as anyone may guess who has seen Bewick's famous "Chillingham Bull." Like the true wild beast, they are both shy and savage: they will move away if a human being appears, only to return, to move off again, to return yet again and to retreat once more—*always returning to a nearer point*, until it becomes unsafe to remain in their vicinity. When they attack it is

with the boldness and determination of a lion, and they not only gore and toss anything that excites their fury, but mangle it, man or beast, with their hoofs. They turn night into day, eating by night, sleeping by day; they love shade, and hide their young; at certain times they will allow an approach to close quarters unconcernedly, at others they are off and away at the sound of a footstep. They are singularly tenacious of life, and it was mentioned in a most interesting paper read before the 1838 meeting of the British Association that on one occasion a bull which it was necessary to kill received seven rifle shots through its head before falling.

The principal town of this district is Wooler, not of any great picturesqueness or interest in itself, but a very convenient centre for seeing the Cheviots, Chillingham and the historic battle-field of Flodden. In the immediate vicinity of the town there are several places and scenes of interest, notably about the Kettle Hills, where there is a well-defined camp, a sacred well, which in old times used to be decked with garlands on May Day, and a stone called the King's Chair. Wooler itself is chiefly remarkable for its annual fair, an event of such importance that the countryside folk date their doings from it, whatever happens being so long from or so long to Wooler Fair.

The famous battle-field of Flodden lies northward, ten miles from Wooler, on the road leading to Coldstream and Scotland. The best centre from whence to visit the various strategical points is Branxton, a village facing a hill to which it gives its name, and behind which is Flodden Hill overlooking Flodden village. Round about Branxton the fight was fiercest, and in its churchyard and the immediate vicinity large quantities of human bones have been unearthed. The battle was always spoken of as the Battle of Branxton by the English, of Flodden by the Scottish forces, which were drawn up on Flodden Edge. How many men perished in this, the last and most important of the old border

battles, is not very clear. King James IV., when he crossed the Tweed on August 23rd, 1513, had under his command an army of a hundred thousand men, but by September 9th, the day of the battle, a considerable number of his followers had deserted, and the actual fighting force which took the field under his banner probably did not exceed thirty thousand. The English forces, under the Earl of Surrey, were about equal in strength, but while the English loss is computed at five thousand, the Scottish casualties are set down at more than double that amount. Scarcely any man of note perished on the English side, but the flower of the Scottish nobility was left on the field, amongst their slain being the King himself, an archbishop and two bishops, with over thirty noblemen and chieftains. Human remains have been found all over the scene of the encounter, which during the short and sharp period that it lasted was at its fiercest about the eminence called Pipers' Hill, near Branxton, where King James is said to have fallen.

West of the historic battle-field, and in close proximity to the River Till, a tributary of the Tweed which is well worth exploring, is Ford, a picturesquely-situated village wherein there are several features of interest. The castle, from the walls of which there is an extensive view across the battle-field and the surrounding very fine country, was built in the thirteenth century by Sir William Heron, and became one of the most important of the border fortresses. It was frequently the scene of warfare, and was more than once almost destroyed. Here James IV. of Scotland made his headquarters before the fight at Flodden, and it is said that he lingered here longer than he should have done because of the beauty of the chatelaine, Lady Heron, whose husband was at that time one of James's prisoners in Scotland. The room which the King occupied is still in existence, and is furnished with a secret stair. In the village school of Ford there is a remarkable series of mural paintings, illustrative of the lives of good children, and not,

the least interesting feature of these is that the village children served as models for the artist. North of Ford lies another picturesque place, Etal, with a ruined castle, the remains of an ancient chapel and a holy well. In all the country hereabouts the ruins of peel towers and fortified houses are frequently met with—silent but eloquent witnesses to the savagery of the days when only might was right.

Some exceedingly interesting country is found in the vicinity of Wark and Coldstream, on the English and Scotch banks of the Tweed respectively. There is little left of Wark Castle, once one of the most important of the border strongholds, but it has records and associations of no mean order, for it was besieged by Scottish invaders no less than eleven times, and was taken by them on seven occasions, and it was within its walls that Edward III. picked up Lady Salisbury's garter, with the famous remark *Honi soit qui mal y pense*. Most of the other castles in this neighbourhood are but fragments—there is scarcely anything left of those of Heaton or Cornhill. The river scenery hereabouts is delightful, and no one who visits the district should omit to cross the fine bridge over the Tweed which connects Cornhill with Coldstream, the birthplace of the famous foot-regiment known as the Coldstream Guards, which was raised here by General Monk in 1659. At Carham, where there was once a religious house, originally founded by monks from Kirkham Abbey in Yorkshire, and where two great battles—one between Danes and English and the other between English and Scots—have been fought, one comes to the north-west extremity of Northumberland, and of England. But being so near to it, it would be a pity if anyone turned eastward to Berwick without first crossing the Tweed and visiting Kelso, that eminently picturesque border town which has so many associations with Sir Walter Scott, and some with Robert Burns. Here the Wizard of the North was at school, and here may be seen several of the graves of his relatives. In the Abbey of Kelso, now,

of course, a ruin, but very stately and noble in its decay, James III. and James IV. were both crowned ; from John Anderson, the official town piper of Kelso, Burns drew inspiration for his song "John Anderson, my jo, John." Also there are in the neighbourhood of Kelso such historic places as Floors Castle and Roxburgh Castle, both full of interest and association. Floors is one of the finest houses in the three kingdoms, and was greatly admired by Sir Walter Scott ; Roxburgh, around which border strife raged for centuries, was intimately bound up with the fortunes of the Scottish monarchs. Here on several occasions they entertained English sovereigns with great magnificence ; here several of them were born ; here some of them died. Both Floors and Roxburgh may be easily visited from Kelso ; so, too, if the traveller chooses to travel further westward, may Melrose and Abbotsford, once the home of Sir Walter Scott.

The English bank of the Tweed from Wark to Berwick is full of interest. A winding river, beautiful enough at all points to excite the admiration of the poet and stir the genius of the artist ; old castles, grey with eld and heavily atmosphered with history ; the meeting of the Till and the Tweed beneath the legend-haunted ruins of St. Cuthbert's Cell ; above everything, the first glimpse of Berwick-upon-Tweed itself, grimly suggestive of the old days when English and Scots were always fighting for it ; all helps to make up a stretch of country which few people will forget when they have once seen it. It is naturally full of romance and poetry, and intimately connected with the work of Sir Walter Scott by the lavish use which he made of its legends and stories. There are many references in *Marmion* to various places on or near the Tweed, where it is joined by the Till—to St. Helen's Well, near Twizel, a spring which possesses petrifying properties, and at which "many a chief of birth and rank" drank on the morning of the fatal Flodden ; and to St. Cuthbert's Cell, the

sanctuary to which the Lady Clare hastened when the fight was over, and wherein at one time was treasured the stone boat in which St. Cuthbert is said to have sailed down the river from Melrose Abbey.

At Twizel, frequently mentioned in *Marmion*, are the ruins of a castle which was begun in 1770—a somewhat late date, one would have thought, for building fortresses on mediæval lines—only to be left unfinished. The remains are considerable, but are not so interesting as the very fine bridge over the Till on the north of Tillmouth Park, which is noteworthy for the fact that it is one of the very few bridges known to have been built by a woman—in this case by a member of the Selby family, who caused its erection in the sixteenth century. It forms a particularly impressive semi-circular arch, over ninety feet in span, and over forty-six feet in height.

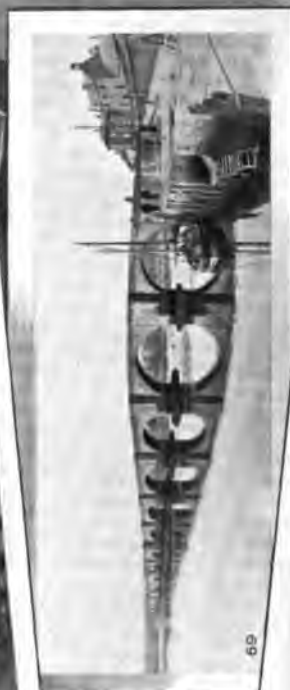
At Norham one comes in touch once more with Sir Walter Scott. Few people are unfamiliar with the first few lines of *Marmion*:—

“Day set on Norham's castled steep,
And Tweed's fair river, broad and deep,
And Cheviot's mountain lone;
The battled towers, the donjon keep,
The loophole grates, where captives weep,
The flanking walls that round it sweep,
In yellow lustre shone.”

Norham Castle, of which there is now little more remaining than the massive square keep, a great pile of masonry which crowns a hill above the river, was built by Ralph Flambard, in 1121, only to be partly demolished by the Scots seventeen years later. Like all border fortresses, it was frequently besieged by the Scots, and it was the scene of more than one meeting between the Scottish and English sovereigns. Here King John frequently conferred with William the Lion of Scotland; here Edward I. held parley with the Scottish nobles in respect of his claims to the Scottish throne. It was frequently plundered by the Scots,



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69



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67.—ROYAL BORDER BRIDGE, BERWICK.

69.—OLD BORDER BRIDGE, BERWICK.

68.—NORHAM CASTLE.

70.—COLDSTREAM.

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who made a final siege of it just before the battle of Flodden, and secured a speedy entrance into it by following the advice of a traitor who showed them its most vulnerable part, and was hanged for his pains by order of James IV. Castle and village of Norham were the property of the Bishops of Durham, who kept their treasury here, and exercised justice over the tract of land then known as Norhamshire. The village is of undoubted antiquity, and is said to have been the first place in which the missionaries from Iona preached Christianity. Here a church was built in very early days by Egfrid, Bishop of Lindisfarne, and to it he conveyed the royal remains of St. Ceolwulf (to whom, in company with St. Peter and St. Cuthbert, he had dedicated the church) for burial. The shrine of St. Ceolwulf was held in great repute here, and was much resorted to by the country people. There are interesting remains of Norman work in the church, which in the old times enjoyed the rights of sanctuary.

Norham Castle is associated with a story which Leland set forth, and Percy has incorporated in his ballad "The Hermit of Warkworth," wherefrom Sir Walter Scott seems to have derived the idea of his *Marmion*. During the fourteenth century, a Sir William Marmion, being present at a banquet in Lincolnshire (probably at Scrivelsby, whence the Marmion family sprang), was presented by a fair maiden with a helm of pure gold, accompanying which was a letter from a certain lady who bade him wear the gift in the most dangerous place in England. At that time Norham must have had a wide reputation, for Marmion immediately set out for its castle, where soon after his arrival there came Mowbray, guardian of Berwick, with a company of picked men-at-arms. Gray, governor of Norham Castle, indicating this force to Marmion, said that as he had come there to "fame his helm," he should now ride forth and attack Mowbray's *posse* single-handed, promising him, however, that he would rescue his body, dead or alive.

Whereupon Marmion, clad in glittering armour and wearing the gold helm, dashed against the men-at-arms, "the which layd sore stripes" on him and eventually unhorsed him. Gray and his garrison then pricked in to the rescue and set Marmion on his horse again, after which he and they gave the Scots such a trouncing that many men were slain and fifty horses taken. What the lady of the gold helm had to say to all this, however, does not appear.

One of the most strikingly situated towns in the three kingdoms, Berwick-upon-Tweed is as interesting as it is picturesque. No other town has quite such a history. For centuries it neither belonged to England nor to Scotland, and as a matter of consequence Scots and English were always fighting for it or in it. Strictly speaking, it is neither in England nor Scotland now, but is a town and county of itself, and is so referred to in all Royal proclamations, but it is subject to English law. Its picturesqueness has nothing of mere prettiness about it; it is a grey, somewhat gaunt town, not unlike Conway in North Wales in its prevalent colour. From the old Border bridge which here crosses the Tweed, at this point of considerable width, one looks on grey roofs, grey walls, the grey ramparts which fence the old town in, and on the grey North Sea outside its harbour. The atmosphere of the North is all over it.

Where the railway station stands now once stood the castle, which was the centre of Berwick's mediæval life, and close by it is a ruined tower whereon in the old days of maraudings and sudden assaults a watch-fire would suddenly gleam forth to inform the people far and near that the Scots were over the border again. The great hall of the castle was exactly where the railway platforms are. In it Edward I., in 1292, gave his decision in favour of Baliol, when called upon to adjudicate upon the rival claims of Baliol and Bruce. Long before that, however, town and castle were of considerable importance. It is probable that there was some sort of stronghold here from very early

times, for the strategical importance of the position was too great to be neglected. It was a place of importance in the twelfth century, and had at that time several religious houses and churches within its boundaries. David, King of Scotland, who constantly resided in it, added largely to a castle which is supposed to have been built by his ancestor Kenneth; his grandson, Malcolm IV., strengthened the fortifications, which, with further additions, were built up again during the reign of Queen Elizabeth.

Berwick is essentially a town of historic associations. Here Lady Buchan, because of her adherency to the Bruce family, was confined for six years in a wooden cage on the top of the castle turret by Edward I. Here, in 1323, Edward II. and Bruce made a treaty which was sealed by the marriage of the King's sister to Bruce's son. Here on the old bridge, in 1304, were exposed on a gibbet the remains of the great William Wallace. Here, in 1377, a few stalwart Scots took the castle by surprise and held it for over a week against an army of ten thousand English. And here the two sons of Sir Alexander Seton, governor of the castle, were hanged before their father's eyes by Edward III., who by this inhuman action revenged himself upon the father for the latter's stern refusal to give up the keys. In the poor-house at Tweedmouth, Berwick's southern suburb, across the river, are two skulls which have always been held to be those of the two lads thus done to death. The various sieges of Berwick are too many in number to be particularised in circumscribed limits; that they were so many is eloquent of the estimation in which the place was held as a point of vantage between Scotland and England. The fightings and broilings around town and castle came to an end with the accession of James I. to the English throne. He, making his state entry into England here, commanded peace along the Border, gave orders for the demolition of all strongholds which were not private houses, and brought about an extinction of the old feuds which until then had

obliged every man who dwelt on the Tweed to have his eyes and ears continually open, and his broadsword always in readiness.

THE END.

Appendix.

List of Principal Antiquities, Castles, Churches, Religious Houses and Old Country Seats in the North-East of England.

IN YORKSHIRE.

I. ANTIQUITIES.

i. BRITISH REMAINS AND CAMPS.

ALMONDBURY.
CATTERICK.
DANBY MOOR.
EGTON BRIDGE.
FLAMBOROUGH.
GOATHLAND.
HARWOOD DALE.
MEXBOROUGH.
ROSEBERRY TOPPING.
SKIPWITH COMMON.
WINCOBANK.

ii. CIRCULAR EARTHWORKS

BLOIS HALL.
PENISTONE.
THORNBROUGH.

iii. EARTHEN MOUNDS.

BARWICK-IN-ELMETE.
CONISBOROUGH.
CROPTON, NEAR PICKERING.
DANBY MOOR.

KIPPAX.
LAUGHTON-EN-LE-MORTHEN.
LOFTUS.
LOWE HILL, NEAR
WAKEFIELD.
PONTEFRACT.
SANDAL.
TICKHILL.

iv. ROMAN REMAINS.

ALDBOROUGH.
BARNSDALE.
BROUGH HALL.
CATTERICK BRIDGE.
CAWTHORN, NORTH RIDING.
MULTANGULAR TOWER AT
YORK.
OLD MALTON.
TADCASTER.

v. STONE MONUMENTS.

THE DEVIL'S ARROWS, NEAR
BOROUGHBRIDGE.
THE RUDESTONE (RUDESTON-ON-
THE-WOLDS).

II. CASTLES AND TOWERS.

BARDEN TOWER	15th Century.	Built by Clifford.
BARNARD CASTLE	12th	" " Baliol.
BOLTON CASTLE	13th	" " Scrope.
BOWES CASTLE	12th	" " Earl of Richmond.
CAWOOD CASTLE	14th	" " Archbishop of York.
CLIFFORD'S TOWER, YORK	13th	" " Clifford.
CONISBOROUGH CASTLE	12th	" " Earl Warrenne.
CRAYKE CASTLE	15th	" " Robert Neville, Bp. of Durham.
DANBY CASTLE	14th	" " Latimer.

APPENDIX.

CASTLES AND TOWERS—*Continued.*

GILLING CASTLE	14th Century.	Built by	Fairfax.
HAREWOOD CASTLE	14th	"	Romillé.
HELMSLEY CASTLE	12th	"	De Roos.
KNARESBOROUGH CASTLE	14th	"	Henry I.
MARMION TOWER,			
TANFIELD	13th	"	Marmion.
MIDDLEHAM CASTLE	12th	"	Fitz-Ranulph.
MORTHAM TOWER,			
ROKEBY	15th	"	Rokeby.
PICKERING CASTLE	12th	"	Earl Morcar.
PONTEFRAC T CASTLE	11th	"	De Lacy.
RICHMOND CASTLE	11th	"	Alan Rufus.
SANDAL CASTLE	13th	"	Earl Warrene.
SCARBOROUGH CASTLE	12th	"	William le Gros,
			Earl of Albemarle.
SHERIFF HUTTON CASTLE	12th	"	Bertram de Bulmer
SKIPTON CASTLE	14th	"	Romillé.
SNAPE CASTLE	15th	"	Neville.
SPOFFORTH CASTLE	14th	"	Percy.
TICKHILL CASTLE	11th	"	De Busli.
WHORLTON CASTLE	12th	"	Meynell.
WRESSLELL CASTLE	14th	"	Percy.

III. CHURCHES.

I. SAXON.

ALDBOROUGH.
KIRKDALE.
KIRK HAMMERTON.
SKIPWITH.

SELBY.

SPENNITHORNE.
ST. DENIS, YORK.
ST. MARGARET'S, YORK.
THORPE SALVIN.
WHORLTON.

ii. NORMAN.

ADEL.
ALNE.
BARDSEY.
BIRKIN.
BRAYTON.
BUBWITH.
CAMPSALL.
CONISBOROUGH.
CONISTONE.
FISHLAKE.
FELISKIRK.
GOODMANHAM.
HACKNESS.
HORNBY.
LASTINGHAM.
LEATHLEY.
NORTHALLERTON.
PICKERING.
RUDSTON.

iii. TRANSITIONAL.

ARKSEY.
FILEY.
KIRKBURN.
RASKELF.
ST. MARY'S, SCARBOROUGH.
WRAGBY.

iv. EARLY ENGLISH.

ALMONDBURY.
AMPLEFORTH.
BRIDLINGTON.
GOLDSBOROUGH.
HAUXWELL.
HEDON.
HELMSLEY.
HEMINGBROUGH.
HUNMANBY.
KNARESBOROUGH.
NUN MONKTON.

CHURCHES—*Continued.*iv. EARLY ENGLISH—*Con.*

OLD MALTON.
SCALBY.
SKELTON.
SLINGSBY.
SNAITH.
TOWTON.
WATH.
WENSLEY.

WELL.
WHIXLEY.
WYCLIFFE.

vi. PERPENDICULAR.

BOLTON-BY-BOLLAND.
BOLTON PERCY.
BRADFORD.
BRAFFERTON.
CATTERICK.
COXWOLD.
ECCLESFIELD.
GIGGLESWICK.
HALIFAX.
HAREWOOD.
KILDWICK.
KIRKBY MALHAM.
ROTHERHAM.
SKIPTON.
SOUTH SKIRLAUGH.
SPOFFORTH.
ST. MARTIN'S, YORK.
ST. MICHAEL-LE-BELFREY,
YORK.
ST. PETER'S, SHEFFIELD.
TADCASTER.
TANFIELD.
THIRSK.
TICKHILL.
WHITKIRK.
WINESTRAD.

v. DECORATED.

BEDALE.
DARFIELD.
DARTON.
FLAMBOROUGH.
HOLY TRINITY, HULL.
HOWDEN.
ILKLEY.
METHLEY.
MIDDLEHAM.
OTLEY.
PATRINGTON.
PENISTONE.
RICHMOND.
RIPLEY.
ROYSTON.
SHERIFF HUTTON.
SILKSTONE.
ST. MARY'S, BEVERLEY.
THORNHILL.

IV. OLD COUNTRY SEATS AND NOTABLE HOUSES.

ALLERTON MAULEVERER,
WETHERBY.
ASKE HALL, RICHMOND.
BISHOPTHORPE, YORK.
BOLTON HALL, GIBBURN.
BOWLING CASTLE, BRADFORD.
BURTON AGNES, DRIFFIELD.
BURTON CONSTABLE, HULL.
CARLTON TOWERS, SNAITH.
CASTLE HOWARD, MALTON.
CUSWORTH HALL, DONCASTER.
DENTON HALL, ILKLEY.
DUNCOMBE PARK, HELMSLEY.
ESCRICK PARK, YORK.
EVERINGHAM,
MARKET WEIGHTON.
FARNLEY HALL, OTLEY.
GOLDSBOROUGH HALL,
KNARESBOROUGH.

HACKNESS HALL,
SCARBOROUGH.
HAREWOOD HOUSE,
ARTINGTON.
HAZLEWOOD CASTLE,
TADCASTER.
HORNBY CASTLE,
NORTHALLERTON.
HOVINGHAM PARK, MALTON.
HOWSHAM HALL, MALTON.
KIDDALL HALL, THORNER.
KIRKLEATHAM HALL,
SALTBURN.
KIRKLEES PARK, MIRFIELD.
LEDSTONE HALL, CASTLEFORD.
LONDESBOROUGH PARK,
MARKET WEIGHTON.
MARKENFIELD HALL, RIPON.
MARKE HALL, SALTBURN.

OLD COUNTRY SEATS, etc.—*Continued.*

METHLEY PARK, LEEDS.	SPROTBOROUGH HALL,
MIDDLETON LODGE, ILKLEY.	DONCASTER.
MULGRAVE CASTLE, WHITBY.	TEMPLE NEWSAM, LEEDS.
NEWBURGH PRIORY, COXWOLD.	THRYBERGH PARK,
NORTON CONYERS, RIPON.	ROTHERHAM.
NOSTELL PRIORY, WAKEFIELD.	WALTON HALL, WAKEFIELD.
NUN APPLETON,	WENTWORTH CASTLE,
BOLTON PERCY.	SHEFFIELD.
RIBSTON HALL, WETHERBY.	WENTWORTH WOODHOUSE,
RIDDLEDEN HALL, KEIGHLEY.	ROTHERHAM.
RIPLEY CASTLE, RIPLEY.	WESTON HALL, OTLEY.
ROKBY PARK,	WHITLEY BRAUMONT,
BARNARD CASTLE.	HUDDERSFIELD.
SHANDY HALL, COXWOLD.	WOODSOME HALL,
SHERIFF HUTTON, YORK.	HUDDERSFIELD.
SHIBDEN HALL, HALIFAX.	WORTLEY HALL, SHEFFIELD.
SKELTON CASTLE, SALTBURN.	WYKEHAM ABBEY,
SLINGSBY CASTLE, MALTON.	SCARBOROUGH.

V. RELIGIOUS HOUSES, now in Ruins.

i. AUGUSTINIAN.

BOLTON	Founded by William Fitz-Duncan and Alice de Romillé, 1153.
GUISBOROUGH	„ Robert de Brus, 1119.
KIRKHAM	„ Walter Espec, 1121.

ii. BENEDICTINE.

SELBY	„ Hugh de Lacy, 1069.
MARRICK	„ Roger de Aske, Temp. Hen. II.
St. MARY's, YORK	„ Alan, Earl of Richmond, 1078.
WHITBY	„ St. Hilda, 657.

iii. CARTHUSIAN.

MOUNT GRACE	„ Thomas, Earl of Kent, 1397.
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iv. CISTERCIAN.

BYLAND	„ Roger de Mowbray, 1177.
FOUNTAINS	„ Thurston, Archbishop of York, 1132.
JERVAULX	„ Conan, Earl of Richmond, 1156.
KIRKSTALL	„ Henry de Lacy, 1152.
MEAUX	„ William le Gros, Earl of Albemarle, 1150.
RIEVAULX	„ Walter Espec, 1132.
ROCHE	„ Richard de Busli and Richard Fitz-Turgis, 1147.
SAWLEY	„ William de Percy, 1147.

v. CLUNIAN.

MONK BRETTON	„ Adam Fitz-Swein, 1157.
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RELIGIOUS HOUSES—*Continued.*

vi. GILBERTINE.

ELLERTON	Founded by Warnerius, or his son Wymerus, Temp. Hen. II.
MALTON	" Eustace Fitz-John, 1147.
WATTON	" Eustace Fitz-John, 1150.

vii. PREMONSTRATENSIAN.

COVERHAM	" Ralph Fitz-robot, 1212.
EASBY	" Raould, Constable of Richmond, 1152.
EGGLESTON	" Conan, Earl of Richmond, or Ralph de Multon, 1171.

DURHAM.

I. ANTIQUITIES.

i. ROMAN REMAINS.

BINCHESTER.	EBCHESTER.
CHESTER-LE-STREET.	LANCHESTER.
	LAWE HILL, SOUTH SHIELDS.

II. CASTLES AND TOWERS.

BARNARD CASTLE	12th Century.	Built by Bernard Baliol.
BISHOP AUCKLAND	13th	" Bishop Antony Beck.
BRANCEPETH	14th	" Bulmers and Nevilles.
DALDEN TOWER	14th	" The Escollands.
DURHAM	12th	" Bishop Pudsey.
HYLTON	13th	"
LANGLEY	13th	"
LUDWORTH TOWER.		
LUMLEY	14th	" Sir Robert Lumley.
RABY	14th	" John de Neville.
WITTON		" The Eures.

III. CHURCHES.

i. SAXON.

ESCOMBE.	HARTLEPOOL.
	ST. CUTHBERT, DARLINGTON.

ii. NORMAN.

HEIGHINGTON.
LANCHESTER.
NORTON.
PITTINGTON.

iv. EARLY ENGLISH.

BOLDON.
CHESTER-LE-STREET.
EASINGTON.
MEDOMBLEY.
RYTON.
SEDFIELD.

iii. TRANSITIONAL.

BELLINGHAM.
GREATHAM.

CHURCHES—*Continued.*

v. DECORATED.

BRANCEPETH.
HOUGHTON-LE-SPRING.
THE KEPPER HOSPITAL,
DURHAM.

vi. PERPENDICULAR.

CONISCLIFFE.
STAINDROP.

IV. OLD COUNTRY SEATS AND NOTABLE HOUSES.

BUTTERLEY.
CASTLE EDEN.
ELEMORE.
GAINFORD MANOR HOUSE.
GIBSIDE.
HORDEN HALL.
HOUGHTON-LE-SPRING.

LAMBTON CASTLE.
RAVENSWORTH CASTLE.
STELLA MANOR HOUSE.
THORNTON HALL.
WALWORTH CASTLE.
WINDLESTONE CASTLE.
WYNYARD.

V. RELIGIOUS HOUSES, now in Ruins.

FINCHALE PRIORY, founded by Henry Pudsey (bastard son of Hugh Pudsey, Bishop of Durham), 1196.

BENEDICTINE.

JARROW	"	St. Benedict Biscop, 680.
MONKWEARMOUTH	"	St. Benedict Biscop, 674.

WESTMORLAND AND CUMBERLAND.

I. ANTIQUITIES.

i. PRE-HISTORIC REMAINS.

THE COCK STONES, NEAR
ULLSWATER.
HELTON COPSTONE, NEAR
PENRITH.
LONG MEG AND HER
DAUGHTERS, NEAR PENRITH.
MAYBOROUGH, NEAR PENRITH.

HARDENOT CAMP, ESKDALE.
NETHERBY-ON-ESK.
PAPCASTLE, COCKERMOUTH.
PLUMPTON, PENRITH.
STANWIX, CARLISLE.

ii. ROMAN REMAINS.

BEWCASTLE.
BURDOSWALD.
BURGH-ON-SANDS.

iii. ANCIENT CROSSES.

BECKERMET.
BEWCASTLE.
DEARHAM.
GOSFORTH.
IRTON.
MUNCASTER.

II. CASTLES AND TOWERS.

i. IN WESTMORLAND.

APPLEBY.
BROUGH.
BROUGHAM.
HARTLEY.

LAMMERSIDE.
KENDAL.
SIZERGH.
WHARTON.

CASTLES AND TOWERS—*Continued.*

ii. IN CUMBERLAND.

BEWCASTLE.
CARLISLE.
COCKERMOUTH.

DACRE.
EGREMONT.
KIRKOSWALD.
NAWORTH.

III. CHURCHES.

BURGH-ON-SANDS (Fortified).
NEWTON-ARLOSH, SILLOTH
(Fortified).

GREAT SALKELD (Fortified).

IV. OLD COUNTRY SEATS AND NOTABLE HOUSES.

i. IN WESTMORLAND.

BROUGHAM HALL.
DALLAM TOWER.
LEVENS HALL.
LOWTHER CASTLE.
STORRS HALL. }
WRAY CASTLE.

ii. IN CUMBERLAND.

ARMATHWAITE HALL.
CORBY CASTLE.
CROFTON HALL.
EDEN HALL.
GREYSTOKE CASTLE.
MUNCASTER CASTLE.
NETHERBY.
ROSE CASTLE.

V. RELIGIOUS HOUSES.

i. AUGUSTINIAN.

LANERCOST PRIORY, founded
by Robert de Vallibus, 1169.

ii. CISTERCIAN.

CALDER ABBEY, founded by
Randolph de Meschines, 1134
FURNESS ABBEY (LANCS.),
founded by Stephen, 1127.

NORTHUMBERLAND.

I. ANTIQUITIES.

. BRITISH.

BEWICK.
ELSDON.
GREAVES ESH.
HALTWHISTLE.
MORPETH.
STAMFORDHAM.
THREE STONE BURN.
WARK.

ii. ROMAN.

CHOLLERFORD.
CORBRIDGE.
EXHAM.
RISINGHAM.
ROCHESTER.
THE MAIDEN WAY.
THE ROMAN WALL.
THE WREKEN DYKE.

II. CASTLES AND TOWERS.

ALNWICK	12th Century.	Built by de Vesci and Percy.
AYDON	13th	" Peter de Vallibus.
BAMBOROUGH	6th	" Ida, first Saxon King of Northumbria.

APPENDIX.

CASTLES AND TOWERS—*Continued.*

BELSAY	15th Century.	Built by	John de Middleton.
BOTHALL	14th	"	Robert Bertram.
CARTINGTON	15th	"	Cartington.
CHILLINGHAM	12th-13th	"	Hebburns, Greys and Ossultons.
CRAWLEY TOWER	14th	"	
FORD	13th	"	Sir William Heron.
HALTON CASTLE	13th	"	Carnabys.
HAUGHTON	13th	"	Swinburnes.
HEBBURN TOWER		"	Hepburns.
MITFORD	12th	"	William Bertram.
NEWCASTLE	12th	"	Henry II.
NORHAM	12th	"	Ralph Flambard.
OGLE	14th	"	Robert de Ogle.
PRUDHOE	14th	"	Umfravilles.
WARKWORTH	12th-14th	"	The Percys.

III. CHURCHES.

i. SAXON.

BOLAM.
BYWELL.
CORBRIDGE.
HEXHAM CRYPT.
WHITTINGHAM.

ii. NORMAN.

BRINKBURN.
PONTELAND.
ROCK.
ROTHBURY.
WARKWORTH.

iii. PERPENDICULAR.

BELTINGHAM.

IV. OLD COUNTRY SEATS AND NOTABLE HOUSES.

BLAGDEN.
BELFORD.
BIDDLESTON.
CAPHEATON.
CRESSWELL.
ESLINGTON.
FALLOWDEN.
HOWICK.

HESLEYSIDE.
MELDON.
MORWICK.
NETHER WITTON.
RIDLEY HALL.
SEATON DELAVAL.
TWIZEL.
WALLINGTON.

V. RELIGIOUS HOUSES.

i. AUGUSTINIAN.

BRINKBURN, founded by William Bertram, 12th century.

ii. BENEDICTINE.

HEXHAM, founded by St. Wilfrith, 660; re-founded for Augustinian Canons by Thomas II., Archbishop of York, 1113.

RELIGIOUS HOUSES—*Continued.*ii. BENEDICTINE—*Con.*

HOLY ISLAND (LINDISFARNE), founded by St. Aidan, 634 ; re-founded
by the Benedictines, 1093.

TYNEMOUTH, founded by Edwin, King of Northumbria, 633.

iii. CARMELITE.

HULNE, founded by William de Vesci, 1240.

iv. CISTERCIAN.

NEWMINSTER, founded by Ranulph de Merlay, 1139.

v. PREMONSTRATENSIAN.

ALNWICK, founded by Eustace Fitz-John, 1147.

BLANCHLAND ,, Walter de Bolbek, 1175.

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Illustrations and Letterpress by
DELLITTLE, FENWICK & Co.,
YORK.



